Oct. 26, 1963

THE NEW YORKER

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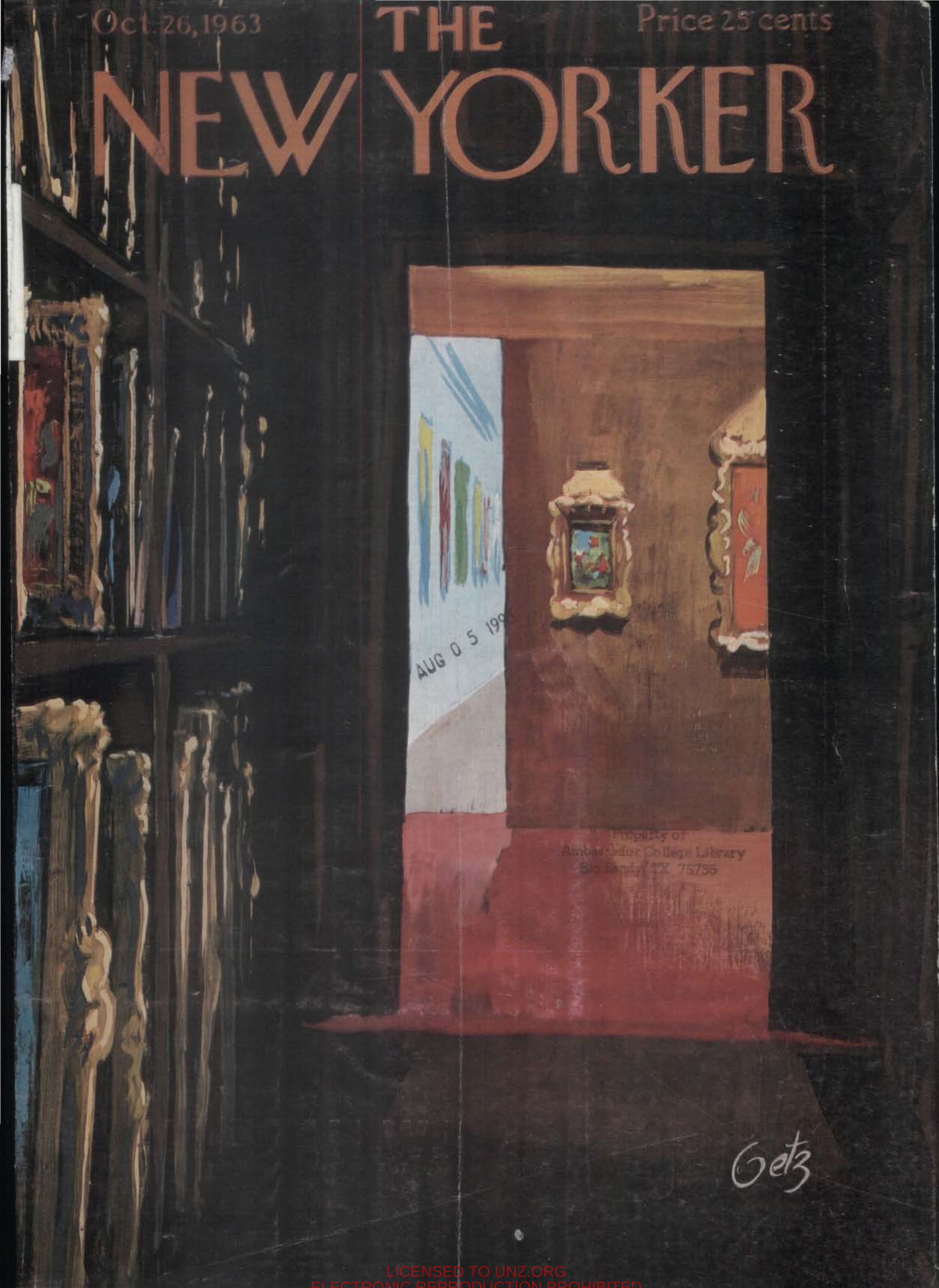

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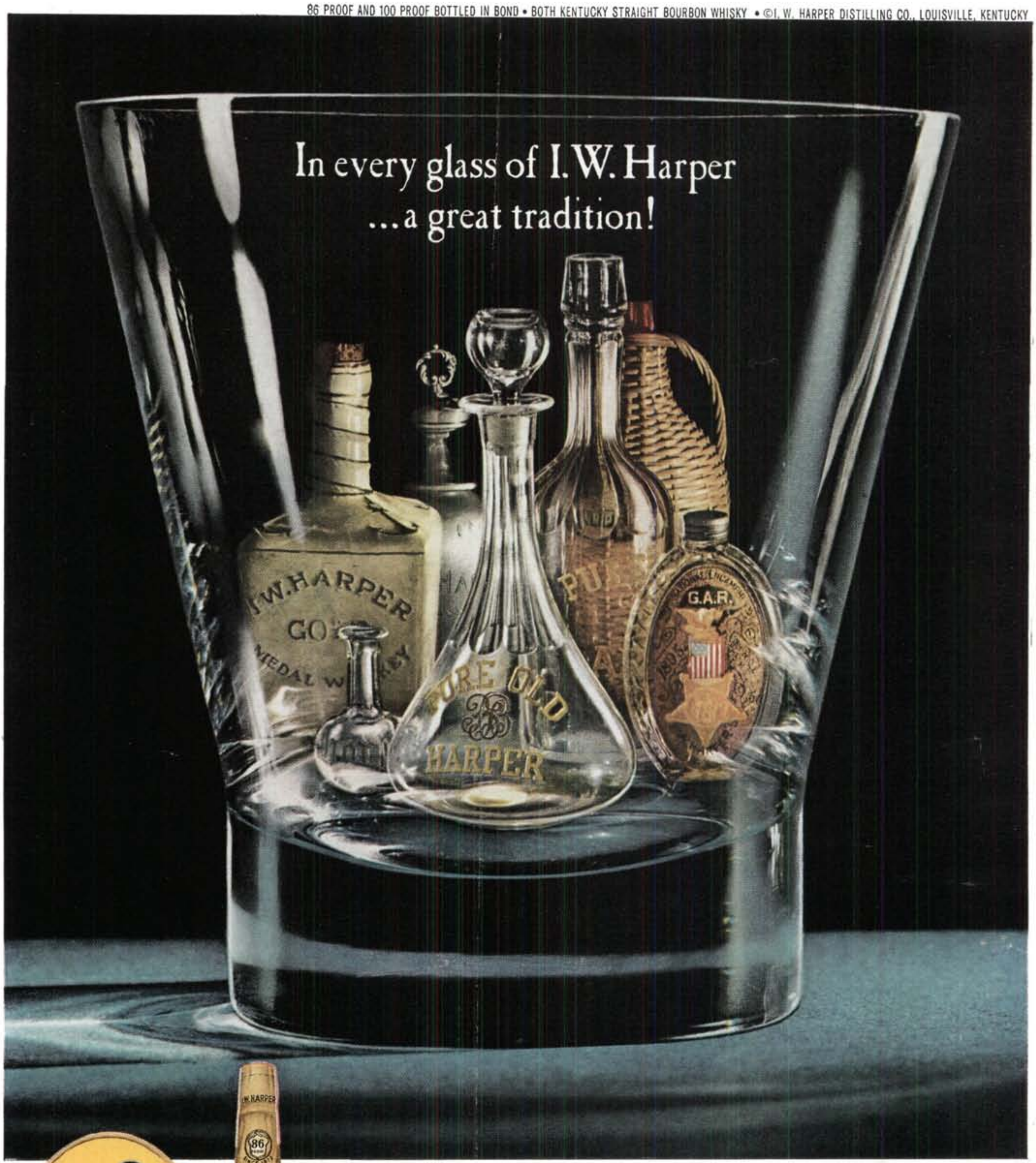
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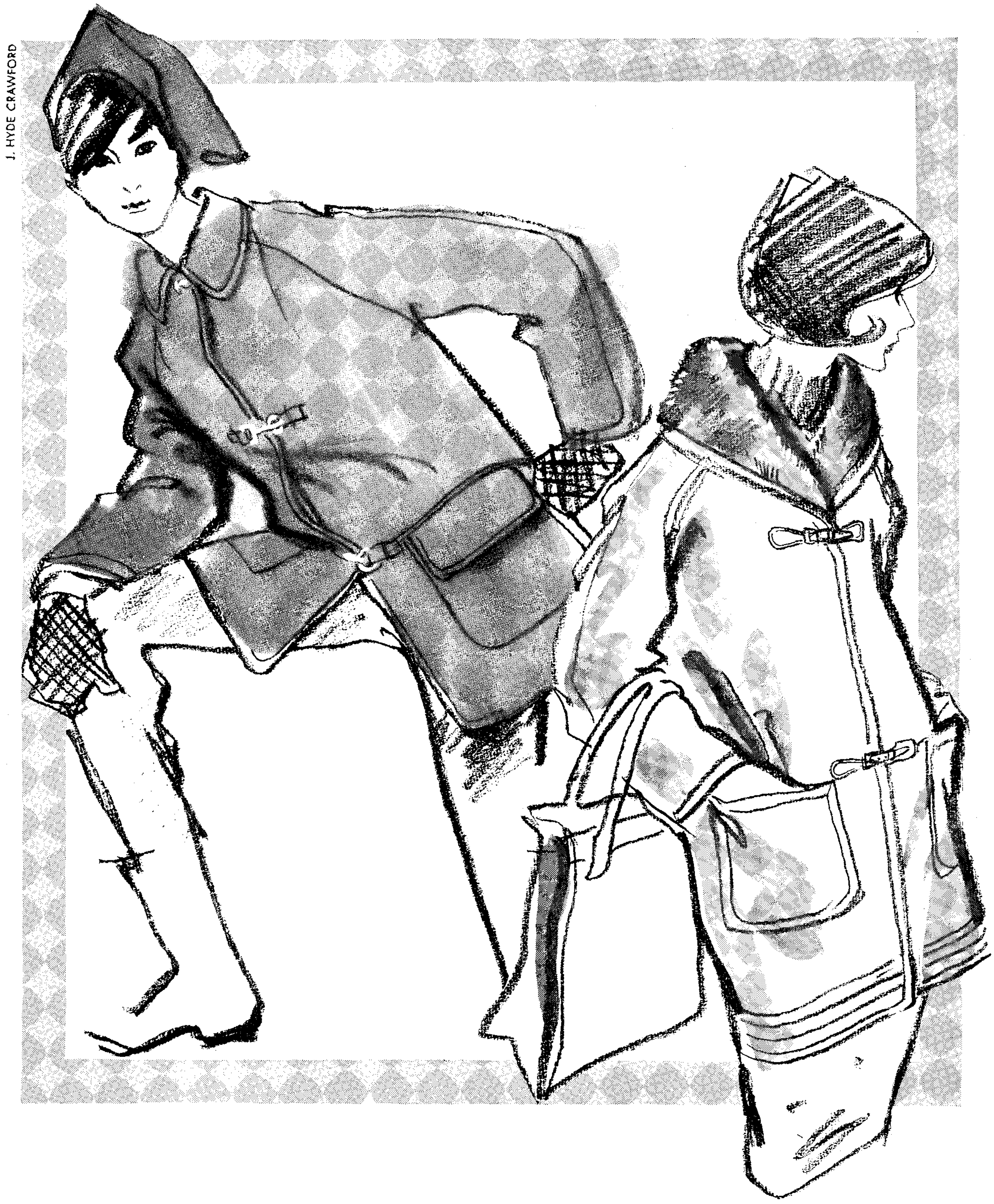

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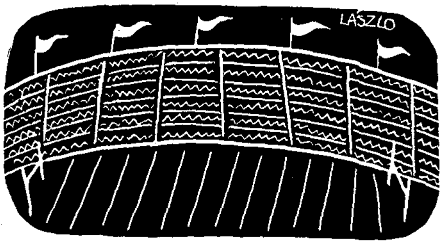

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

MARIE BELL AND HER COMPANY—The final performances in a two-week repertory of Racine tragedies, in French, by this troupe from Paris. Through Sunday matinée, Oct. 27: "Phèdre."... ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Oct. 29-Nov. 2: "Bérénice."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 3: "Phèdre." (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sunday and Monday, Oct. 27-28, at 8:45; Tuesday, Oct. 29, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

A CASE OF LIBEL—A dramatization of the courtroom struggle between Westbrook Pegler and Quentin Reynolds. Van Heflin is highly effective as the plaintiff's lawyer, and all kinds of admirable performers assist him. The drama, by Henry Denker, is based on a chapter from "My Life in Court," by Louis Nizer. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING—Arnold Wesker's ramshackle drama about an R.A.F. boot camp where the young men feel oppressed. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

ENTER LAUGHING—Adapted by Joseph Stein from a novel by Carl Reiner, this comedy is made of pretty thin material, but it's funny nevertheless. It's about a Jewish boy, wonderfully portrayed by Alan Arkin, who wants to escape from the world of commerce into the theatre. Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, and Meg Myles are good in various other roles. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE IRREGULAR VERB TO LOVE—A clutch of oddballs rattling around in a loose-jointed English comedy that stars Cyril Ritchard, who directed the piece, and Claudette Colbert. Hardly sidesplitting. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LUTHER—John Osborne's powerful reconstruction of the career of the great reformer. Albert Finney is outstanding as Luther, and the rest of the cast, under the direction of Tony Richardson, assists him handsomely. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 1:50 and Saturdays at 2:20.)

THE PRIVATE EAR and **THE PUBLIC EYE**—A pair of one-act plays by Peter Shaffer, the first of which is pretty dreary and the second of which has a bit of bounce. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE REHEARSAL—A comedy by Jean Anouilh that investigates the lives of some new-day aristocrats. Not the most spirited piece in the world, but one that is fortunate in its cast, which includes Alan Badel, Keith Michell, Coral Browne, Adrienne Corri, and Jennifer Hilary. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

SPOON RIVER—Some expert readings from Edgar Lee Masters' celebrated poems. Betty Garrett, Robert Elston, Joyce Van Patten, and Charles Aidman (who conceived the affair) are the participants. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—BEYOND THE FRINGE: Four lively wits (Leigh Wharton, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook) in a revue. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)... **MARY, MARY:** This comedy by Jean Kerr has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement. Patricia Smith, Murray Hamilton, and Michael Evans are now in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **NEVER TOO LATE:** A play about a sixty-year-old gentleman dismayed at the prospect of his wife's having a baby late in life. With Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?:** Edward Albee's account of some events at a New England college. The cast at the evening performances consists of Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Haila Stoddard, Donald Davis, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK—Elizabeth Ashley, Robert Redford, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar in a comedy by Neil Simon. Staged by Mike Nichols and produced by Saint Subber. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A RAINY DAY IN NEWARK—Howard Teichmann's new comedy, with Eddie Mayehoff, Dody Goodman, Zachary Scott, and Mary McCarty. Directed by Albert Marre and presented by Stevens Productions. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées this week on Thursday at 2 and Saturday at 2:40; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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MUSICALS

HERE'S LOVE—Meredith Willson's hymn to Santa Claus, Christmas, Macy's, and Gimbel's is long on color but not really lively in the song-and-dance division. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

JENNIE—Mary Martin wastes her pretty talents in this glum enterprise describing the early life of Laurette Taylor. The book was written by Arnold Schulman, and the lyrics and music by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

SHE LOVES ME—A new version of a romantic Hungarian comedy that first appeared here in 1940 as a movie called "The Shop Around the Corner." The songs (Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick), dances (Carol Haney), and book (Joe Masteroff) are pleasing, though not especially distinguished, but the performance, as directed by Harold Prince, is a model of style and taste. Barbara Cook, Daniel Massey, Barbara Baxley, and Jack Cassidy head the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

TOVARICH—The Jacques Deval-Robert E. Sherwood comedy about Russians, Red and White, reworked into a musical that hasn't much to recommend it. Eva Gabor has just succeeded Vivien Leigh as a grand duchess. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM: Plautus, that jolly old Roman, as adapted by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart. The players include Jerry Lester (temporarily substituting for Zero Mostel), Jack Gilford, and assorted cuties. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** Darryl Hickman plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Rudy Vallée plays the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **OLIVER!:** Dickens' "Oliver Twist" in an adaptation for the stage by Lionel Bart, who also did the music and lyrics. With Clive Revill, Georgia Brown, Paul O'Keefe, and David Jones. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **STOP THE WORLD—I WANT TO GET OFF:** Anthony Newley and about a dozen young ladies doing the seven ages of man in song, mime, and patter. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

110 IN THE SHADE—A musical by N. Richard Nash, based on his play "The Rainmaker." Harvey Schmidt wrote the music, Tom Jones is responsible for the lyrics, and the cast includes Robert Horton, Inga Swenson, and Stephen Douglass. The director is Joseph Anthony, the producer David Merrick. Opens

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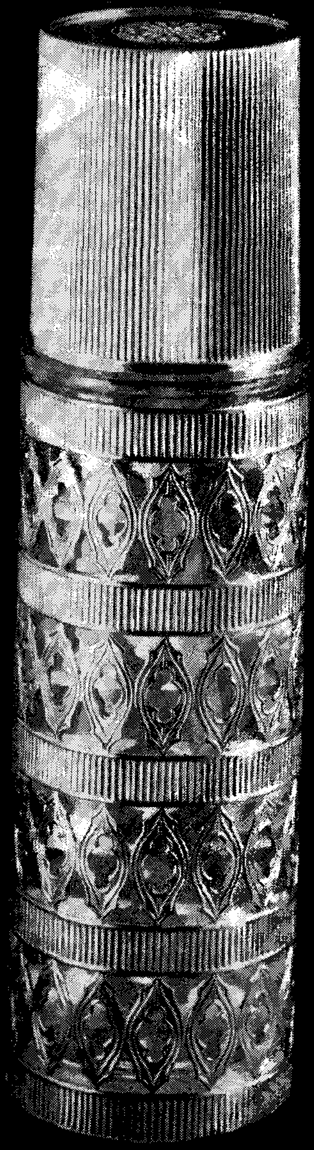

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INTIMATE BY REVLON

Thursday, Oct. 24. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Ballad of the Sad Café—An adaptation, by Edward Albee, of Carson McCullers' novella, with Colleen Dewhurst and William Prince. Directed by Alan Schneider and produced by Lewis Allen and Ben Edwards. Previews Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 24-26, and Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 28-29, at 8:30. Opens officially on Wednesday, Oct. 30. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tambourines to Glory—Langston Hughes' gospel-singing play (adapted from his novel of the same name), for which he also did the lyrics and Jobe Huntley wrote the music. Clara Ward, Hilda Simms, Robert Guillaume, Rosetta LeNoire, and Louis Gossett head a cast directed by Nikos Psacharopoulos. Presented by Joel Schenker and Hexter Productions, in association with Sydney S. Baron. Previews Saturday, Oct. 26, and Monday through Friday, Oct. 28-Nov. 1, at 8:30. Opens officially on Saturday, Nov. 2. (Little Theatre, 44th St., W. LA 4-0728. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Ballad for Bimshire—A buoyant, though somewhat loose-limbed, musical about an assortment of Barbadians on their home grounds. With Ossie Davis. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet's sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys from Syracuse—A thoroughly satisfying revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical. The songs are, of course, wonderful, and they are well sung by the high-spirited company. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cages—Two rubbishy one-acters with Shelley Winters and Morgan Sterne. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Color of Darkness: An Evening in the World of James Purdy—Five dim one-act plays adapted from the work of Mr. Purdy. (Writers' Stage, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:40, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 27.)

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Corruption in the Palace of Justice—A melodrama—sometimes cynical, sometimes philosophic or religious in tone—about c. in the p. of j. of "a foreign city" and a government investigator who is sent to find the man responsible for it. The playwright, the late Ugo Betti, himself a Roman magistrate for many years, has provided a lively, plausible first act and a second and third that are only occasionally so. Most of the acting is quite good. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Desire Under the Elms—Carl Low plays the old New England farmer who takes a youngish wife, and Betty Miller plays the two-timing bride in this high-pitched but undeniably animated revival of the O'Neill melodrama. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Mr. Simian—A play by Sheppard Kerman. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. YU 2-4240. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Opening Night and A Matter of Like Life and Death—Peggy Wood is effective as an almost washed-up actress in the grip of first-night nerves, and so is Ruth Gates as her dresser and soother. In the second play, which is set in a fallout shelter, James Karen and Frances Sternhagen manage a few amusing moments as a remote and timid scientist and his domestic wife. The scripts, a pair of one-acters, are only fair, though. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. OR 3-3377. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Penny Change—A comedy-fantasy by Helen Eisner. Opens Thursday, Oct. 24. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Pinter Plays—Two dark comedies, one low and the other high, by the extraordinary English playwright Harold Pinter. Alan Schneider directed. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Riverwind—An appealing and tuneful musical comedy, with a score and lyrics by a new composer named John Jennings. The setting is a rustic motel in Indiana, and the dramatis personae are the garrulous proprietress and three couples in various stages of attachment. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Six Characters in Search of an Author—A brisk production of Pirandello's tantalizing comedy about a group of stray characters who break in on a theatrical rehearsal. The translation, which sounds fine, is by Paul Avila Mayer. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. Sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

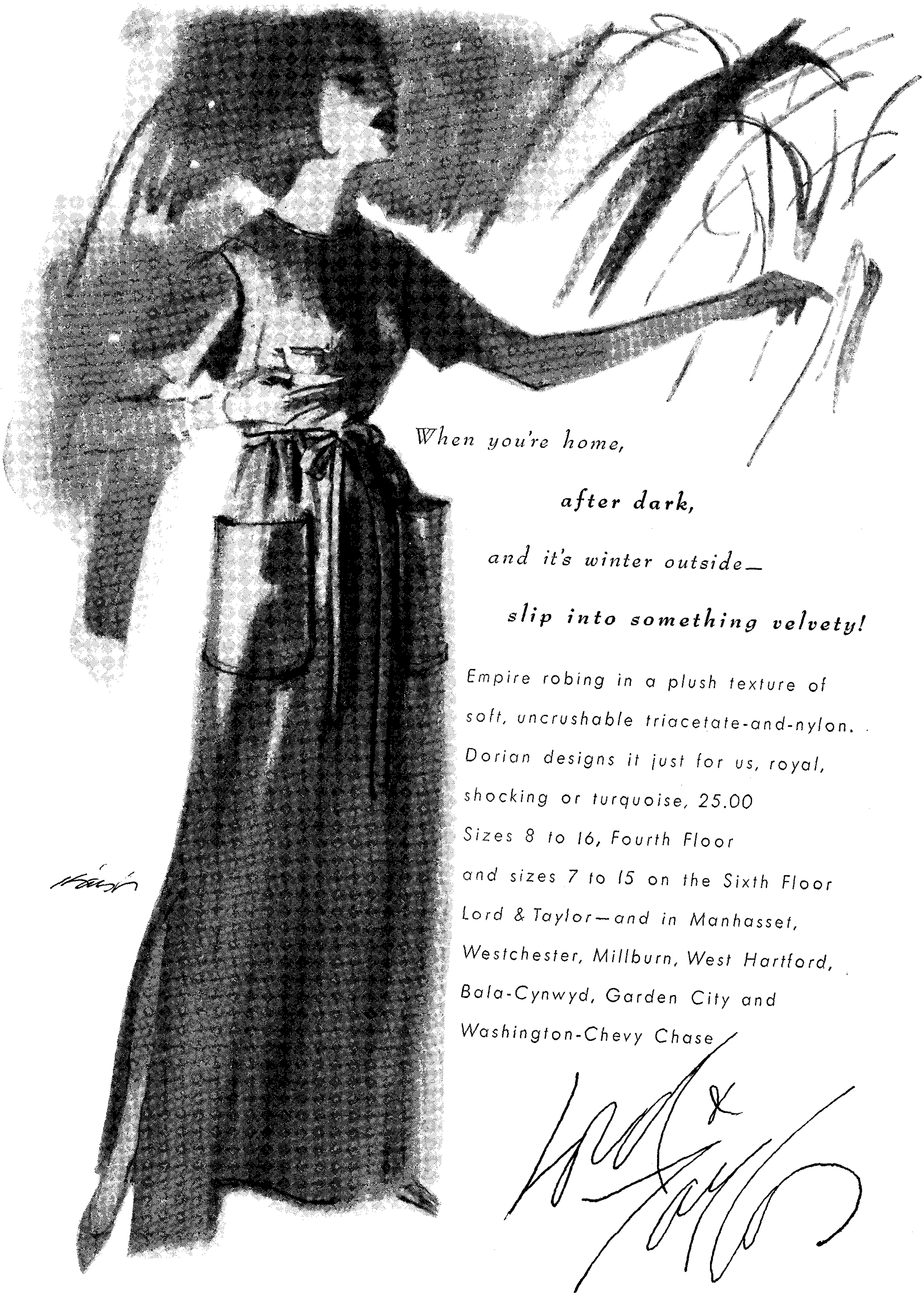
Martha Graham and Her Dance Company—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday evening, Oct. 24: "Circe," "Embattled Garden," and "Legend of Judith."... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 25: "Night Journey," "Secular Games," and "Phaedra."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 26: "Embattled Garden," "Secular Games," and "Legend of Judith." ... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 26: "Clytemnestra."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 27: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Diversion of Angels," and "Acrobats of God."... ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 27: "Circe," "Secular Games," and "Legend of Judith." (Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. JU 6-5555. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Obratsov Russian Puppet Theatre—Performances in English by a company appearing here for the first time. "An Unusual Concert" will be performed every evening and at the matinées on Wednesdays and on Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 2-3. "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp" will be done at the matinées on Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 26-27. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 3, and Sundays at noon and 3:15. Through Saturday, Nov. 23.)

Helmut Qualtinger—The Viennese satirist in a one-man show, in German. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Wednesday, Oct. 30. For tickets, call LO 4-6990.)

ANTA Program—Margaret Webster in "The Brontës," her solo program concerning the Brontë sisters, presented by the Greater New York Chapter of ANTA, as the first in this season's series of matinée programs. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. Tuesday,



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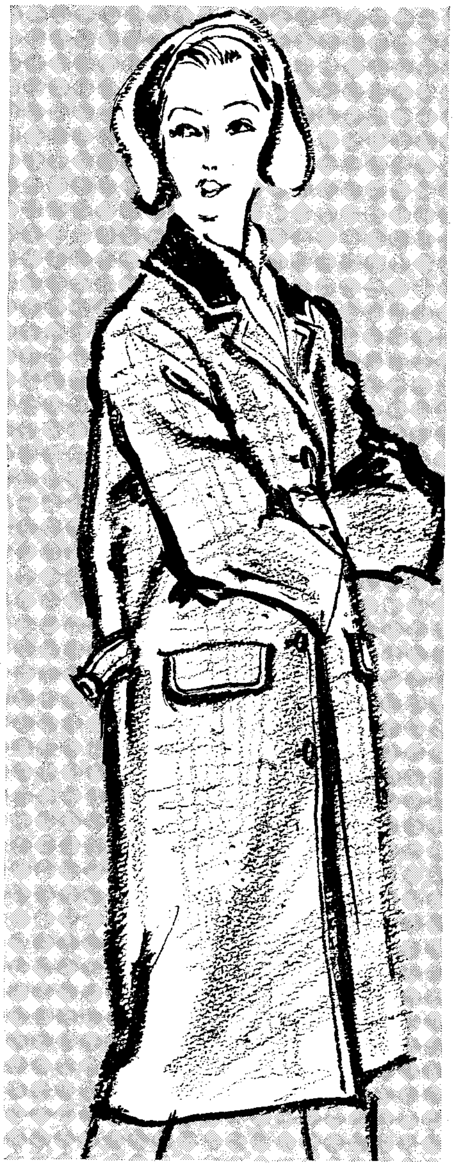

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Buddy Greco, a no-nonsense pop singer (feeling so young, with songs to be flung), is blithe as a lark in the Royal Box, and so are his bandsmen, who constitute the Enrique Madriguera orchestra, and his sassafras pianist, Dick Palumbi. They do their bang-up job at dinner and supper; dancing the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The first of the important brokerage houses to establish itself in midtown. Ticker tape is dispensed by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra. In the Champagne Room, the loudest noise is Freddie Fassler's Vienna-by-night violin. Sundays, the only sound is taped music in the alcove called Perona's.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth's small band makes small talk in the dignified Café Pierre. Another band fills in on Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The charade sung and danced in the Persian Room by Carol Lawrence and her two young men about town, Robert Lone and Johnny Harmon, is the most fun of its kind since Kay Thompson and her Williams Brothers deserted night life, and the crew of musicians stroked by Joe Harnell offers support that is decisive without ever being deafening. You'll find them on the dinner and supper menu; Emil Coleman's and Mark Monte's groups do the dance tunes for the patrons. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin play crumpets-and-scones music in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and *vin-rosé* music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. No music Mondays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Old-school ties are to be worn in the Maisonette, where Peter Duchin's starry-eyed orchestra and Quintero's Latin Americans make the music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In La Boite, baby sister of the Maisonette, the comestibles are brought to table on the wings of piano by Walter Kay and violin by Jani Sarkozi. Eight to two is their run. Closed Sundays.

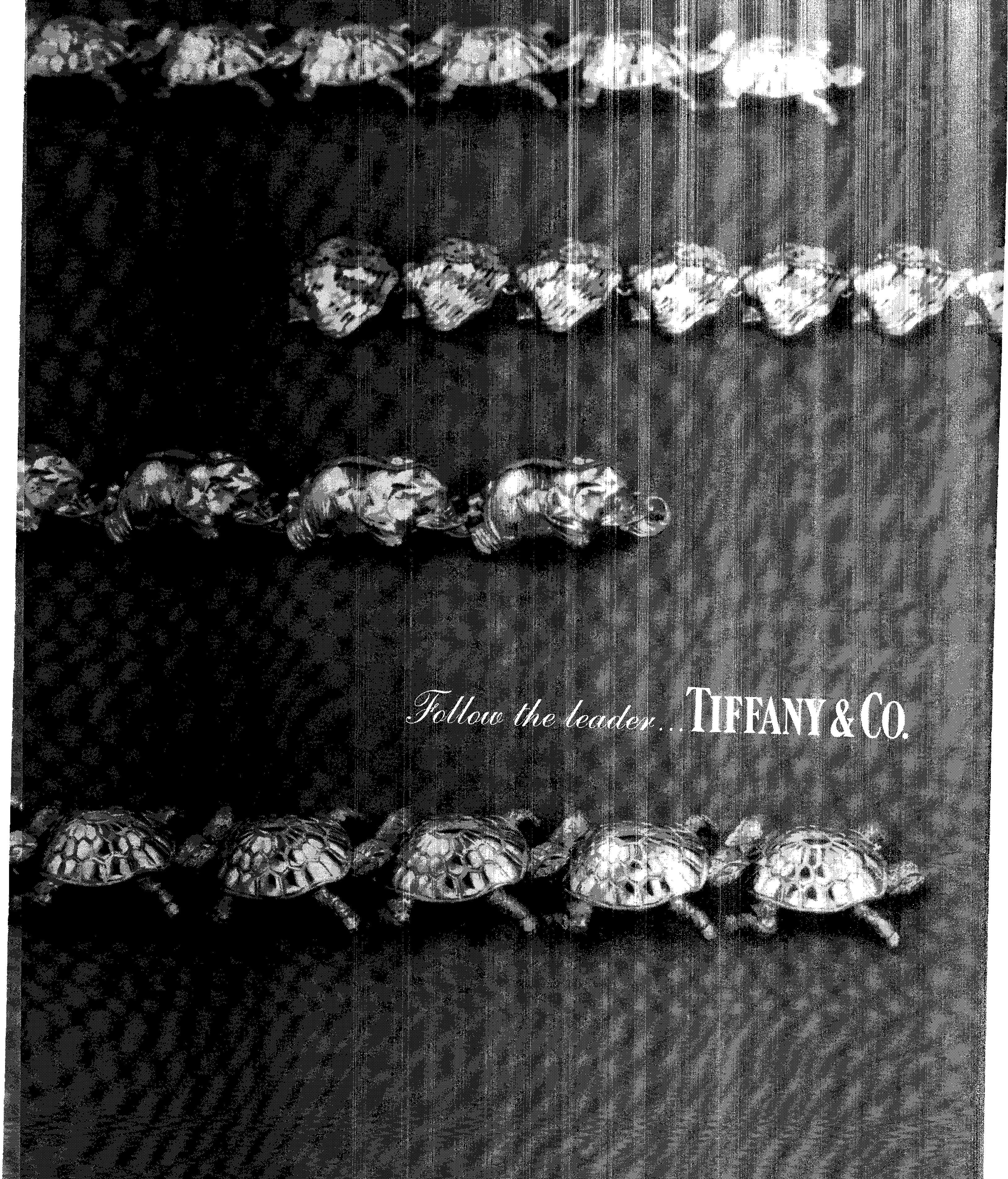
Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns is in its old, easygoing state of mind—great calm, great peace, and chortling music from the small posse of Arturo Arturos, which sets to at half past seven during the week and at six on Sundays for people who feared that tea dancing on Fifth Avenue had been permanently abolished. Curfew on Sundays at eleven, on weekdays at twelve-thirty; closed Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): Alan King, who reports to the Empire Room at mealtimes, has the edge on practically all gagmen because he can combine an elder-statesman presence with jokes whose accent is—astonishingly—on their youth. A Meyer Davis dance orchestra and Horace Diaz's band provide plenty of steam heat. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The days of our childhood—giddy, chockablock, and ceaseless. The sound department is as follows: Sam Hamilton is at the piano from five-thirty to eight, before taking leave for Downstairs at the Upstairs; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders perform thereafter as soloists until suppertime, when they converge as harum-scarum double-deck pianists. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Cloak-and-dagger drama once or twice a night by such well-known villains as Scarpia, with more than incidental music by Puccini, Leoncavallo, et al. The maestro is Aldo Bruschi, whose piano is the orchestra. Thursday through Sunday, he expands into a casual dance trio. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR,** in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): The sort of drawing room in which one would expect to find Lady Windermere's fan is what Bobby Short, whose voice and piano have that five-star-final, three-in-the-morning whoosh, has chosen for his town house this season. He begins around ten or so, and stays away Mondays. Inevitably and happily, Beverly Peer is one of his sidekicks. The piano of Otis Clements, which is filled with less exultant social amenities, goes on from five to ten (to twelve-thirty Mondays), and he is absent Sundays. . . . **EMBASSY CLUB,** also in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): No "Tales from the Vienna Woods" waltzes this season; instead, Roland Haas, at an unquestionably grand and ornamental piano, plays ornamental music from six-thirty to ten every night but Sunday. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The Wizard of Oz had something to do with the interior decoration of this castle keep. Around the castle courtyard strolls Norbert Faconi, his thine-is-my-heart-alone fiddle always tucked under his chin. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The set would do for a London Christmas pantomime of the lives of kings. Through it drifts George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin. No music Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco and fandango (Spanish, of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Land of Goshen for the night people of the Eternal City and their seven courses for dinner. Among the population is a round of dulcet wandering minstrels. Closed Sundays. . . . **MÉDITERRANÉE,** 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): The leisure class is called to order at six every night but Sunday in an alcove of this pampered fish hatchery by Ralph Strain, whose piano makes life seem considerably more than bearable. Class dismissed at one. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A verdant little throne room, in which Cy Walter is giving knowledgeable pianoforte dissertations between cocktails and one in the morning. Forrest Perrin takes over on Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Via Veneto in all its hustle and bustle. Part of the street scene is the squadron of peripatetic violinists squired by the perfectionist Herman Honigsberg, part of it is a smaller flotilla of accordionists. Closed Sundays. . . . **RITZ BAR,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): Ship of state is the attitude, and unobtrusive is the piano that converses, off and on, from five until one every evening but Sunday. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The décor of the refectory is Renaissance with the bit in its teeth; the music (guitar) and its maker (José Luis Franco) are unequivocally Spanish. No music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A personable brigade of young career girls and boys from television and the adjacent arts find surcease from their travail in this *art-moderne* apartment. They also find a robust jazz trio during the week; on Sunday, they find a jazz duo. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Rack Godwin, who always has had designs on a piano, is demonstrating the choicest of his collection on the instrument in the Regency Room cocktail lounge. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Monday. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): In the bar of a restaurant that reminds one of dining in state in San Francisco or Sausalito, a full-fledged organ muses from five-thirty to seven and from eleven to three every night but Sunday. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): This happy hunting ground for night owls has conversational dinner-and-supper piano by Budd Gregg. Monday nights, instead, there is Twist dancing (for charity) on behalf of those who have let time pass them by. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madi-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son Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The waves that beat on this segment of the Gold Coast issue from the piano of George Feyer, whose tenure is eight-thirty until one or two. The waves are tiny, but nobody seems to mind. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park offers the well-brought-up piano of Steven Weltner, who's part of the intercontinental circuit. He operates from five-thirty to midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Home, home on the range where the gypsy and the zimbalon play. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): A noisy neighborhood in which your waiter, your busboy, or your barkeep may be seized by delusions of grand opera right in the middle of your second course. Closed Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Our best-known midtown Moorish palace provides dining to tiptoe piano from six to nine-thirty. The musician is Conrad Monjoy, whose vacations are Saturday and Sunday evenings. . . . **BILTMORE,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): Hard by the cocktail shakers, Joan Bishop chooses with care the notes of her piano in the Palm Court from five to eight-thirty. No music Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A gigantic plea for women's rites, in which health-club young ladies (some Olympian, some Amazonian, some pony-ballet) do and dress as casually as they please. Among the amazed onlookers are François Szony and Nancy Claire, poets who find fulfillment in the *pas de deux*, and Bert Wheeler, a vintage humorist recently pried from the inner sanctum of the Lambs Club. Tuesday, Oct. 29, is Mr. Wheeler's final night. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Tony Bennett, always a venturer into experiments deemed dangerous by his compeers, is now bemused by the idea of giving Hit Parade ballads a lot better than they deserve. The rest of the show is Copacabana rumble-bumble. On Thursday, Oct. 31, a new show arrives, led by Jane Russell, Connie Haines, and Beryl Davis as a sort of singing-sisters act. Dancing. . . . **INTERNATIONAL,** Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): Turn up the video knob and turn down the audio knob, for the big, unbreakable dolls and the Charleston hoofers are the sole benefits to be derived from George White's newest and least gracious "Scandals." Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Now begins the second year of "Dime a Dozen," the Julius Monk revue that is his dissenting opinion on many an American way and mean. Gerry Matthews, Carol Morley, and Jamie Ross are its principals. Game time is eight-forty-five and eleven-thirty every night but Sunday. The pit band is Steinways in the hands of Carl Norman and Robert Colston. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The big idea is Vaughn Meader, who, though still a jolly fellow in his return to civilian life, gets most of his merriment out of reminiscing about his celebrated Presidential press conferences. His running mates are Patricia Scott, a girl with a wide-awake soprano, and Ricci, a man whose first name is as much of a mystery as is the sleight of hand he performs. Sunday, Nov. 3, is the end for all of them; next evening's events are Jerry Stiller and Anne Meara, playwrights who have no illusions about domestic bliss; Rolf Harris, an Australian song-and-prance man familiar hereabouts only because of television; and Mara Lynn Brown, a Chicago soprano completely unfamiliar. Dinner and supper are part of the routine. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The Second City team keeps sending in new players whenever there's a time-out, but Barbara Harris, Andrew Duncan, Anthony Holland, and MacIntyre Dixon, are still in its current no-cow-is-sacred revue, and they're enough fun for anyone. Tom O'Horgan's music, mostly on the harp, is the accompaniment. The schedule: Tuesdays through Fridays at eight-thirty and eleven; Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty; and Sundays at eight-thirty. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): "The New Establishment," the third edition of a London charivari devoted to the removal of stuffing from the shirts of the mighty, is holding open practice at nine and eleven-thirty every night but Monday; the official opening is Tuesday, Oct. 29. Except for the darkling and delightful Carole Simpson, the cast is right off the boat. A rather British cuisine goes with all this, and so does Teddy Wilson's jazz trio, which has a nightcap in the bar after the second show. . . . **THE PREMISE,** 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020): A couple of pressing public problems are ironed out, sometimes with an exceedingly hot iron, by a cluster of players who are glib but earnest. The whole thing comes across a set of footlights, and nothing harder than coffee is served the occupants of the half-dozen rows of theatre seats. The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, Fridays at eight and ten-thirty, Saturdays at seven-thirty and ten-thirty, and Sundays at three and eight-thirty. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The entertainment is a minute musical comedy that's the complete antithesis of musical comedy as we know it—all about how a fool and his honey are soon parted. Honey is the delectable Barbara Quaney, the fool is tripartitely played by David Rounds, Jon Stone, and George Coe. The quaint quadrille was written by David Axlerod and Tom Whedon, the music was composed by Sam Pottle, and the wry direction is the work of Ronny Graham. Tee-off times are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Mabel Mercer, a fountainhead of well-worded lyrics, is singing in her special bittersweet fashion. Her base of operations is the **DOWNSTAIRS.** Sam Hamilton, it should go without saying, is her accompanist. Half past ten is when they begin. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, who throw a couple of grandstand plays into every choral or instrumental essay, are now doing dance music as well, and fervently. Dinner and supper are their usual post times, but on Saturdays they add a 2 A.M. tempest, and on Sundays they rampage only at nine-thirty. Emilio Reyes' band, which also gives the customers a chance to unwind, can incite almost to riot. The Sunday afternoon-into-evening tea dances are just as tumultuous. . . . ¶ In the neighborly alcove off the bar, after ten, Juan de la Mata's *simpatico* guitar serves the perfect nightcap. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Full cry is the phrase for Felicia Sanders, whose ballads are a series of emotional crises; willful is the phrase for Enid Mosier, whose recital is West Indian, French, and turbulent. They're set to the music of Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames. The remainder of the cast comes under the heading of unnecessary noise. Closed Mondays. . . . **LIVING ROOM,** 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Something keeps drawing Matt Dennis, par-excellence sweet singer and pianist in a dozen octaves, back to this odd way of night life, so on Monday, Oct. 28, he and Mrs. D. (Ginny, that is) will resume their pre-Christmas carols here.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Out of the huddles in which Bill Evans and his piano constantly indulge come some of the most intricate stratagems of the season. His trio takes turns with Helen Merrill, whose gentle twisting of lyrics takes place for the last time on Sunday, Oct. 27. The Evanses finish up on Tuesday, Oct. 29, the night on which Irene Reid, who used to sing with the Basie band, and Ike Isaac's trio arrive; next evening's addition will be Jackie Cain and Roy Kral, carollers whose sound waves are always *nouvelles vagues*. Sunday matinées, too, from four-thirty to seven; closed Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Carmen McRae lives in a world of her own, in which she is free to chase sprightly ballads with her butterfly net. On Friday, Oct. 25, the trio of Charlie Byrd, whose guitar is at home with flamenco as well as with jazz, joins up. Mondays are guest nights. . . . **BITTER END,** 147

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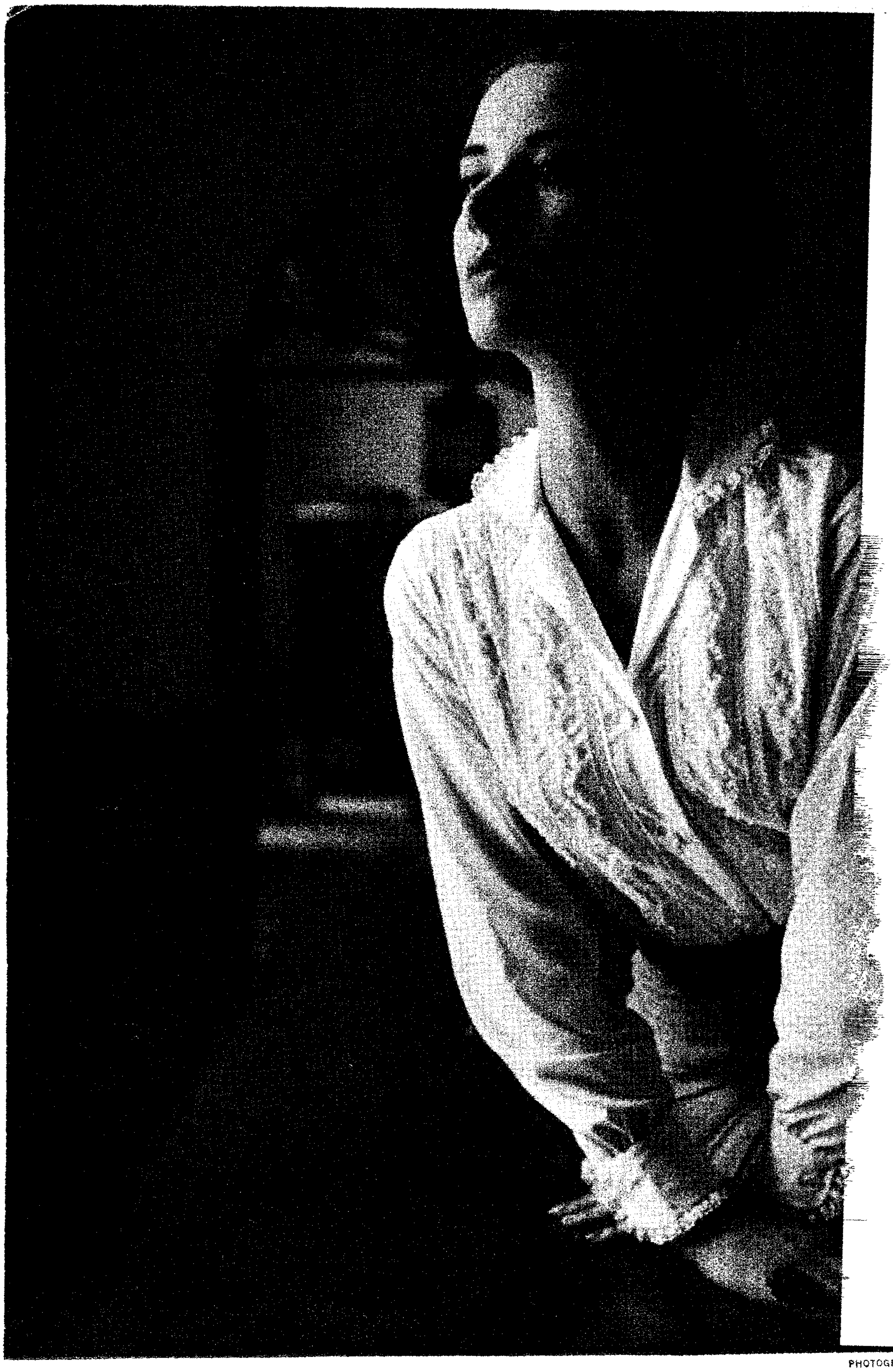

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The means to this end are folk ballads, at present being rendered by the exceedingly active Tarriers. Way out in left field, an area he covers with great agility, is Woody Allen, who comes prepared to recite, and does. They are all off duty Tuesdays. . . . **THE MOST,** 875 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-5738): The kind of beat that Damon Runyon might have patrolled. Through the hubbub one can often hear the skillful voice and organ of Joe Mooney, an early experimenter in new art forms. Kenny Burrell's trio, dealers in later manifestations of jazz, will be replaced on Monday, Oct. 28, by Chuck Wayne's triad. No music Sundays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Rant-and-roll music prevails from three until eight-thirty, after which the Dukes of Dixieland and Red Allen's quartet trade long, hard blows. On Friday, Nov. 1, they'll be displaced by Jack Teagarden, a national monument, and his band. Sundays, visiting outfits have the use of the place. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Horace Silver's quintet (hemidemisemiquavers) and Terry Gibbs' quartet (college-try) move out on Wednesday, Oct. 30. Next evening brings in Ben Webster, a great and good man, along with his quintet. Among the other arrivals will be Ada Lee, who sings. On Sunday, Oct. 27, at two, a jazz concert for the benefit of Bud Powell, that sterling pianist, will be presented. Among the promised are Dizzy Gillespie, Stan Getz, Thelonious Monk, and Gerry Mulligan. Catch-as-catch-can sessions Mondays, when the regular army is out of action. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The Half Note's line-of-succession program goes on as before. This time the quintet of Zoot Sims and Al Cohn is to be succeeded, on Tuesday, Oct. 29, by another set of familiar faces—the ones belonging to Lennie Tristano's foursome, which includes Lee Konitz. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): An old Village meetinghouse given over to forward-looking musings. Thelonious Monk's quartet is on hand every night but Monday, when the Upper Bohemia Six, captained by Larry Rivers, an art-gallery exhibitor who has certainly lost his way, plays for dancing. Roland Hanna's trio is the Monk playmate. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): County-fair midway is the point of view. Not far above the babbling crowd, Tyree Glenn addresses himself to his dulcet trombone and quartet when Harold Quinn isn't doing solo piano. Their day off is Sunday, when Louis Metcalf's quartet acts up. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Howard Reynolds, now graduated from solo piano to leader of a band, runs a trio in the very modern manner. No music Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): During the week, Cliff Jackson holds down the piano in an enterprise designed to house displaced musicians from the old 52nd Street rifle range. Thursdays through Saturdays, he is joined by Zutty Singleton and Tony Parenti. No music Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

MILTON AVERY—Etchings and woodcuts; through Nov. 9. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

FRANCIS BACON—A loan exhibition of paintings that coincides with the showing of this British contemporary's works at the Guggenheim Museum; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Granville, 929 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALBERT BIERSTADT (1830-1902)—Small landscape studies in oil; through Nov. 16. (Lewison, 50 E. 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

NORMAN BLUHM—Abstract water colors; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (American Gallery, 156 E. 64th St. Closed Mondays.)

ILYA BOLOTOWSKY—Geometric abstractions; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JEAN CHABAUD—Paintings by a young French artist; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Thibaut, 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

PACHITA CRESPI—Impressionistic oils; through Thursday, Oct. 31. (Crespi, 1153 Madison Ave., at 85th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

VIEIRA DA SILVA—Gouaches by the Paris abstractionist; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

SEENA DONNESON—*Tondo* paintings, collages, and drawings; through Thursday, Oct. 31. (Pietrantonio, 26 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

LUIS FEITO—Abstractions by one of the School of Paris artists; through Nov. 9. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

FREDERICK FRANCK—Sea still-life paintings; through Nov. 9. (Grippi, 905 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.). . . ¶ Drawings from his new book "My Eye Is in Love;" through Nov. 9. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

SONIA GECHTOFF—Abstract paintings, drawings, collages, and lithographs; through Nov. 9. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDWARD GIOBBI—Paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

JAMES GRANT—Abstract collages; through Nov. 7. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

THEO HIOS—Paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Smolin, 19 E. 71st St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 6.)

ROBERT KIPNISS—Landscapes; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Auslander, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

HENRI MATISSE—Etchings, lithographs, and linoleum cuts; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Deitsch, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

RICHARD MAYHEW—Landscapes; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

RICHARD MILLER—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALICE NEEL—Portraits; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

ALFONSO OSSORIO—Abstract panels; through Nov. 9. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

RAYMOND PARKER—Non-objective paintings; through Nov. 9. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

PICASSO AND KLEE—Paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Saidenberg, 1035 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

CHARLES PRENDERGAST (1869-1949)—Water colors, panels, and carvings; through Nov. 9. (Davis, 231 E. 60th St.)

CONSTANCE RICHARDSON—Paintings of Antigua, Guatemala; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Kennedy, 13 E. 58th St.)

TETSURO SAWADA—Paintings by a Japanese modern; through Nov. 23. (Nihonbashi, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

TOBIAS SCHNEEBAUM—Landscapes and figure paintings done in Borneo; through Nov. 9. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

RONALD SEARLE—Pen-and-ink and wash drawings by the English satirist; through Nov. 11. (Bianchini, 16 E. 78th St.)

DAVID SHAPIRO—Expressionistic figures and landscapes; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

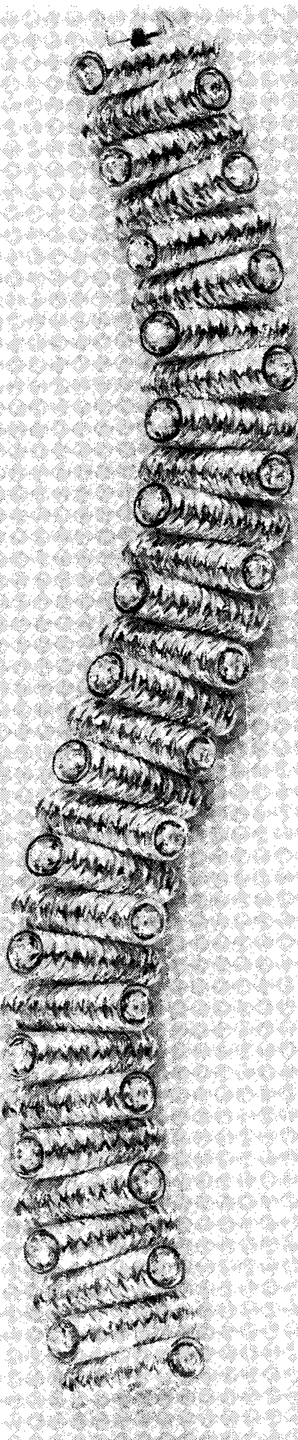
JOSEPH SHEPPARD—Realist paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

HASSEL SMITH—Paintings done in Cornwall, England, by a California artist; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

THÉOPHILE-ALEXANDRE STEINLEN (1859-1923)—Drawings, pastels, and water colors by the French artist; through Nov. 16. (Slatkin, 115 E. 92nd St.)

ANTONI TÀPIES—Abstractions by this Spanish painter; through Nov. 16. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM TURNBULL—Sculptures in bronze, wood, and stone, by a British contemporary;



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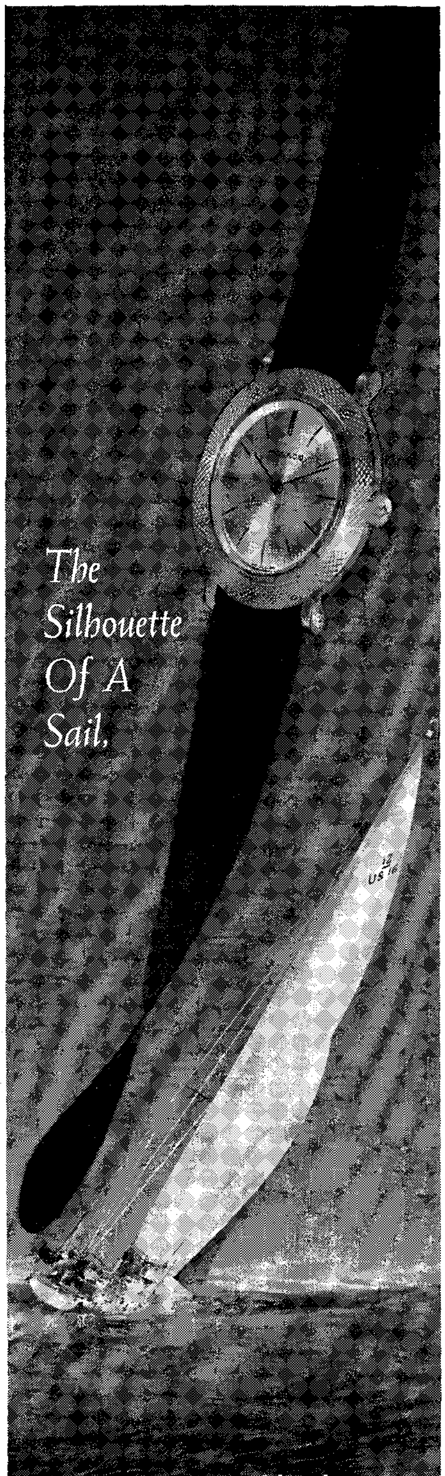
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

HUGO WEBER—Abstractions by a Swiss-born artist; through Nov. 9. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

HARVEY WEISS—Welded-brass and cast-bronze sculptures; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

MASTER DRAWINGS—A benefit loan exhibition from the Art Institute of Chicago, with examples ranging from a 1438 Pisanello to a 1944 Picasso; through Nov. 30. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

SCULPTORS GUILD—Their annual exhibition of present-day American sculptors, comprising sixty-seven pieces (by Dorothy Dehner, Ezio Martinelli, Joseph Konzal, and others) in a variety of styles and mediums; through Nov. 21. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AFRICAN SCULPTURE—Wood, ivory, and bronze masks, statues, stools, and containers, from Ghana, Nigeria, and eight other new African states; through Dec. 31. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS**, 41 E. 65th St.: A loan exhibition of paintings and sculptures by fourteen winners (over the past seven years) of the Brandeis University Creative Arts Awards, among them Edwin Dickinson, Naum Gabo, and Richard Lippold; through Nov. 5. (Closed Saturday mornings.) . . . **ART STUDENTS LEAGUE**, 215 W. 57th St.: Works by forty-two League instructors, including Theodoros Stamos, Seong Moy, and José de Creeft; through Thursday, Oct. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 A.M. to 9:30 P.M.; Saturdays, 9 to 4.) . . . **DINTENFASS**, 18 E. 67th St.: Philip Evergood, Andrew Wyeth, and William King are among the exhibitors in a show called "American Contemporary Still-Life;" through Nov. 9. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Two paintings apiece by Stuart Davis, Ben Shahn, Abraham Rattner, and others; through Saturday, Oct. 26. . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Willem de Kooning, Philip Guston, Jackson Pollock, and eight other Abstract Expressionists; through Saturday, Nov. 2. . . . **VILLAGE ART CENTER**, 39 Grove St.: Paintings and sculptures by nine 1963 Fulbright artist-grantees, for instance Ray Ciarrochi, Susan Draper, and Raymond Hitchcock; through Nov. 8. (Daily, 1 to 6.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Rouault, Braque, and Calder; through Saturday, Oct. 26. . . . **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: George Bellows, J. H. Twachtman, and Gustav Loiseau are three of the artists represented in a show called "Waters, Salt and Sweet;" through Nov. 23.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Three French landscapists—Boudin, Corot, and Courbet; through Nov. 9. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **NEW SCHOOL**, 66 W. 12th St.: Paintings by a dozen modern Irish artists, including Barrie Cooke, Louis le Brocquy, and Patrick Scott; through Nov. 9. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5.) . . . **ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: "Panorama of Yugoslav Primitive Art," paintings and sculptures by contemporary peasant artists; through Nov. 16.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Art of Fabergé," a loan collection of precious objects (Easter eggs, miniature articles of furniture, carved figures, and the like) designed by the last jeweller to the Imperial Russian Court. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings dating from 1940 by Hans Hofmann, the dean of the Abstract Expressionists; through Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Sculptures in wax, plaster, and bronze by the Italian Impressionist Medardo Rosso (1858-1928); through Nov. 23. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of Asian art loaned by Ernest Erickson and the Erickson Foundation. On view are Islamic ceramics, miniatures, metalwork, textiles, and rugs; Indian miniature paintings and sculptures; and Nepalese, Thai, and Cambodian sculptures. Through Jan. 12. (An admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.) . . . ¶ Paintings by eleven Spanish Old Masters—El Greco, Goya, and Murillo, for example—from the collection of the late Oscar B. Cintas; through Nov. 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"Iranian Ceramics," a display of potteries and porcelains of ancient Persia, lent by museums and private collectors both in Europe and America; through Dec. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of oils by Francis Bacon, one of Britain's leading painters; through Jan. 12. A good complement to this exhibition is the Bacon showing at the Granville Gallery, 929 Madison Ave., at 74th St. . . . ¶ A memorial exhibition of paintings by Morris Louis (1912-1962); through Sunday, Oct. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A set of seven eighteenth-century Royal Gobelin tapestries, depicting the Biblical story of Queen Esther; through Dec. 15. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Thursday evenings, 7 to 9; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Books and manuscripts from the Heineman Collection, including musical manuscripts, French and German literary and historical autographs, first editions and bindings, and illuminated manuscripts; through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ "William Blake—Illustrations of the Book of Job" and "French Mosaic Bindings, 1851-1900;" through Nov. 23. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Thirty-eight mid-eighteenth- to mid-nineteenth-century dolls recently given to the Museum, including "Mehitabel Hodges," one of the oldest known imported dolls in America, brought here from France in 1724. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Creative Casting," an exhibit of new work in metal by American artists and craftsmen; through Nov. 10. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF EARLY AMERICAN FOLK ARTS, 49 W. 53rd St.—The first exhibition in this new museum is made up of paintings, sculptures, and related objects, dating from the early eighteenth century to the late nineteenth, on loan from private collections; through Nov. 24. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"Sculpture of Primitive Peoples: Recent Acquisitions 1963" (from Africa, the islands of the Pacific, and the Americas); through Nov. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—The opening section of a new rotating exhibit of the Society's original water-color drawings of "The Birds of America," by John James Audubon. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of Joseph Stella (1877-1946), America's leading Futurist; through Dec. 4. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Oct. 24, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Lisa Della Casa, Blanche Thebom, Sándor Kónya, Otto Edelmann, Ezio Flagello, and Karl Dönch. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 25, at 8: "Manon," with

Anna Moffo, Nicolai Gedda, Frank Guarrera, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 2: "La Bohème," with Raina Kabaivanska, Maria Gray, Carlo Bergonzi, Calvin Marsh, and Anton Diakov. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Teresa Stich-Randall, Lucine Amara, Neyde Thomaz, Cesare Siepi, Leopold Simoneau, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 28, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Lisa Della Casa, Blanche Thebom, Sándor Kónya, Otto Edelmann, Ezio Flagello, and Karl Dönch. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 29, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Gianna d'Angelo, Rosalind Elias, Barry Morell, and Cornell MacNeil. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 8: "Manon," with Anna Moffo, Nicolai Gedda, Frank Guarrera, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8: "Don Carlo," with Raina Kabaivanska, Rita Gorr, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Aïda," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Irene Dalis, Carlo Bergonzi, Frank Guarrera, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, at 2: "Don Giovanni," with Teresa Stich-Randall, Lucine Amara, Neyde Thomaz, Cesare Siepi, Leopold Simoneau, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Gianna d'Angelo, Rosalind Elias, Jan Peerce, and Cornell MacNeil. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call GR 7-4720 Mondays through Thursdays, 9 to 5, and Fridays, 9 to 2:30.)

New York City Opera Company—Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8: A new production of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," with an English text by Ruth and Thomas Martin. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 25, at 8:15: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 2:30: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8:15: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 27, at 2:30: "The Mikado." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 27, at 8:15: "Rigoletto." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 1, at 8:15: "Louise." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, at 2:30: "The Merry Widow." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8:15: "La Traviata." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 10.)

Brooklyn Opera Company—Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly," with Elaine Malbin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8:30: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, Josef Krips conducting—Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 25, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 27, at 3 (all with Jerome Lowenthal, piano); and Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 1, at 2:15; Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8:30; and Sunday, Nov. 3, at 3 (all with William Lincer, viola).

Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf conducting a Mozart-Mahler program. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Erich Leinsdorf directing performances of Benjamin Britten's "War Requiem," with Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Nicholas di Virgilio, tenor; Tom Krause, baritone; the Chorus pro Musica; and the Columbus Boychoir. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8:30, and Saturday, Oct. 26, at 3.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—William Steinberg conducting. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Tuesday, Oct. 29, at 8:30.)

Moscow Chamber Orchestra—R. Barshai conducting this orchestra in its first appearance here. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting—Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 26-27, at 8:30: With Guiomar Novaes, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 2-3, at 8:30: With Zara Nelsova, cello; Davis Shuman, trombone; and Paul Jacobs, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

New York Orchestral Society—Joseph Eger conducting, with Pinchas Zukerman, violin. (Town Hall. Sunday, Oct. 27, at 5:15. Free tickets at the box office after 3 on the day of the concert.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a performance of Mozart's Great Mass in C Minor, with Saramae Endich and Louise Natale, sopranos; John Mc-

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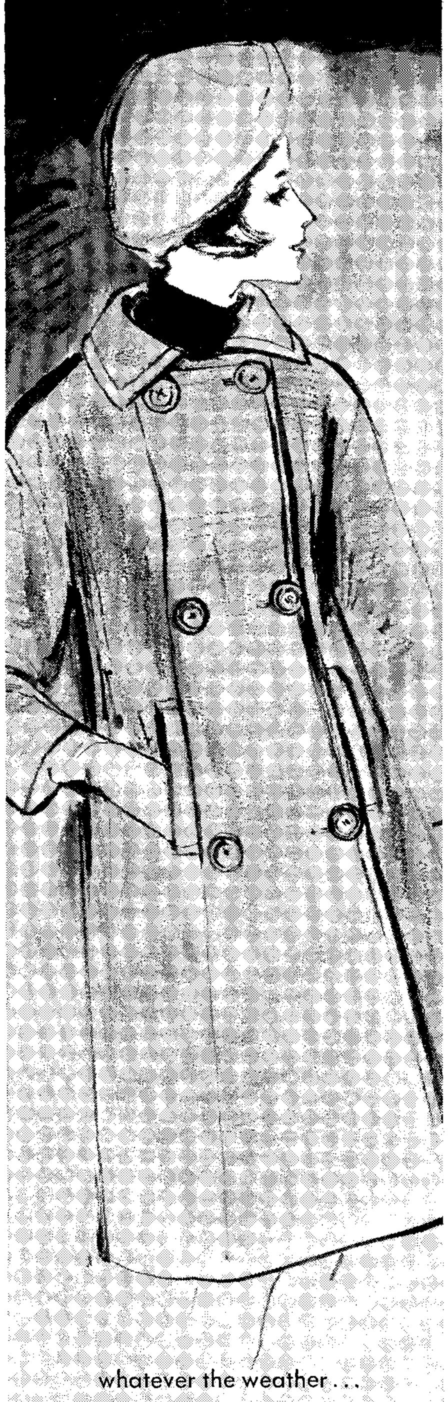

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Collum, tenor; Ara Berberian, bass-baritone; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Oct. 27, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Cantata Singers—Thomas Dunn directing a Mozart-Handel program, with Ginetta La Bianca and Maria Ferriero, sopranos; Charles Bressler, tenor; Albert Fuller, harpsichord; Joseph Iadone, lute; and the Festival Orchestra. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Betty Allen—Mezzo-soprano, with Samuel Baron, flute, and the Kohon String Quartet. Virgil Thomson will accompany Miss Allen at the piano in a group of five songs that he composed for her. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia String Quartet—A group made up of members of the Philadelphia Orchestra and appearing here for the first time. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8:30.)

Mstislav Rostropovich—Cello. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

Mitchell Andrews—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—Quintetto Boccherini. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Thursday and Friday.)

Tamás Vásáry—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 26th, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Rosalyn Tureck—In the last in a series of all-Bach keyboard programs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.)

Yehudi Menuhin—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.)

Bob Dylan—Folk singer. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8:40.)

Dino Formichini—Tenor. (Town Hall. Sunday, Oct. 27, at 3.)

Morton Estrin—Piano, in an all-Chopin program. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 27, at 5:30.)

Bach Festival—Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichordist, playing Part I of "The Well-Tempered Clavier." (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Oct. 27, at 6:30, with a dinner intermission from 7:30 to 9.)

Paul Olefsky—Cello. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 29, at 8:30.)

Beaux Arts Trio of New York—In the first two in a series of three concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano trios. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Tuesday, Oct. 29, and Friday, Nov. 1, both at 8:40.)

José Iturbi—Conducting the American Symphony Orchestra and acting as piano soloist. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 8:30.)

Iso Elinson—Piano, in the second of two concerts, this one an all-Chopin program. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 8:30.)

Jacob Maxin—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concert—Flaviano Labò, tenor; Nancy Tatum, soprano; and the Senior Musicians Symphony, conducted by Nicolas Flagello. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 29, at 8:30.)

Jazz and Folk Concert—Nina Simone's quartet, Herbie Mann's octet, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Oct. 26: Knicks vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 29: Knicks vs. St. Louis. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2: Knicks vs. Baltimore. (Games begin at 8:30.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Oct. 25: Rubin (Hurricane) Carter vs. Joey Archer, middleweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 1: Florentino Fernandez vs. Juan (Rocky) Rivero, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

College Football—**SATURDAY, OCT. 26**: Amherst vs. Wesleyan, at Amherst, at 2. . . . ¶ Army vs. Washington State, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Lehigh, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Pittsburgh, at Annapolis, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Rutgers, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven, at 2. . . . **SATURDAY, NOV. 2** (all at 1:30): Cornell vs. Columbia, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Harvard, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Boston University, at New Brunswick. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven.

Professional Football—At the Polo Grounds—Saturday, Oct. 26: Jets vs. Denver Broncos. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2: Jets vs. San Diego Chargers. (Games begin at 8.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Oct. 27, at 7: Rangers vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Boston.

Horse Shows—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Through Saturday, Oct. 26.) . . . ¶ Washington International Horse Show. (Washington, D.C. Tuesday through Sunday, Oct. 29-Nov. 3.)

Hunt Racing—Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 26.) . . . ¶ Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Saturday, Nov. 2.)

Racing—**UNITED HUNTS AT AQUEDUCT**: Thursday and Friday, Oct. 24-25, at 1:30. The Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase, Friday, Oct. 25. . . . **BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT**: Final day Saturday, Oct. 26, at 1:30; the Ladies Handicap is the feature race. . . . **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 12:30, from Monday, Oct. 28, through Saturday, Dec. 7. The Man o' War, Saturday, Nov. 2. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays; last day Saturday, Nov. 9. Through Saturday, Oct. 26, post time will be 1:30; after that, it will be 12:45. The Gardenia, Saturday, Oct. 26, and the Trenton Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 2. . . . **BOWIE**, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Oct. 28. . . . **LAUREL**, Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Wednesday, Oct. 30, through Tuesday, Nov. 12.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **AMATO OPERA COMPANY**: An abbreviated version of "Madame Butterfly," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 2:30.) . . . **CONCERTS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE**: The first in a series of six offerings, this one devoted to the life and works of Bach, with Boris Goldovsky narrating and playing the piano and with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 3. Adults admitted only if accompanied by a child.) . . . **NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC**: Leonard Bernstein conducting the opening children's concert of the season. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Nov. 2, at noon.)

Ballet—The André Eglevsky Ballet for Children presenting "Hansel and Gretel." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Oct. 27, at 3:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **GRAMERCY ARTS CHILDREN'S THEATRE**: "Little Red Riding Hood." (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Saturdays at 2 and 3:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **HARNICK-ADAMS PRODUCTIONS**: "Young

Tom Jefferson." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 2:30.) . . . **HILLTOP PRODUCTIONS:** "Aladdin and His Magic Lamp." Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 26-27. . . . ¶ "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturday, Nov. 2. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Afternoons at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **MAXIMILLION PRODUCTIONS:** "Gabriel." (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Saturdays at 2:30 and Thursday, Oct. 31, at 4.) . . . **MERRI-MIMES:** "Pinocchio." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "The Prince and the Pauper." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Scraps." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. OR 4-1100, Ext. 55. Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 26-27, at 3.) . . . **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS:** "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.) . . . **PICKWICK PUPPETS:** "The Mikado." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **ELAINE W. REYNOLDS PRODUCTIONS:** "The Ransom of Red Chief." (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LA 4-7450. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **STAGE 73:** "The Absent-Minded Dragon." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archaeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ Paintings by Greek children of kindergarten age; through Dec. 1. (Daily, except Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Exploring the Moon." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Sandra Hochman and Robert Watson reading from their own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Monday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ John Berryman and Robert Lowell reading from their own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Oct. 25-26, at 1:45: Louis XV and Louis XVI furniture, bronze *doré*, porcelains, gold and enamel bibelots, *objets de vertu*, jewelry, Russian and other silver, paintings and drawings, tapestries, and Aubusson and Oriental rugs; from the estate of Mrs. Fritz Kreisler and from other sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 29, at 1:45: First editions and other books, belonging to Dr. Lester E. Bauer and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 8: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Monet, Picasso, Signac, and Matisse; from the collection of Larry Aldrich. Admission by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 25.

Daylight Saving Time—Ends on Sunday, Oct. 27, at 2 A.M. Turn the clock back an hour.

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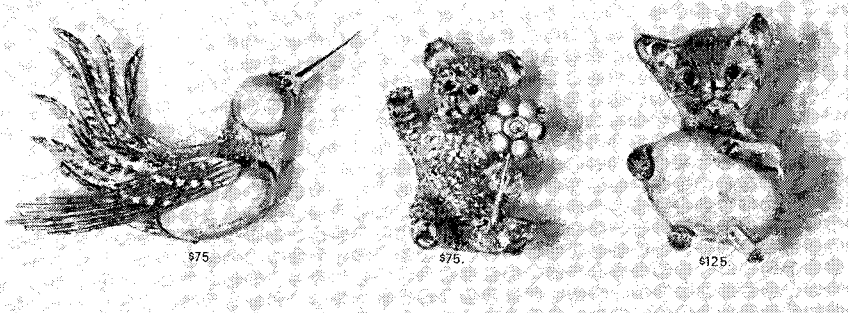

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Atget—From Eugène Atget's loving still photographs of Paris in the early years of this century has been made this extraordinary short, charged with spooky life. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Cleopatra—The already famous epic, which looks like "Aïda" raised to the tenth power and would be better off if it sounded like it. Still, you might as well go. Starring, of course, Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex Harrison, Roddy McDowall, etc., etc. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

The Conjugal Bed—An acting out in human terms of the fierceness of the queen bee's desire for motherhood and the fate of the drone who dares to satisfy her. Unlikely as it seems, an extremely comic picture. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Divorce—Italian Style—A very funny, because ruthlessly reasonable, farce, in which it's demonstrated that if the only way out of an unhappy marriage is murder, then murder has much to be said for it. The setting is Sicily, the star of an exceptionally able cast is Marcello Mastroianni, and the director is Pietro Germi. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Oct. 30, tentative. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Oct. 26-29. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Oct. 30.)

Dr. No—Ian Fleming's famous hero, James Bond, pits himself against a human fiend in a citadel of evil in the Caribbean. Wonderful nonsense, with Sean Connery as Bond, and Ursula Andress as his sullen blond plaything. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Oct. 30, evening performances only.)

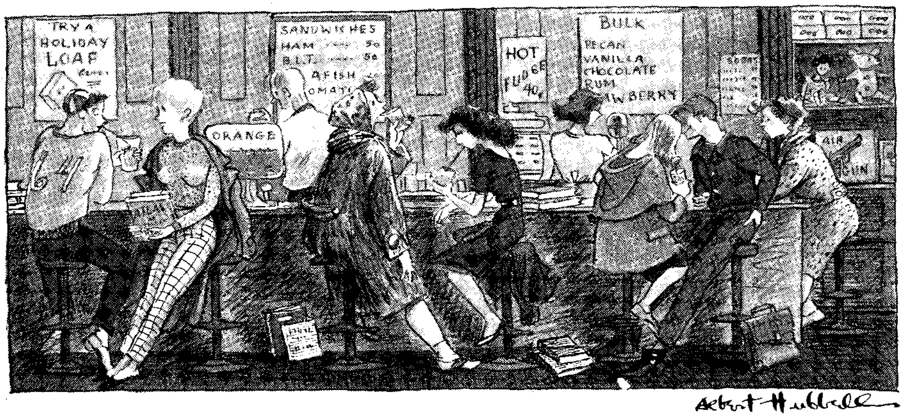
8½—A successful, if curious, work of art—an *apologia pro vita sua* by the brilliant Italian director Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo, among many others. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Gone Are the Days!—An appealing specimen of Uncle Tom-foolery, written by and starring Ossie Davis, with Ruby Dee, Sorrell Booke, and Godfrey Cambridge. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262; through Oct. 28.)

Happiness of Us Alone—A curious story about a Japanese couple who are not only deaf but very poor. A great deal cheerfuller than you might expect, and superbly acted by Hideko Takamine and Keiju Kobayashi. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Oct. 29.)

Lawrence of Arabia—David Lean has ably directed an enormous cast (Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, et al.) in this stirring account of two years in the life of a twentieth-century hero, who, like most of our heroes, is often unlikable and still more often incomprehensible. The natural backgrounds—Jordan and Spain—are breathtaking. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070.)

Lord of the Flies—A desert-island version of the playing fields of Eton. Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel is brisk and painful, and it has got rid of a lot of Golding's rusty metaphysical excesses. Down-to-earth and accurately brutal, beautifully photographed, and cut to a fine, cracking pace. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)



The L-Shaped Room—An English tale of star-crossed lovers, one of them French. Leslie Caron is the girl and Tom Bell is the boy, and circling around their unhappy affair are Cicely Courtneidge, Brock Peters, Emlyn Williams, and a dozen other skilled performers. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; 57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; and Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; through Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Oct. 29, tentative.)

Sanjuro—A blood-and-thunder account of how virtue triumphs over evil in what purports to be nineteenth-century Japan but might as well be Graustark. Wittily directed by Akira Kurosawa, and starring Toshiro Mifune. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Oct. 30, evening performances only.)

The Sound of Trumpets—An Italian comedy about a young man getting a job and hoping to get a girl. Expertly directed by Ermanno Olmi, with Loredana Detto and Sandro Panzeri. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; and 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Sparrows Can't Sing—A rousing, pell-mell comedy of London lowlife, directed to perfection by the great Joan Littlewood. James Booth and Barbara Windsor are the two stars. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Oct. 30.)

The Suitor—An exemplary young man, having no interest in girls, is at last prodded into turning over a new leaf, with highly comic consequences. Pierre Etaix is the young French star. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Oct. 27.)

This Sporting Life—Richard Harris gives a moving performance as a professional Rugby player for whom everything goes wrong, and Rachel Roberts is just as good as the woman who cannot love him. This hard, tragic picture, which could have been first-rate, is slightly spoiled by Lindsay Anderson's obtrusive direction. The setting is a city in the North of England. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

Tom Jones—A joyous embodiment of the Fielding novel, written by John Osborne and directed by Tony Richardson and acted with raffish high spirits by Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, Joyce Redman, Susannah York, Joan Greenwood, and a seeming hundred more. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Two Daughters—Sufferings of youth and age, as experienced in the steamy back country of Mother India. Written and directed by Satyajit Ray, from a couple of touching tales by Rabindranath Tagore. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 25.)

Winter Light—If God exists, Ingmar Bergman is put out with Him. If He doesn't exist, Mr. Bergman is put out with himself. Either way, we who can watch on film a great director's examination of man's fate are very fortunate. A sad movie, marvellously acted. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Oct. 30.)

The Wrong Arm of the Law—Peter Sellers as the head of a London mob and the proprietor of a fancy dressmaking establishment. Attractive nonsense, with Sellers in fine form and backed by a splendid company of cops and crooks. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Oct. 30.)

REVIVALS

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Oct. 25.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 25.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles's appraisal of a rich man's career. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 29.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A French study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 25-28.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night (1962)—A film version of the great O'Neill play. The stars are Ralph Richardson, Katharine Hepburn, Jason Robards, Jr., and Dean Stockwell. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Oct. 29, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday.)

Meet Me in St. Louis (1944)—Sally Benson's stories of childhood in the golden Middle West. With Judy Garland and Margaret O'Brien. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 29.)

Mildred Pierce (1945)—Joan Crawford involved in murder, blackmail, larceny, lust, and mother love, as adapted from James M. Cain's novel. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 29.)

Oklahoma! (1955)—Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones in the Rodgers and Hammerstein hymn to the cow country. (Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; starting Oct. 30.)

Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 24.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—François Truffaut wrote and directed this French movie about a pianist in a Paris café. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 25-28.)

A Summer to Remember (1961)—Out of Russia, a picture demonstrating that to be a child in a village there is like being a child in a village anywhere. With Borya Barkhatov. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 24.)

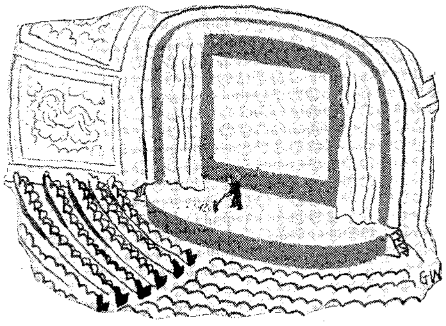
That Hamilton Woman! (1941)—Vivien Leigh playing Emma to Laurence Olivier's Lord Nelson. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 24.)

The Trial (1963)—Orson Welles's version of the Kafka novel. The hero is played by Anthony Perkins. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 29.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on the Brontë moors. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535; through Oct. 29.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The Cinema of Alfred Hitchcock"—Through Oct. 26: "Four O'Clock" (1957), "Lamb to the Slaughter" (1958), and two other television films. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 27: "Vertigo" (1958), with James Stewart and Kim Novak. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and on Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Oct. 29: "Stolen Hours," Susan Hayward, Michael Craig.
From Oct. 30: "The Condemned of Altona," Sophia Loren, Maximilian Schell.

Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"How the West Was Won." (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
Through Oct. 29: "The Great Escape," Steve McQueen, James Garner.
From Oct. 30: "A New Kind of Love," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
THE CONJUGAL BED (in Italian).

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Mary, Mary," Debbie Reynolds, Barry Nelson.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
8½ (in Italian).

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
" 'X'—The Man with the X-Ray Eyes," Ray Milland; and "Dementia #13," William Campbell.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Rampage," Robert Mitchum, Elsa Martinelli.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"Chushingura" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
To be announced.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Mouse on the Moon," Margaret Rutherford, Bernard Cribbins.

New Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; evening performances only, except on Saturdays and Sundays.)
Through Oct. 29: **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT**, revival.
From Oct. 30: **SANJURO** (in Japanese); and **DR. NO.**

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Oct. 29: "The Great Escape," Steve McQueen, James Garner.
From Oct. 30: "The Leopard," Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 29: **THE L-SHAPED ROOM.**
From Oct. 30: "The Small World of Sammy Lee," Anthony Newley; and "Crooks Anonymous," Wilfrid Hyde White.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Oct. 29 (tentative): **THE L-SHAPED ROOM.**
From Oct. 30 (tentative): "The Small World of Sammy Lee," Anthony Newley; and "Crooks Anonymous," Wilfrid Hyde White.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala; and **ATGET.**

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Oct. 29: "Stolen Hours," Susan Hayward, Michael Craig.
From Oct. 30: "The Condemned of Altona," Sophia Loren, Maximilian Schell.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Rampage," Robert Mitchum, Elsa Martinelli.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Any Number Can Win" (in French), Jean Gabin, Alain Delon.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Oct. 28: **GONE ARE THE DAYS!**
From Oct. 29: "All the Way Home," Robert Preston, Jean Simmons.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Oct. 29: "Sword of Lancelot," Cornel Wilde, Jean Wallace; and "Kiss of the Vampire," Clifford Evans.
From Oct. 30: "The Small World of Sammy Lee," Anthony Newley; and "Crooks Anonymous," Wilfrid Hyde White.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE CONJUGAL BED (in Italian).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Oct. 29: "The Leopard," Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon.
From Oct. 30: "Muriel" (in French), Delphine Seyrig.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"In the French Style," Jean Seberg, Stanley Baker.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
Through Oct. 29: **WUTHERING HEIGHTS**, revival.
From Oct. 30: "A New Kind of Love," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
TOM JONES.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
THE SOUND OF TRUMPETS (in Italian).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Oct. 27: **THE SUITOR** (in French).
From Oct. 28: "Knife in the Water" (in Polish).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Oct. 29: "The Thrill of It All," Doris Day, James Garner.
From Oct. 30: To be announced.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
LORD OF THE FLIES.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 30 (tentative): **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** (in Italian).

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Oct. 29: "Stolen Hours," Susan Hayward, Michael Craig.
From Oct. 30: "The Leopard," Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Oct. 29: "Sword of Lancelot," Cornel Wilde, Jean Wallace; and "Kiss of the Vampire," Clifford Evans.
From Oct. 30: "The Small World of Sammy Lee," Anthony Newley; and "Crooks Anonymous," Wilfred Hyde White.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Oct. 29: **THE L-SHAPED ROOM.**
From Oct. 30: "The Old Dark House," Tom Poston; and "Maniac," Kerwin Mathews.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Oct. 24: **POTEMKIN** (silent); and "Chapayev" (in Russian), revival.
Oct. 25-28: **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** and **JULES AND JIM** (both in French and both revivals).
From Oct. 29: **CITIZEN KANE**, revival; and **THE TRIAL**, revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Oct. 25: **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**, revival; and "Splendor in the Grass," revival, Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty.
Oct. 26-29: **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** (in Italian); and "Confess, Dr. Corda!" (in German), revival, Hardy Krüger.
From Oct. 30: "The Small World of Sammy Lee," Anthony Newley; and "Crooks Anonymous," Wilfrid Hyde White.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 29: **MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS**, revival; and "Brigadoon," revival, Gene Kelly, Van Johnson.
From Oct. 30: **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** (in Italian); and **THE WRONG ARM OF THE LAW.**

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
THE SOUND OF TRUMPETS (in Italian).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Oct. 29: **THE L-SHAPED ROOM.**
From Oct. 30: "The Old Dark House," Tom Poston; and "Maniac," Kerwin Mathews.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Oct. 29: "The Bad Sleep Well" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune; and "No Exit," revival, Viveca Lindfors, Rita Gam.
From Oct. 30: **SPARROWS CAN'T SING**; and **WINTER LIGHT** (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Oct. 29: "Sword of Lancelot," Cornel Wilde, Jean Wallace; and "Kiss of the Vampire," Clifford Evans.
From Oct. 30: "The Small World of Sammy Lee," Anthony Newley; and "Crooks Anonymous," Wilfrid Hyde White.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Householder," Shashi Kapoor.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Julie the Redhead" (in French), Pascale Petit, Daniel Gelin.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
8½ (in Italian).

57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Oct. 29: **THE L-SHAPED ROOM.**
From Oct. 30: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
THIS SPORTING LIFE.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Music Room" (in Bengali).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"The Devil and the 10 Commandments" (in French).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Oct. 29: **THE L-SHAPED ROOM.**
From Oct. 30: "The Old Dark House," Tom Poston; and "Maniac," Kerwin Mathews.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through the afternoon of Oct. 24: "Where the Sidewalk Ends," revival, Gene Tierney, Dana Andrews; and "D.O.A.," revival, Edmond O'Brien.
Oct. 24, at 7 and 9:30: "Sally of the Sawdust," revival, W. C. Fields.
Oct. 25: **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival; and "Leda" (in French), revival, Madeleine Robinson, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
Oct. 26: "Cry Terror!," revival, James Mason, Inger Stevens; and "The Phenix City Story," revival, John McIntire, Richard Kiley.
Oct. 27: "Rififi" (in French), revival, Jean Servais; and "Frantic" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.
Oct. 28: "Experiment in Terror," revival, Glenn Ford, Lee Remick; and "Thunder Road," revival, Robert Mitchum.
Oct. 29: **MILDRED PIERCE**, revival; and "Crime School," revival, Humphrey Bogart.
Oct. 30: "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt," revival, Dana Andrews, Joan Fontaine; and "Uncle Harry," revival, George Sanders, Geraldine Fitzgerald.

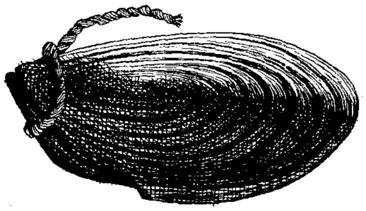
Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 29: "Sword of Lancelot," Cornel Wilde, Jean Wallace; and "Kiss of the Vampire," Clifford Evans.
From Oct. 30: "The Small World of Sammy Lee," Anthony Newley; and "Crooks Anonymous," Wilfrid Hyde White.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 24: **THAT HAMILTON WOMAN!**, revival; and **A SUMMER TO REMEMBER** (in Russian), revival.
From Oct. 25: **TWO DAUGHTERS** (in Bengali); and "The Playboy of the Western World," Siobhan McKenna.

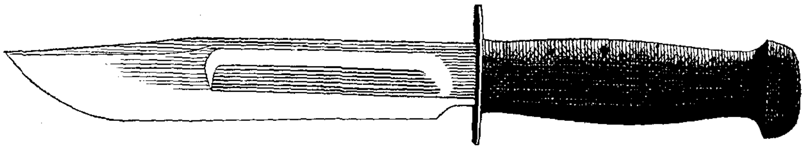
Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Oct. 29: "The Thrill of It All," Doris Day, James Garner.
From Oct. 30: **OKLAHOMA!**, revival; and "Carousel," revival, Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Oct. 29: **HAPPINESS OF US ALONE** (in Japanese); and "The Bad Sleep Well" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.
From Oct. 30: **SPARROWS CAN'T SING**; and **WINTER LIGHT** (in Swedish).

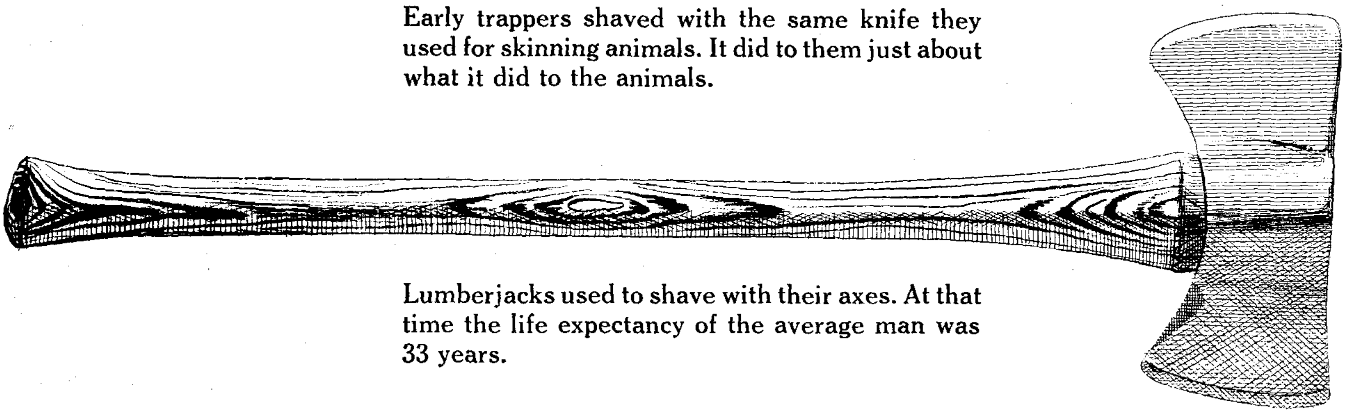
A short history of cordless shavers



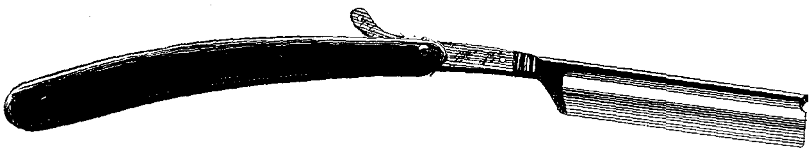
The Indians clamped a shell on a whisker and actually pulled it out. They had a word to describe this kind of cordless shaving... "ugh".



Early trappers shaved with the same knife they used for skinning animals. It did to them just about what it did to the animals.



Lumberjacks used to shave with their axes. At that time the life expectancy of the average man was 33 years.



Straight razors and blade shavers were great for shaving in the deep forest . . . if you happened to have a sink and soap and lather handy.

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Lektronic II

Then the cordless REMINGTON® LEKTRONIC II brought civilized shaving to the out-of-doors.

Built-in rechargeable energy cells deliver power for shave after shave. 348 cutting edges of surgical high-carbon steel (stronger, longer-lasting than stainless steel), slice whiskers off cleanly. 4 Roller Combs on the shaver head adjust to any skin and beard. Roll skin down. Pop whiskers into cutters.

To recharge energy cells, just plug in the cord when you get home. With a cord, without a cord, you're never without a close, clean shave.

Now you understand why the REMINGTON® LEKTRONIC II costs a little more than most other electric shavers. But it's worth it.

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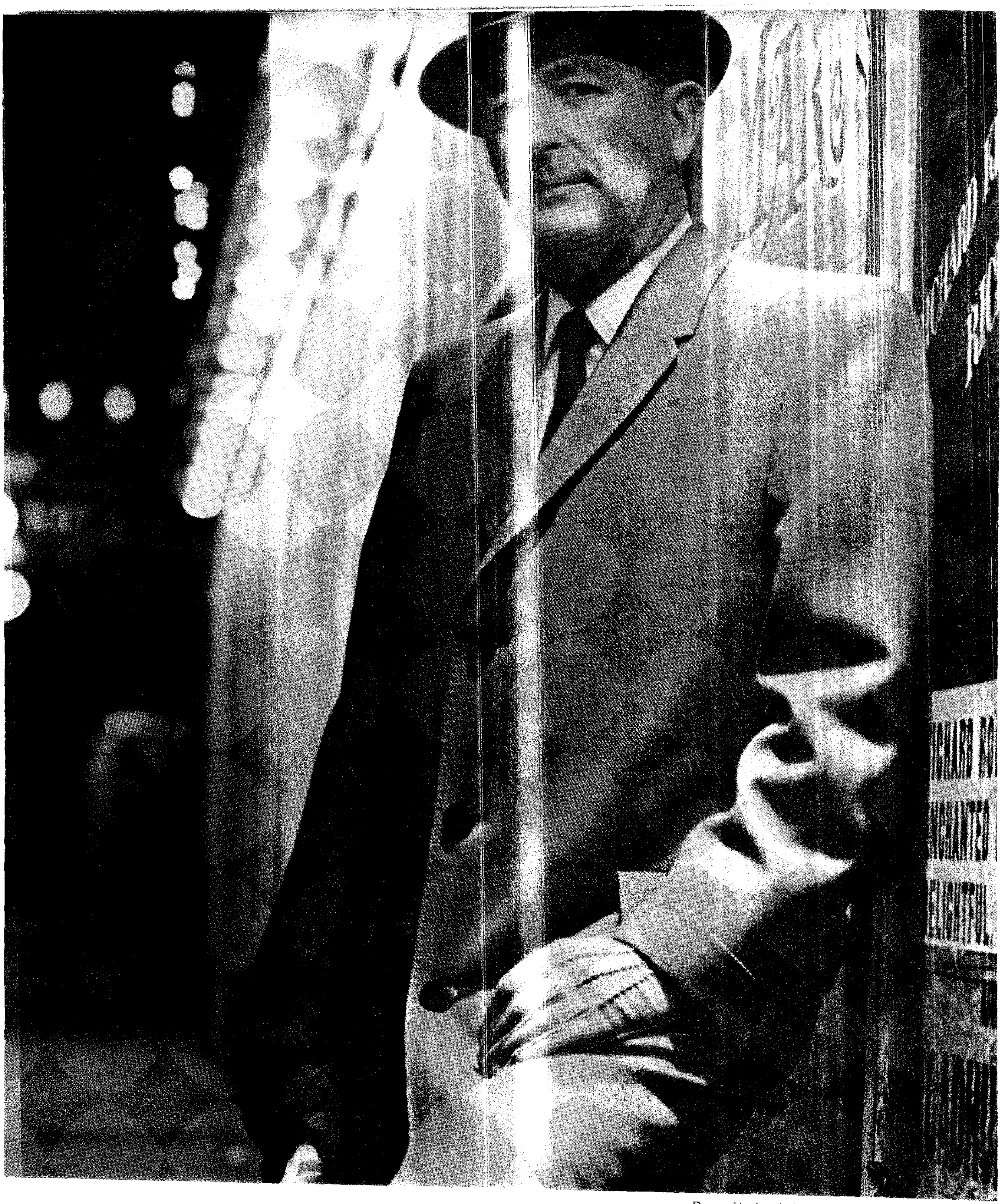
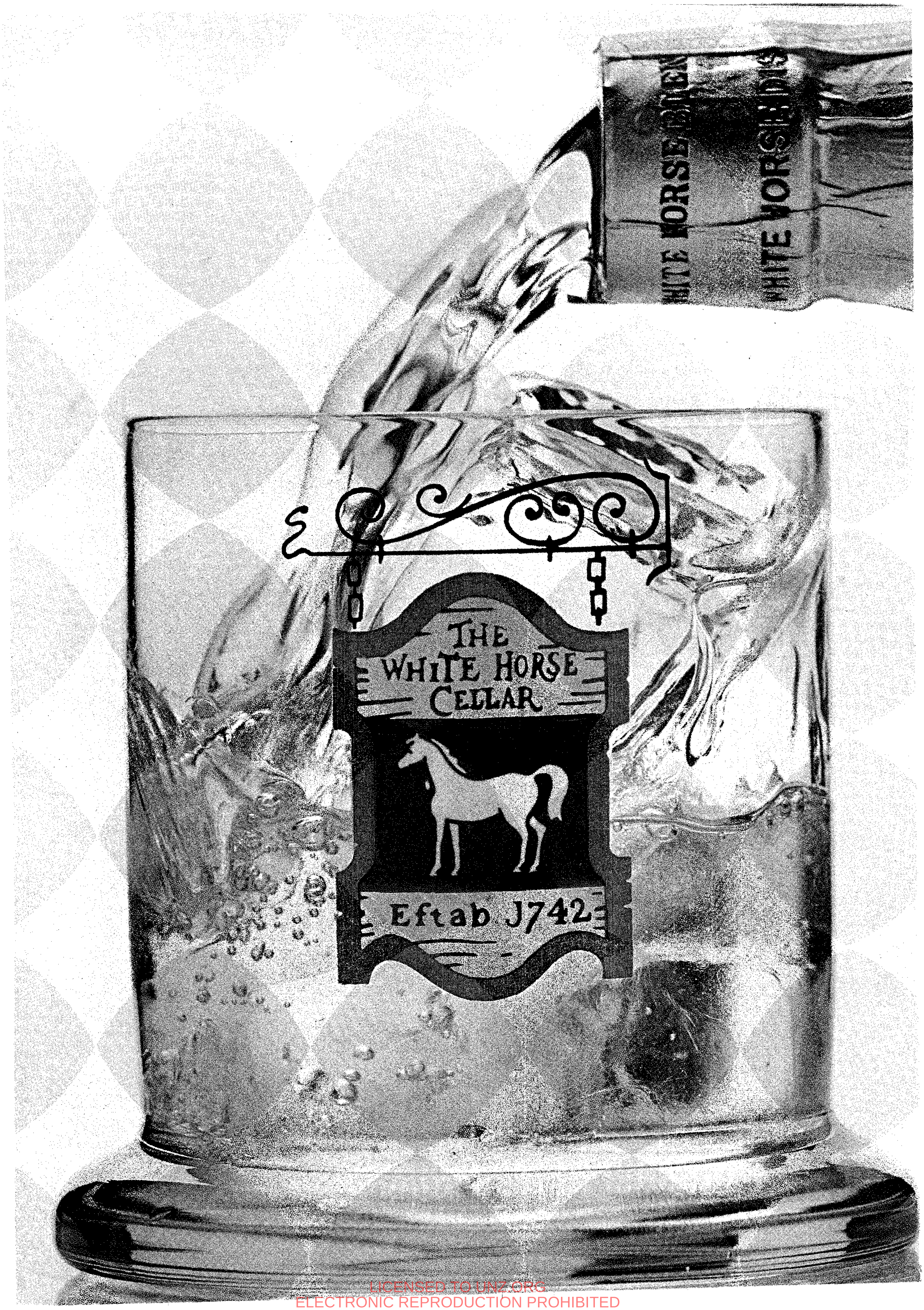


Dress Up Look Coat Collection 85. to 145.

Eminent financial consultant has a unique method for forecasting the market. He simply notes the proportion of Society Brand coats at Broadway openings.

His current advice is "Buy".


WHITE HORSE
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What we know about you!

(If you're a Scotch drinker)

If you are a Scotch loyalist—prefer Scotch to all other kinds of whisky—you'll enjoy this insight into what kind of person you are. See how good a judge you are of yourself and your fellow Scotch-men.

Pencil handy? Check the appropriate boxes below. (All answers at bottom of page—but later, please.)

1. As a Scotch drinker, chances are nine to one you live:

In a small town ☐ Beyond your means ☐
On the East Coast ☐ Near a big city ☐

2. Three out of every four people who prefer Scotch are:

Clerical and sales people ☐ Housewives and teachers ☐
Business executives & Professional people ☐ Bagpipers ☐

3. An especially large number of Scotch-preferers went to college. The correct figure is:

9% ☐ 62% ☐ 57.3% ☐ 75% ☐

4. And a surprising number of Scotch loyalists are important people in public life. How many?

20% ☐ 6.2% ☐ 18% ☐ 11% ☐

Read on:

This brings us to Part II and a genuinely distinguished Scotch called White Horse. (The name comes from an ancient Scottish tavern.) White Horse differs from many famous Scotch whiskies in certain important ways. Try your hand at guessing.

5. Some much-advertised Scotches are bottled in England. Some are actually bottled in the U.S.! Where is White Horse made, bottled and imported from?

Scotland ☐ England ☐ United States ☐

6. Some Scotches, though famous, are relatively new. White Horse has been cherished in Scotland for:

50 years ☐ 125 years ☐ 200 years ☐

7. White Horse is known as the DRY Scotch. It's light enough for modern taste. Yet it has substance. It doesn't "water out" with ice or soda. That's because Dry Scotch isn't made the usual way. The crisp dryness of White Horse comes from:

Thirty selected malt whiskies ☐
Twelve hours in an Autoclave ☐ Charcoal filtering ☐

One thing more. If you are one of the knowing people who prefer White Horse, we'd like to suggest a few other things that are probably true about you:

- Your educated taste in Scotch is away from the heavy or sweet—toward the clean and crisp—toward the DRY. That's why you prefer White Horse. It's DRY.
- You like being a good host. Enjoy serving White Horse, the dry Scotch. DRY—as in White Horse—means not pungent, not smoky. But not thin or watery, either. DRY—by White Horse—tastes delightfully like Scotch.

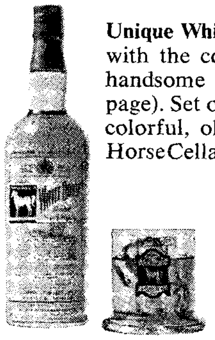
All of the above makes you a pretty special kind of man . . . who likes a pretty special kind of Scotch.

Why not order White Horse for your next party? You'll appreciate the subtle Scotch personality that we call DRY. The care that even goes so far as numbering each bottle. Your friends will appreciate it, too.

Answers:

1. Near a big city. **2.** Business executives and Professional people. **3.** 75% **4.** 20% **5.** Scotland **6.** 200 years **7.** Thirty selected malt whiskies.

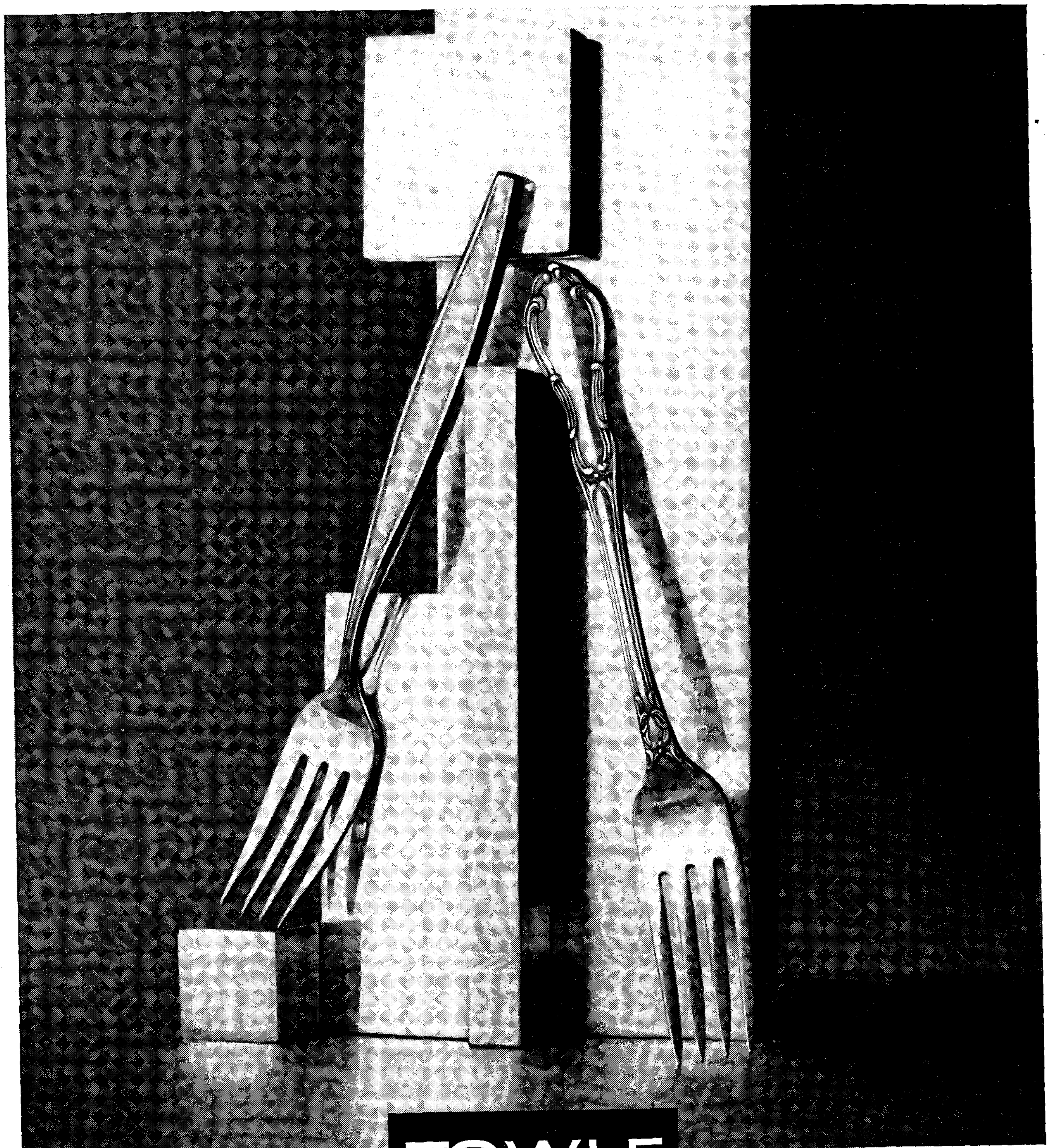
100% Scotch Whiskies. Blended 86.8 proof. Sole distributors: Browne-Vintners Company, New York City.



Unique White Horse Glasses. Like to mingle the past with the contemporary? Then you'll want a set of handsome White Horse glasses (shown on facing page). Set of 4 in sparkling crystal. Emblazoned with colorful, old-world tavern signs. Send $3 to White Horse Cellar, Dept. NY10, P.O. Box 170, Boston 1, Mass.

White Horse

the dry Scotch



Innovation is pure contemporary in its unadorned lines and bright-and-satin finish.

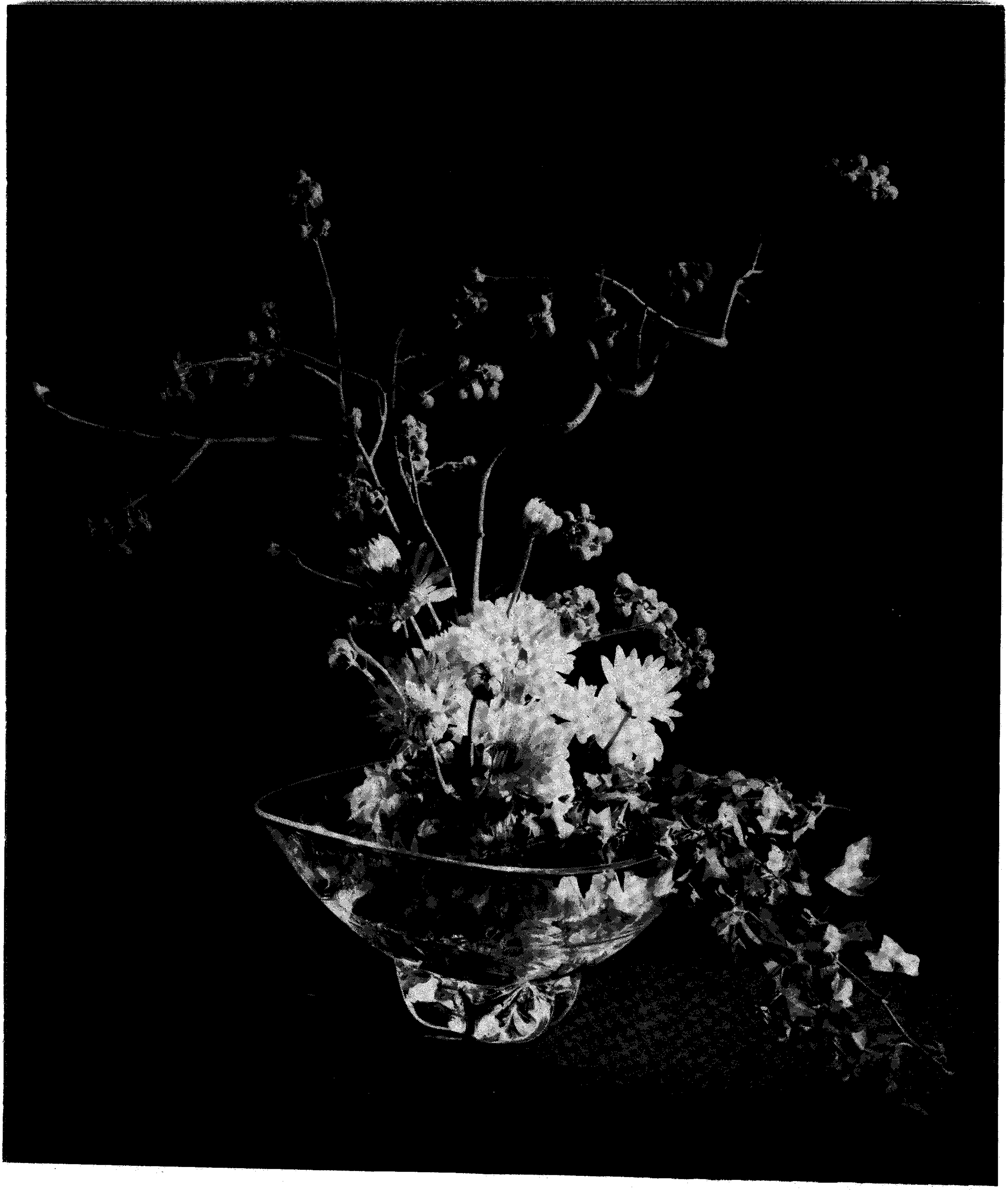
TOWLE

Merrimack with its gentle curves and fine detail is crafted in the traditional theme.

Introduces

Two exciting new Stainless Steel patterns

Each of these beautiful patterns carries the Towle name...your assurance of outstanding quality. Inspired designs and unerring craftsmanship are combined to bring you stainless steel patterns of superior weight and distinctive beauty. Available at leading jewelry and department stores or write to Towle Silversmiths, Newburyport, Massachusetts.



FOR FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE FALL • CRYSTAL BOWL • WIDTH 9¾ INCHES • $50.00

STEUBEN GLASS

FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET • NEW YORK 22, N.Y.

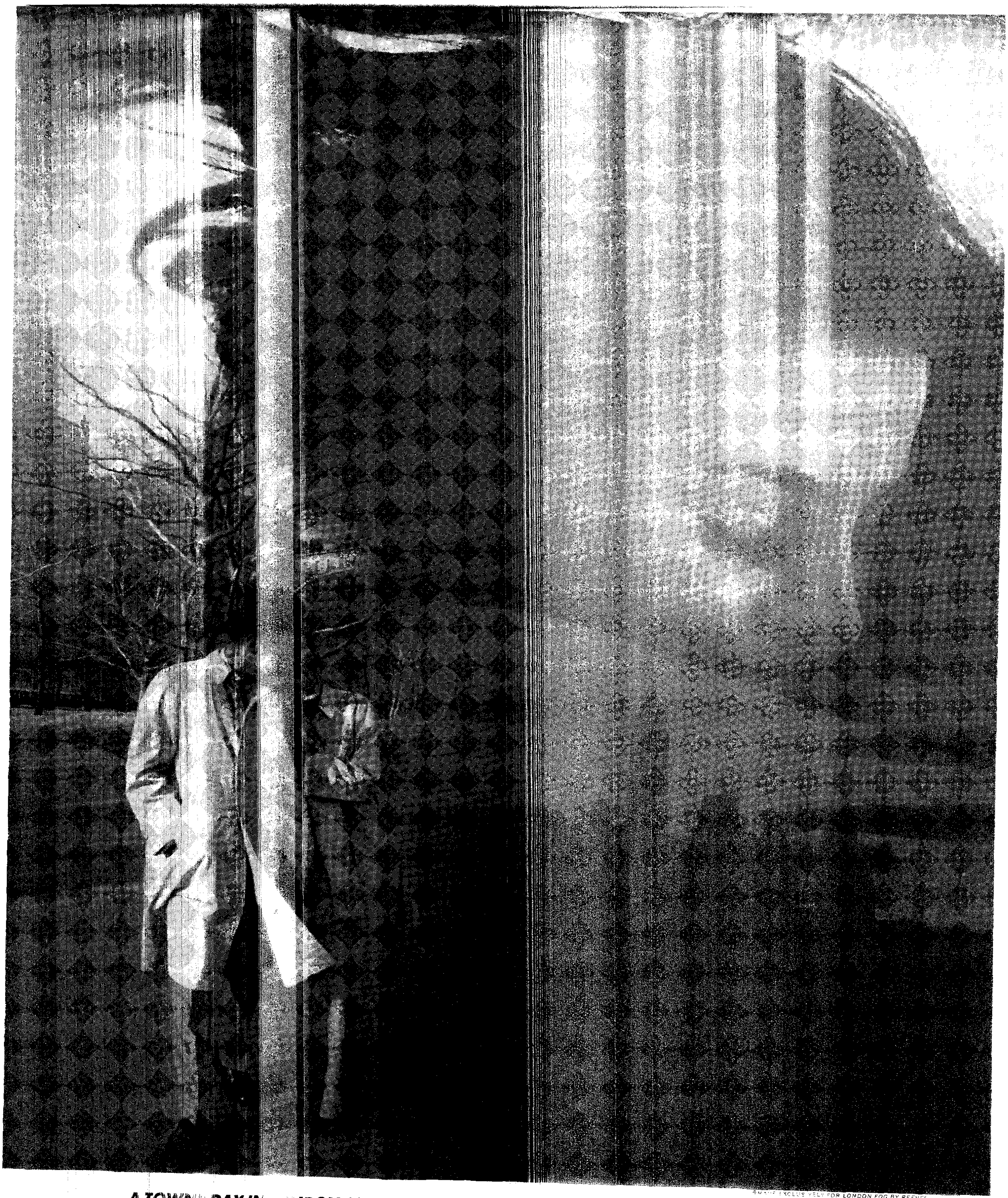
A FASHION DIVISION OF GENESCO / FOR STORES WRITE CARLISLE SHOE COMPANY, 350 5TH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

RICHARD HEIMANN

(a scenario for MADEMOISELLE the fashion shoe)

The scene is a political rally on 5th Avenue/ Greg Warwick has just finished his final speech for the Presidency. There is applause from the people/ Suddenly, the beloved young widow of the governor, Eloise Forthright, is lifted to the hood of her limousine/ A roar of approval is heard/ The camera moves in to see she is wearing Mademoiselle's Social-T in grained calf/ About $20. Greg realizes that wealth means nothing to Eloise. This is her way of helping him win the election/ As the crowd moves off to vote for Warwick, we see Eloise helped down by Greg/ They never speak/ There is more in their eyes/ She enters the car and the great limousine moves slowly away into the traffic. It is the End!

(Indeed, a fitting climax for Mademoiselle)



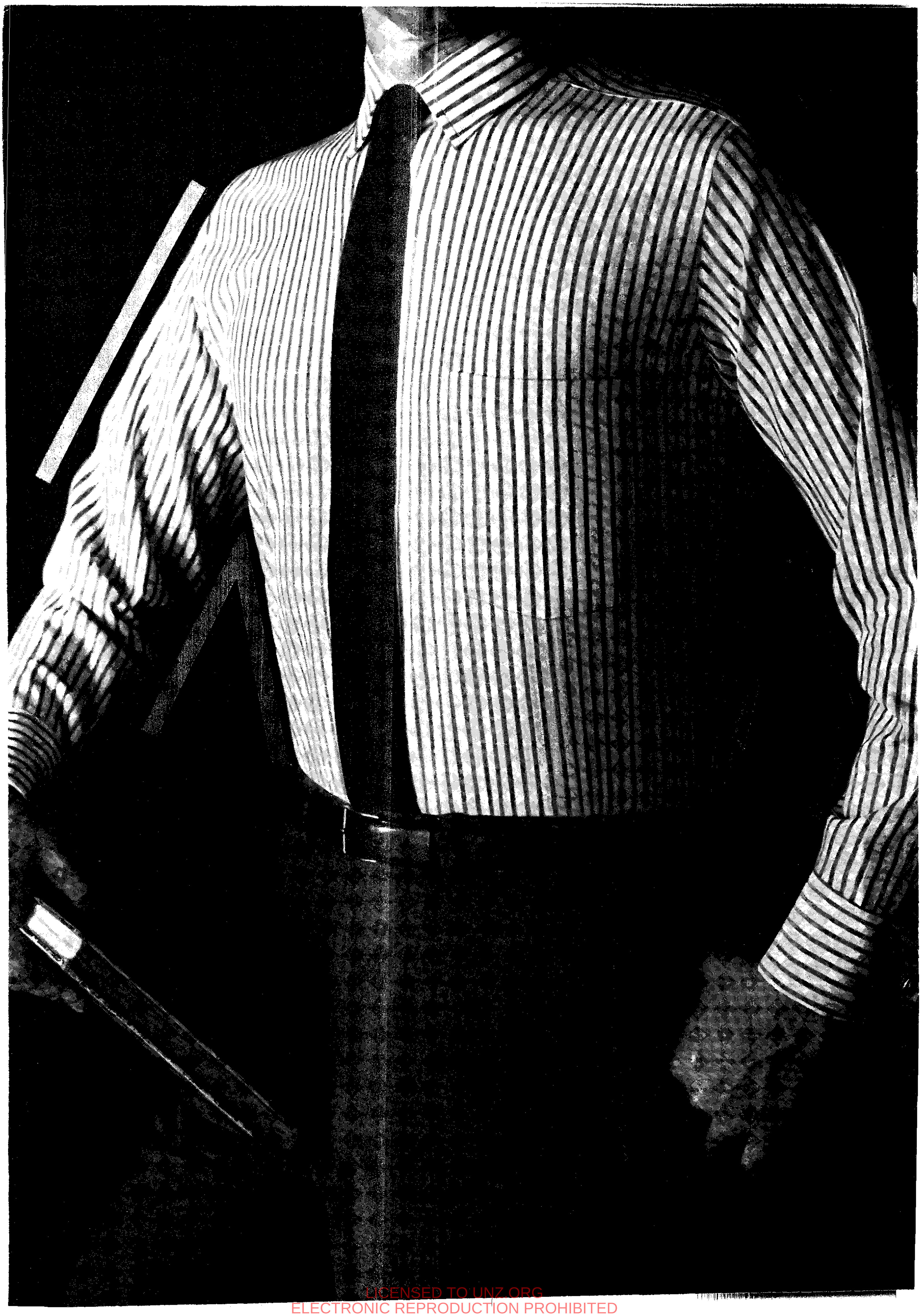
*MADE EXCLUSIVELY FOR LONDON FOG BY REEVES

A TOWNY DAY IN LONDON FOG.

Follow your impulses. London Fog lets you. Lunch somewhere posh or have pizza in the park. Ride a sleek Rolls or scooter tandem down the Avenue. Sing in the rain or watch sunsets somewhere over the Rainbow Room. Play it by ear. That's the romance and common-sense of wearing a London Fog Maincoat. A hundred tailor's secrets keep it urbane all day, right-looking anywhere. And that's why, heaven knows, anything goes.

His: The Dundalk. Hers: The Donna. Each in water-repellent Dacron polyester and cotton Calibre Cloth*, with zip-out linings of 100% Alpaca, $55

LONDON FOG
Baltimore 11



HOW TO LOOK SLIMMER WITHOUT LOSING AN OUNCE:

Hathaway introduces the Trim shirt—slim in the arms, and a flattering 3 inches trimmer around the middle

HATHAWAY cutters are all fierce perfectionists. But even perfectionists disagree.

Our older cutters stand foursquare behind shirts that are generously cut, particularly around the middle.

Our younger cutters say no. The slim tailoring that gentlemen favor these days calls for a shirt to match. The slimmer the cut of his shirt, the *taller* and *leaner* a man looks.

To settle the argument once and for all, Hathaway now makes two distinctly different kinds of shirts: 1) the good old generously cut variety and 2) the *Trim* shirt—with noticeably narrower sleeves and a tapered body, fully three inches trimmer than regular shirts.

You will never catch a Trim shirt wrinkling up under your coat. Or billowing over your belt. And notice how snugly the sleeves fit under the arms. No bat-wing effect.

Dauntless buttons and discreet seams

Hathaway tailors the new Trim shirt with their usual cunning and care and passionate attention to detail.

Each collar is turned *by hand*. This is the only way to get a soft, comfortable, *natural*-looking contour instead of the stamped-out look that a mass-produced shirt has.

The seams are all sewn in a *single* row, with stitches so tiny (22 to the inch) that you can barely see them at two paces.

"Never wear a white shirt before sundown!"

"White shirts look like a uniform in the morning—and like murder by midafternoon," says Hathaway's chairman, Ellerton M. Jetté. "And furthermore, they are a pitiful abdication of individuality."

Many men take the same view. A few emphatically do not.

If you're a white-shirt addict, we still suggest that you inspect some of Hathaway's new stripes and checks and solid shades. They give you a much better chance to express yourself—yet they are well within the safety zone of good taste.

The buttons are big and easy to handle—and noted for their longevity. No peeling or turning yellow.

Also, they stay anchored to your shirt, because they have *three* holes—which actually make a more secure catch than you ever get from the customary four holes. (Euclid could tell you why.)

Stripes stolen from an Oxford don

Take another look at those uninhibited stripes on the opposite page.

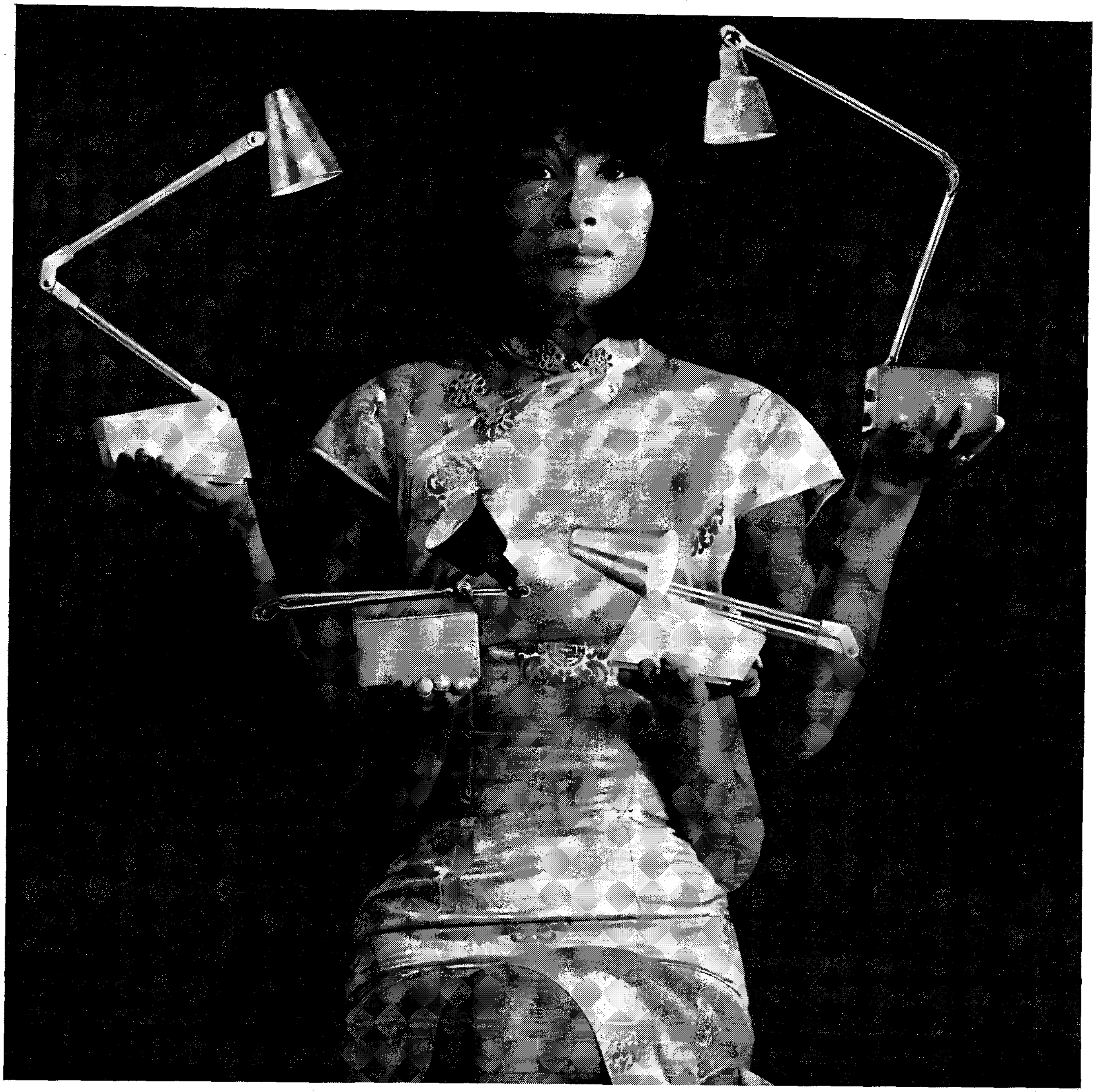
Hathaway's overseas fashion scout spotted their prototype in England last spring. And on a proper Oxford don, at that.

Deciding that American men have seen enough of tepid, timorous stripes, our scout immediately sent word to Hathaway's weavers—and here you see the result.

Just the ticket for adding dash to your somber Fall suits.

To get a free, 16-page dictionary of shirts and shirtings (along with a list of store names), write to C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine. Or call OXford 7-5566 in New York.

Hathaway's new Trim shirts come in everything from $6.95 Oxford cloth to $18.95 Sea Island cotton. Shown here: a fine broadcloth in stripes of true blue, rimson, or jet black. With a fashionably high collar and French cuffs. $8.95



suggest 4 new uses for Tensor-lites...

WIN A FREE TRIP TO PARIS VIA SABENA*

What a tennis partner she would make! But for now Jane wants you to suggest 4 new uses for these famous Tensor-Lites.

Tensor lamps light a plethora of activities with pure white, glare-free light . . . concentrated where you want it. They fold any which way and back again . . . fit everywhere you have personal lighting need . . . ideal for reading, sewing, all sorts of hobbies, painting (colors come to life), make-up, and hundreds of other uses. All she wants is one to four new uses.

Mail your suggestions to Tensor. Originality is important and the judges' decision is final. The winner will receive 2 round-trip tickets to Paris, the "City of Light" via SABENA Belgian World Airlines. 50 Princess®-lites will also be awarded. Entries must be postmarked on or before Jan. 15, 1964. All laws, of course, apply.

Great gift idea for anyone who works or reads by light. The PRINCESS® is available in 6 decorator colors (to match your phone): white, beige, black, blue, aqua, pink — $12.95. The FOLD-A-WAY: neutral wrinkle finish $17.50, chrome $21.95, brass $22.95.

tensor®

At these fine stores and others:

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Boston, Mass.:	London Harness & Co. Shreve, Crump & Low
Chicago, Ill.:	Kroch's Brentanos
Cincinnati, O.:	Giddings-Jenny
Cleveland, O.:	Gun & Tackle Shop
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La Jolla, Cal.:	Paul F. Scott
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Louisville, Ky.:	Stewart Co.
Miami, Fla.:	Jordan Marsh
Milwaukee, Wis.:	National Trunk Stores
Minneapolis, Minn.:	Thiss
New York, N. Y.:	Goldsmith Bros. Hammacher-Schlemmer Mark Cross Co.
Oklahoma City, Okla.:	Kambers Penn Sq.
Palm Beach, Fla.:	Myers Luggage
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Westport, Conn.:	Silver of Westport
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*SABENA Belgian World's Airlines — Europe's most helpful Airline

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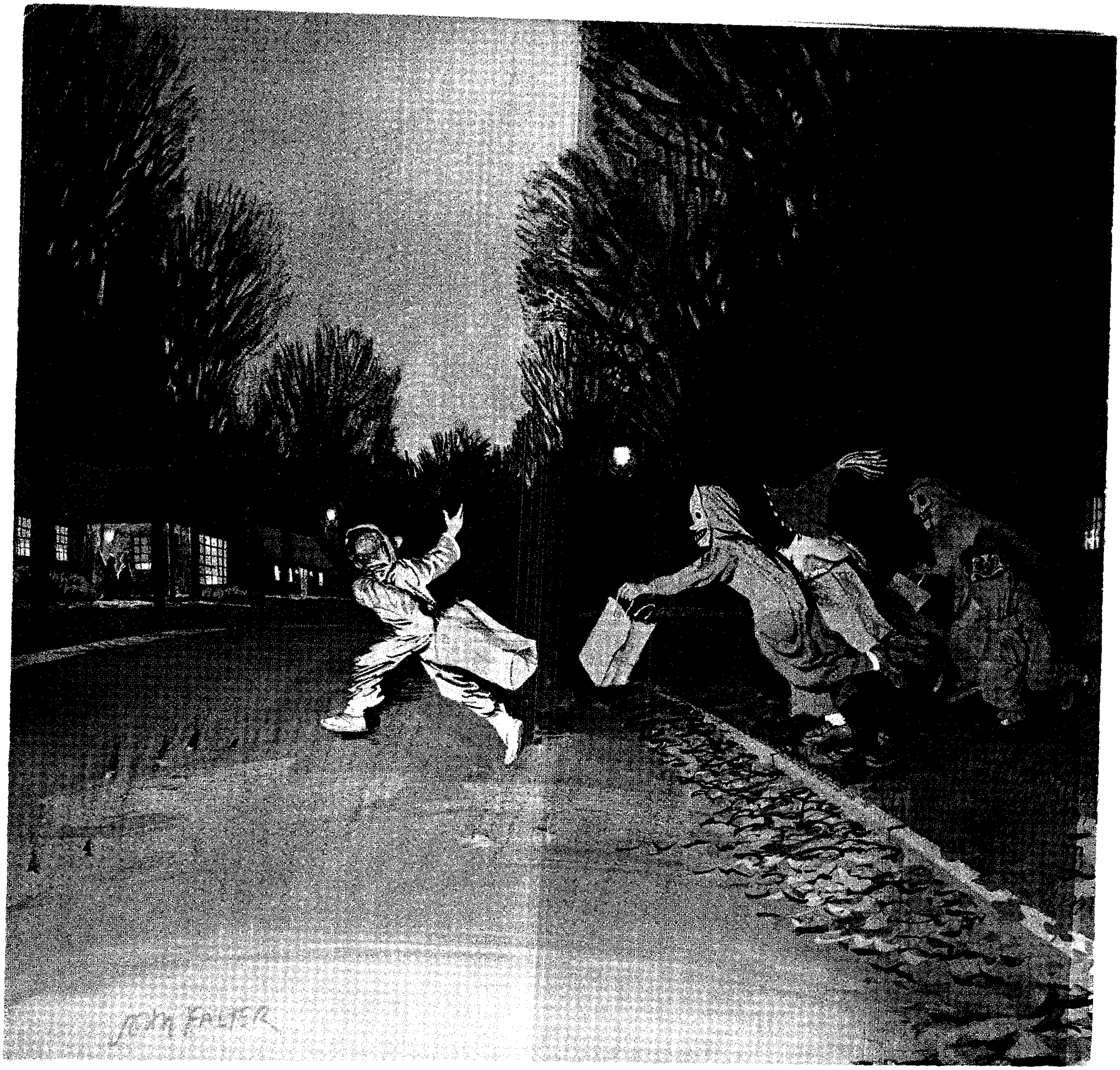
Perfect for your Castle...

colorful carpets by

Monarch

Whether your castle is a few rooms or many... Monarch nylon carpet is *to the manor born* ...the keynote of subtle splendor that distinguishes the aristocratic taste. Here is 100% nylon carpet, the strongest, longest wearing fiber known... fashioned in luxurious textures... in garden colors that conjure dreams. Fade-resistant, crush-resistant and shed-resistant, nylon carpet by Monarch cleans up with damp sponge and household detergent. Guaranteed for long years of lovely service. Worth a king's ransom but costs only $7.95 to $14.95 a square yard at better stores everywhere.

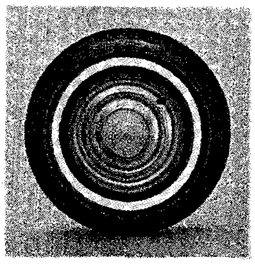
Monarch Carpet Mills, Chamblee, Ga.



The Ultimate Tire...Engineered to Meet the Unexpected

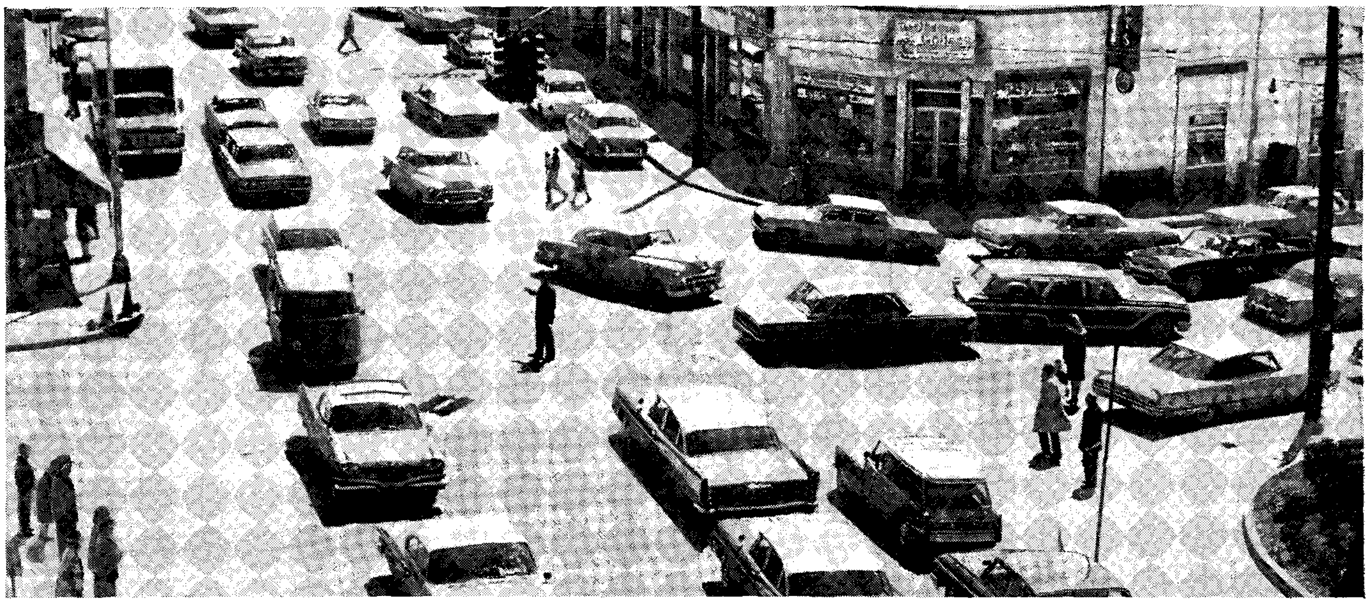
(...worth its price in stopping power alone)

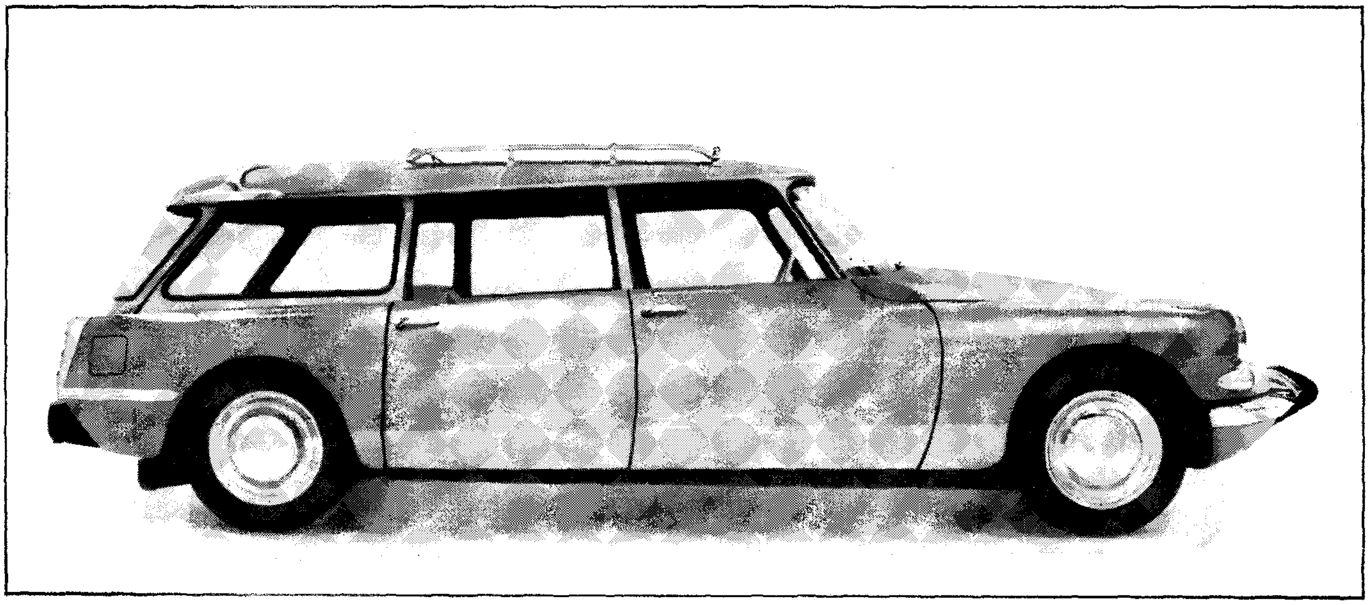
The road is quiet as you drive home. But suddenly, unexpectedly, a stream of children bursts out in front of your car—completely absorbed in tricks and treats. You slam on your brakes. They grab! Now your tires must hold. This is the kind of situation the new Red Circle U. S. Royal Master is engineered to meet. It has 28 percent more tread rubber than ordinary tires. A body that's 48 percent stronger. Plies, 18 percent thicker. Tread, 20 percent deeper. The new U. S. Royal Master is marked with the distinctive "red circle of security." Doesn't your family deserve the added margin of protection this great tire offers?



U.S. ROYAL MASTER®

PRODUCT OF UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY





You'll love it for parking

Ask your wife how it feels to park the big CITROEN station wagon.

Great! She can nip neatly into the same space as a compact—and far more easily.

Trim as it is, in a CITROEN wagon she can transport eight big people (or countless little people).

What's more, she can zip through a day's errands and meet you at the 6:30 train, without that tired-taxi-driver feeling.

One reason: the incredibly smooth comfort of CITROEN's ride—something you'd never expect of a station wagon. (But then, no other wagon has CITROEN's Air-Oil suspension.)

Aside from its comfort, CITROEN is the *safest* family car in existence. Its power disc-brakes (no other wagon has them) stop in less distance. Its rack and pinion power steering turns on a dime.

Its front-wheel drive prevents skids...pulls you through any kind of weather. Its big motor (with 4 speeds forward) has the pep you need for passing.

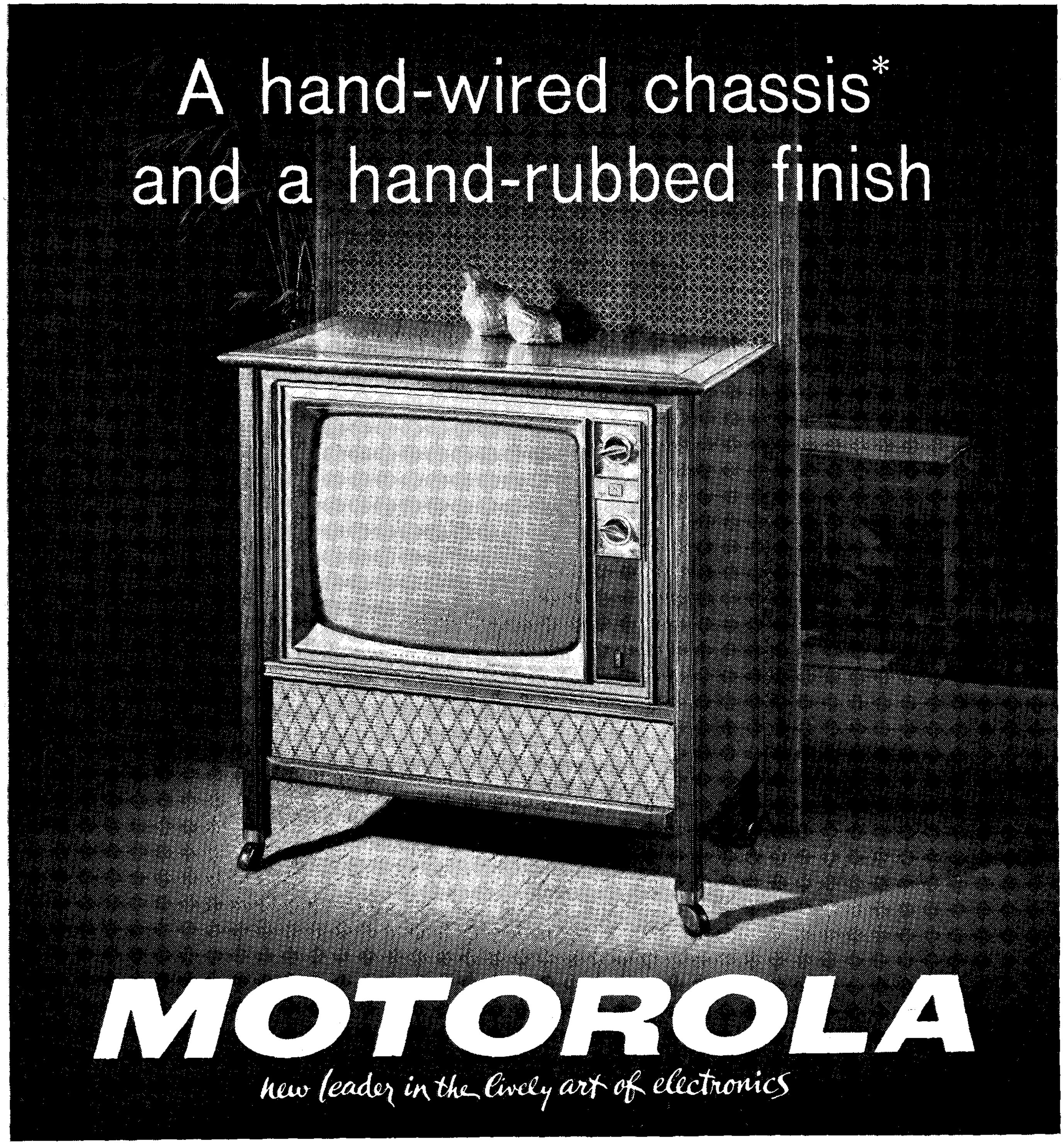
More safety factors: padded ceiling and floor. Double-latch childproof doors. And—even fully loaded with all your vacation luggage, the car is never off balance, thanks to CITROEN's unique self-leveling system.

Can any wagon give you all this ...and 28-32 miles per gallon, too? CITROEN can!

As one demonstration will prove.

Citroën

SALES AND SERVICE THROUGHOUT U.S.A. AND CANADA • SEE THE YELLOW PAGES OR WRITE CITROEN CARS CORP. • 300 PARK AVE., NEW YORK 22, N.Y. • 8423 WILSHIRE BLVD., BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.



An exceptional value in fine furniture TV—beautiful wood veneer cabinet rolls on casters.

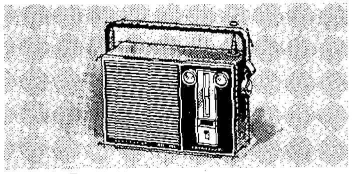
Genuine mahogany veneers and select hardwood solids hand-rubbed to a soft, lustrous finish set off this 23-inch television (overall diag. tube meas.; 283 sq. in. picture viewing area). Styling is traditional, designed to fit into practically any furniture grouping. Hooded casters make it easy to move the set around for cleaning or room-to-room viewing.

The power transformer *hand-wired chassis is precision crafted with modern hand and dip soldering for circuit connections of high reliability.

Other features include: a lighted channel indicator, Pull-Push On/Off control, fully variable tone control, and two big speakers for fine sound quality.

Like all Motorola TV sets, it carries Motorola's full year guarantee on all tubes and parts; covering free exchange or repair of any component proven defective in normal use (arranged through selling dealer, labor extra).

Ask your Motorola dealer to show you model 23K132. While you're at it, have him show you the 1964 Motorola FM/AM Portable Radios. They sound as good as they look!



MOTOROLA

Specifications subject to change without notice.
TV is all-channel UHF adaptable.

educational television:

help for busy teachers hope for crowded classrooms

Today, education in America faces a severe challenge. An accelerating world requires new and broader curriculums. An expanding population begs for more teachers, more classrooms.

Many communities have turned to Educational Television as an imaginative way to expand course subjects, to bring more effective teaching techniques into the classrooms without sacrificing personalized instruction.

Because of our long experience in the research and development of telephone, television, and defense communications networks, it was natural that the Bell System was called on to develop facilities for one of the first ETV networks in the country, in Hagerstown, Maryland.

We have since helped pioneer the first state-wide, closed circuit Educational Television system, in South Carolina.

In doing this, we have developed a transmission service that provides several channels of instruction. It is low in cost and makes use of the service and maintenance facilities of local Bell Telephone Companies in communities of any size.

Helping communities like yours find the answer to better learning through Educational Television is just one more way of putting Bell System research and skills to work serving you and your family.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM
Owned by more than two million Americans

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MAGAZINE
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(7.62 m)
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GUARANTEED AGAINST MANUFACTURING AND PROCESSING DEFECTS AND LOSS BY US TO EXTENT OF REPLACEMENT ONLY – NO OTHER WARRANTY EXPRESSED OR IMPLIED.
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THIS FILM IS DUTIABLE WHEN SENT INTO ANY COUNTRY OTHER THAN THE COUNTRY OF ORIGIN AS PRINTED ON THE CARTON
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Teach your old film new tricks with instant slow motion

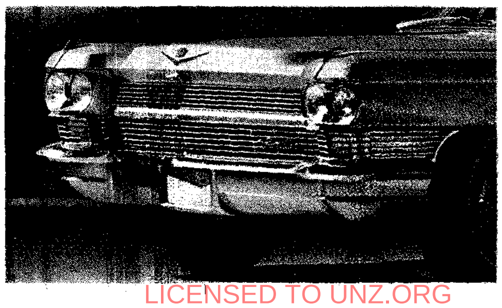
There's more in your movies than there was last time you looked ...you'll see when you show them on Bell & Howell's new Autoload® projector. Instant slow motion's the big reason. It's like being able to shoot the scene all over again, this time as you show it. Slow motion adds comedy to shots of a tottering baby, brings out almost unseen details in action scenes, smooths out sweeping scenic shots. Scene too short . . . faces flit past? Flick! and slow motion doubles the time on each face! Why not take your oldest reel of film down to a Bell & Howell dealer and see it on a Bell & Howell instant slow motion projector. You'll be looking at a brand new film. Instant slow motion projectors thread themselves, automatically. Versatile Autoload models start under $145.

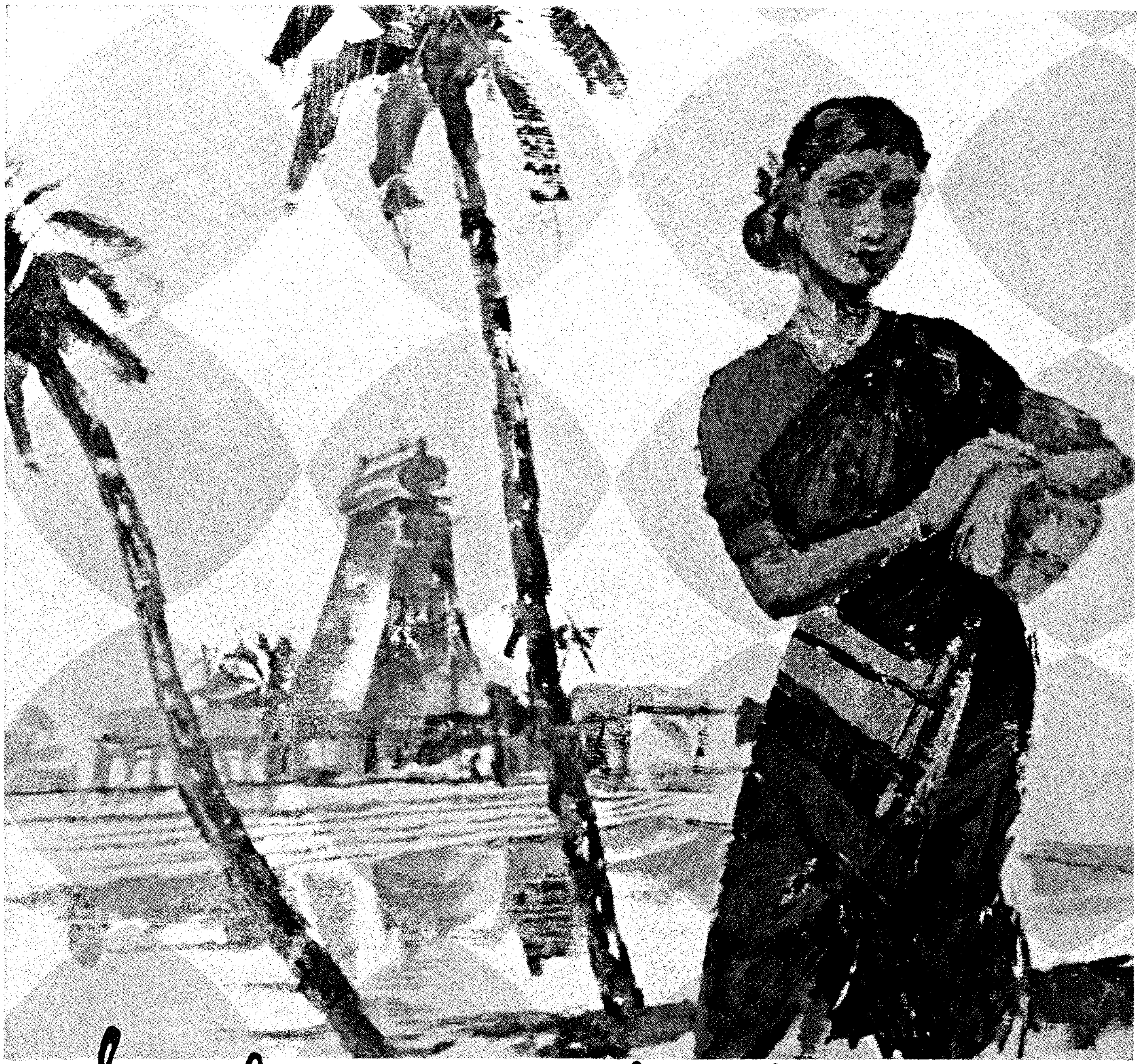
Bell & Howell brings out the expert in you (automatically!)

WHEN YOU FIRST TAKE THE WHEEL OF A 1964 CADILLAC

...you will discover a whole new dimension of automotive comfort and performance. For here, in one great motor car, are to be found the most extraordinary motoring advancements in a decade. There's a magnificent new engine—the most powerful in Cadillac history. There's an advanced Hydra-Matic Drive and, on some models, a new Turbo Hydra-Matic. Both deliver amazing agility, responsiveness and smoothness of operation. And there is an exclusive new Comfort Control* that enables you to dial your favorite temperature—and then forget it. Cadillac is more than one hundred ways new for 1964. *It's more tempting than ever—and just wait till you drive it!*

*Optional at extra cost. Cadillac Motor Car Division • General Motors Corporation





South of the Taj Mahal

After you have said goodbye to Agra and the Taj Mahal, the centuries-old love story told in tapering marble, come visit the lovely panorama of South India. Here you will meet gentle, gracious people, happy to bid you welcome.

They will show you Madras, gateway to all the scenic, unhurried South. You will visit Hyderabad with its massive ornate archway Char Minar—sometimes called the "Arc de Triomphe" of the East.

Further South, you will be spellbound by the sacred bull, Nandi, carved from massive rock, who watches over Mysore. You will want to linger there for the festival of Dusserah. On this gala occasion the Maharaja of Mysore, seated in his golden howdah, leads a procession of painted elephants. To the southwest, Cochin will enchant you with its palm-fringed lagoons which thread the countryside like jeweled fingers.

Wherever you travel in India, north, east, west or south, you will find luxurious accommodations and a choice of eastern and western cuisines. You will sleep in modern hotels, travel in air-conditioned trains—and enjoy the most princely hospitality.

For more information on South India, see your travel agent or contact nearest Government of India Tourist Office, Dept. N.Y.

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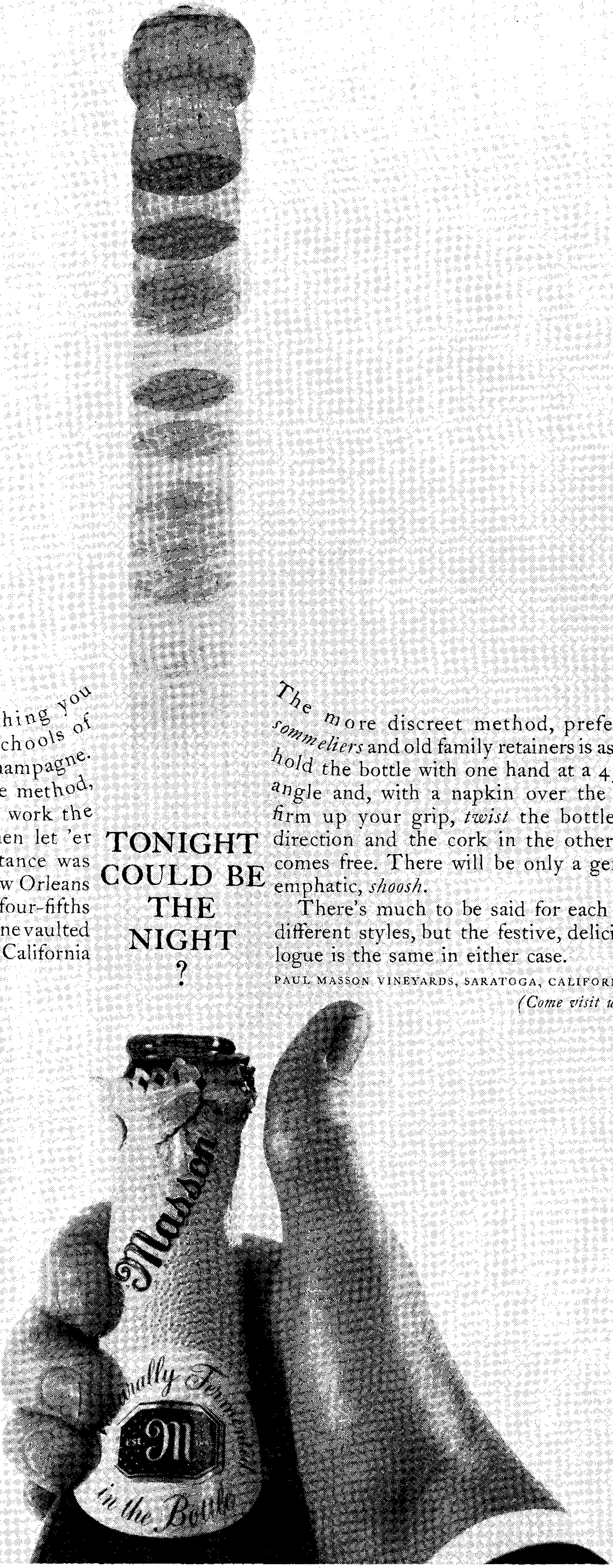
Government Tourist Office

NEW YORK: 19 East 49th Street
SAN FRANCISCO: 685 Market Street
TORONTO: 177 King Street W.

Come to South India. Sooner or later most world travelers do.



TONIGHT COULD BE THE NIGHT ?

By all means, but there is something you ought to know: there are two schools of thought on how to open a bottle of champagne. The Convivial, or New Year's Eve method, is as shown in the illustration. You work the cork up with your thumbs and then let 'er fly. The unofficial record for distance was achieved on Mardi gras 1962 at New Orleans when the cork from a Jeroboam (four-fifths of a gallon) of Paul Masson Champagne vaulted 34 feet, or 1 foot for each glass of California Champagne in the bottle.

The more discreet method, preferred by *sommeliers* and old family retainers is as follows: hold the bottle with one hand at a 45-degree angle and, with a napkin over the cork to firm up your grip, *twist* the bottle in one direction and the cork in the other until it comes free. There will be only a gentle, but emphatic, *shoosh*.

There's much to be said for each of these different styles, but the festive, delicious epilogue is the same in either case.

PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA
(Come visit us!)

Peck & Peck

At "Le Chateau Suite" of the Savoy Hilton, New York

The Peck & Peck Girl dresses for dinner in black velvet

Highlighting the holidays now, this shimmering rayon velvet with the new sculptured look of sleek longer sleeves. At the waist, a flat satin bow. Lined with Si Bonne®. Black only. 8 to 16, *40.00*

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK • CHICAGO • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • ROCHESTER • BALTIMORE • DETROIT • CLEVELAND • ST. LOUIS
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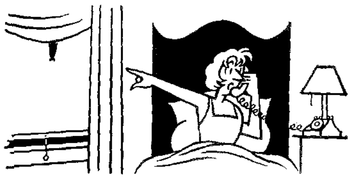
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

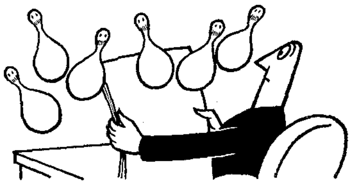
A SHORT but peculiarly satisfying news story appeared in the *Times* the other day, about bats in a girl's apartment. It was an East Side story—refined neighborhood, brownstone setting, Madison between Seventy-third and Seventy-fourth, no place for bats. The story arrested us because the principals were so "right" for New York's subtle scheme and familiar ferment. The girl was Judy Deylin, described as "a writer." Perfect! She awoke early in the morning, according to the *Times*, in "a sixth-floor penthouse," and, like all writers, was ready for anything—in this case, a bat. (She later described the bat as "a tassel hanging on a curtain that had no tassels"—clearly a writer at work.) Whom did Judy call at this early hour? Naturally, "a friend"—Florence Victor, who lived in a lower apartment. And what was the occupation of the friend? Secretary? Dietitian? Airline hostess? Not at all. She was "a poet." So far, everything smoothly fitting into place: writer visited unexpectedly by bat, poet on call below, ready for early Manhattan crisis. But the situation was still unresolved and cried for further consultation. Whom did the girls, writer and poet, call? Whom summon? They summoned "a man"—one David Faurot, also resident in the brownstone, and, manlike, powerful against winged mammals. And what was Mr. Faurot in real life? He was described as "a systems analyst." How right! How mysterious! How upper Madison! Savor, if you will, this tense matutinal drama: writer wakes, finds bat, calls poet, together they consult, discover themselves ineffective, feminine, summon, therefore, a systems analyst. What he do? So help us, he quickly analyzes bat's system and produces "a trout net"—obviously a fisherman in analyst's clothing. Mr. David Faurot's analysis proved correct; he caught Judy's bat and killed it. Whammo! Brownstone now fully awake, bat dead, writer still not having written anything, poet as yet unconnected with Muse, a little unnerved. Then the *Times* man steps in, responsible, steady, calls mammalogist at Bronx Zoo for explanation of bat entry. Mammalogist taciturn, unwilling to go out on limb, no comment. The perfect mystery story. Long live Madison Avenue! On, poetry! On, writing! Death to bats everywhere! A pox on tight-lipped mammalogists! Goodbye, Judy! Goodbye, Florence! Good night, David!



The Shmoo's Return

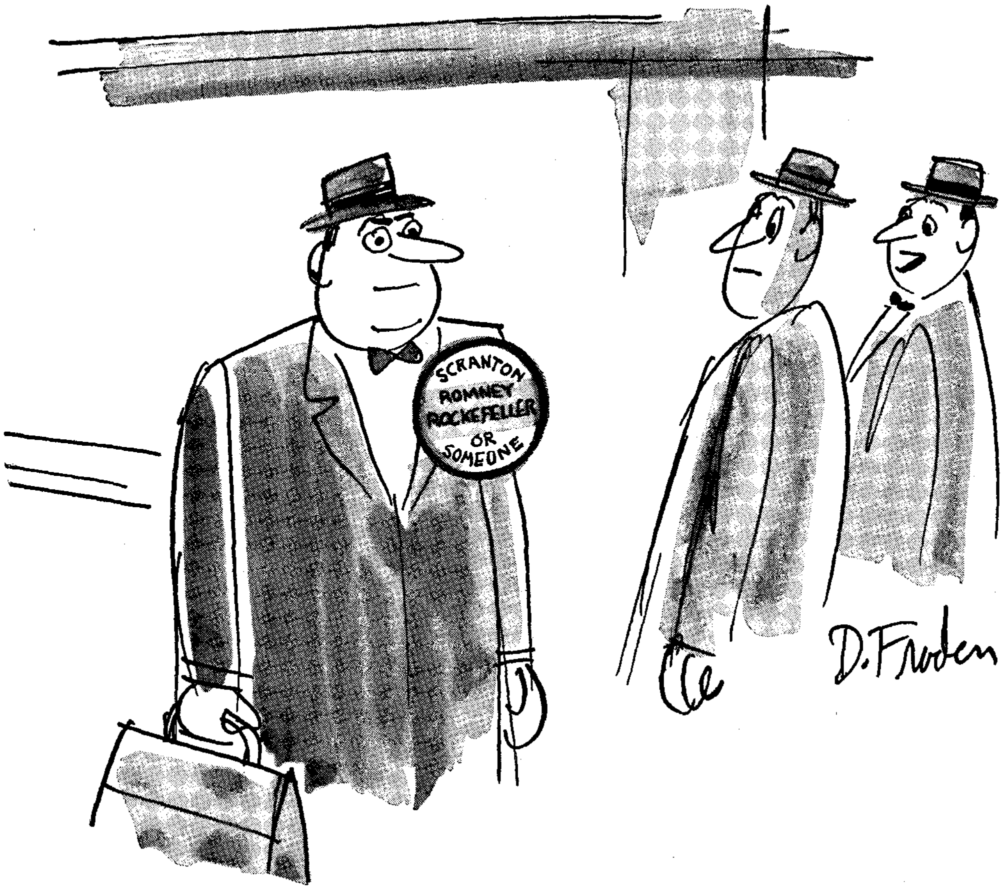
REMEMBER shmoos? Shmoos were the plump, white, bewhiskered creatures who climbed out of a crater near Dogpatch some fifteen years ago and began to reproduce themselves, with amiable proliferation, in Al Capp's "Li'l Abner" comic strip. Serviceable by instinct, the shmoos counted among their many virtues an ability to lay large, prepackaged eggs and give Grade A bottled milk, wrapped quarter pounds of butter, and even, occasionally, cheesecake. What's more, at the sight of a hungry human being the solicitous little beasts would roll over and die of joy, whereupon they were rapidly transmogrified into roast chickens and rare sirloin steaks. In short, life was beautiful with shmoos around. There was nothing for people to do but romp about and play, and at the time we didn't see why this happy—or, in the argot of the day, shmoony—state of affairs should not go on indefinitely. However, shmoos, as the comic strip soon disclosed, turned out to be bad for people, who could not adjust to utopia and fell to pining after their lost pastimes—war, work, and crime. Eventually, one bleak Sunday morning, in the four-color funnies of over a thousand newspapers, the shmoos, with characteristic selflessness, committed suicide in the best interests of mankind.

We were therefore somewhat taken aback when, one recent morning, we saw shmoos, smiling and refreshed, emerge from their old crater to threaten mankind with a new wave of intolerable plenty. We put in a call to Mr. Capp, whom we hadn't seen since the first shmoo takeover, and soon we were sipping a cocktail with him in the Park Avenue apartment to which he commutes each week from his home, in Boston.



"It's happening all over again. They're accosting me in the streets," moaned Mr. Capp, who had been out for a walk that morning and now sank wearily onto a beige silk couch. "People charging up to me, weeping, blessing me, wringing my hand. Everybody! Bankers, teamsters, little old ladies with blue hair! And the manufacturers have started sending checks. My God, you'd think I was an astronaut!"

We requested some explanation of this rampant enthusiasm, and Mr. Capp, wincing slightly, reminded us that only a few years back shmoos had been something of an American cultural force. "Like Jackie Kennedy today," he said. "There were hundreds of Shmoo Clubs, and one particularly offensive organization called the Society for the Advancement of Shmoos. There were thousands of products." Mr. Capp ran down the list of such shmoo-inspired national innovations as the shmoo rumba, the shmoo cocktail, shmooveralls, and the shmoo



"I see the 'Stop Goldwater' movement is gathering momentum."

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balloon. "Everybody and his mother-in-law cashed in," he said. "And those who didn't were even worse. Now it's happening again." He leaned back and took several quick puffs on an English cigarette.

"What's different this time is the mail," the cartoonist continued, pointing his cigarette toward an enormous stack of letters on a silver tray. "Formerly, all the McCarthyites were down on me. Shmoos were Socialistic, they said. Shmoos were a blatant and treacherous attack on capitalism. *Now* those same guys are writing, 'Atta boy, Al! We see you're right in there pitching for us.' This is all beyond me, but it may have some crazy connection with the fact that I've used the *new* shmoos as a kind of protest against this insane business of foreign aid we're in—this nonsense of give, give, give, with no strings attached."

Mr. Capp, who was now wearing the broad, brash, and genial grin we remembered from our last chat with him, seized a small marble whatnot from a pile of objets d'art on a glass coffee table. "I like to *get* something for my money, and I hate to see my hard-earned millions wasted on aid to countries that give us nothing in return," he said, waving the whatnot around. "Well, I say so—with the shmoos—and what do I get? Some congratulations from the Birchers—they slap me on the back and tell me I'm a regular Harry Byrd—and even some screams from the liberals, who, I trust, really still love me. It's just out of one tangle and into another when you loose a shmoo. Who needs that? That's why I'm killing off the shmoos again."

Capp replaced the whatnot, settled back with another English cigarette, and went on, "The truth is there's no particular economic theory behind the shmoo. I made it—well, from the kind of sheer desperation that seems to lead me into everything I do. I had set out to find the great, unrealizable dream of the people and then to realize that dream for them in the strip. What would happen, I wanted to know, if there were shmoos around—that is, if there were no more cause for confusion, work, war, crime, and so on in the world? If there were nothing but plenty, nothing but pleasure, nothing but love? Well, my own sense of horror dictated the rest. Shmoos, of course, would have to be destroyed. Society would prove itself too organized to and around pain to exist without it. *That* was horrifyingly clear."

As for the shmoo shape, Capp said, "The beasts never occurred to me in any other form. And as soon as I drew the first shmoo, I knew what its name was going to be. What did trouble me was the sanity of speaking through shmoos at all. McCarthy was coming to power when I created shmoos, and those were inconceivably terrible times. They got worse and worse, until eventually the only satire possible and permissible in this democracy of ours was broad, weak domestic comedy. That's why I married off Li'l Abner and began to concentrate on him again. I was absolutely sure that to keep on with political satire—with things like shmoos—would be to commit suicide, and I asked myself, seriously, 'Al, what use would you be dead?' I really believe that it's the duty of the satirist to stay alive—to duck—until it's safe to come out and possible to be useful again. Society's finally free for satire now, and that's one reason I brought back shmoos. At present, shmoos can reasonably occur."

Capp laughed and handed us another drink. "That is, if you can call a shmoo reasonable," he said.

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OVERHEARD near the Little Red School House, down in the Village: "I'm telling you, boys are much easier to raise. Their temperament's better. You can hit them."

Trifling

PROMPTED by the disappearance of the five-cent *Mirror*, only a few months after the rise in price of what had been two of the best nickel buys in town—the daily *Times* and *Tribune*—we decided to find out what's left hereabouts that can be bought for five cents. Our conclusion is, in two words, not much. One of Webster's definitions of "nickel" is "a trifling sum of money," and the accuracy of the definition appears to be increasing by the minute. The Automat used to be famous for the wonders obtainable there for a nickel, and today there are but six such wonders, if you care to call them that: a club roll, a Kaiser roll, and a graham roll, each with butter; two slices of toast, with butter; two slices of bread, with butter; and a doughnut. Coffee at the Automat went from a nickel to a dime way back in 1950, though for two weeks this summer, to help celebrate the Automat's fiftieth anniversary in New York, the nickel price was restored. Nobody appears to have got very excited over the bargain. Like nickel coffee, the nickel Coke has practically disappeared, but the nickel cigar is holding its own. According to the Cigar Manufacturers Association, it continues to exist in a variety of sizes and shapes—and, indeed, is by far the most popular cigar sold.

The nickel subway fare became extinct in 1948, and the only nickel ride that survives locally is a trip either on the famous ferry that plies between Staten Island and Manhattan or on the not so famous ferry that plies between Staten Island and Brooklyn. Oddly, it's cheaper to take the ferry to Staten Island now than it was three centuries ago; the earliest historical reference to a commercial ferry between the two places dates back to 1654, when the rate was three stivers, or approximately six cents, for a white person and twice that amount for an Indian, and during the nineteenth century the rate fluctuated wildly between three cents and a quarter.

There's still plenty of nickel candy around, but many of the well-known candy bars turn out to be available only in ten-cent sizes or to have suffered a formidable attrition. Life Savers are a pleasant exception, being exactly the same weight and exactly the same price they were when they were first marketed, fifty years ago. About all you can get for a nickel in a delicatessen nowadays is a pickle. Our five-and-tens have notoriously little to do with nickels and dimes. A quick survey of the Woolworth's across the street from our office turned up only twenty items selling for five cents; among them were a colored picture postcard of New York, a pencil without an eraser, a small package of Kleenex, a colored paper party hat, two needle-threaders, a wing nut, a Hartz Mountain Perfect-Grip Sand Perch refill, and a Quick and Easy can-and-bottle opener.

Though one can still make telephone calls from home or from one's office for a nickel apiece, the nickel call from a pay phone went out in 1951. A.S.C.A.P. lists around two hundred songs whose titles contain "nickel" or "five cents," but you can't play any of these songs on a jukebox for less than a dime. (The famous lyrics of "Music, Music, Music"—"Put another nickel in, in the nickelodeon"—are now, alas, as obsolete as the nickelodeon itself.) You can buy five-cent stamps for five cents at the post office, but if you buy them from a commercial vending machine, you pay a quarter for four. And to make matters even worse, at least from a psychological point of view, the nickel is literally not worth a nickel. It's a so-called "token" coin, and the metal of which it's made is worth less than half a cent. No doubt a wooden nickel would be worth more than that.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The signboard of Ye Olde Ale House, in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, announces that the tavern was "Est. 1962."

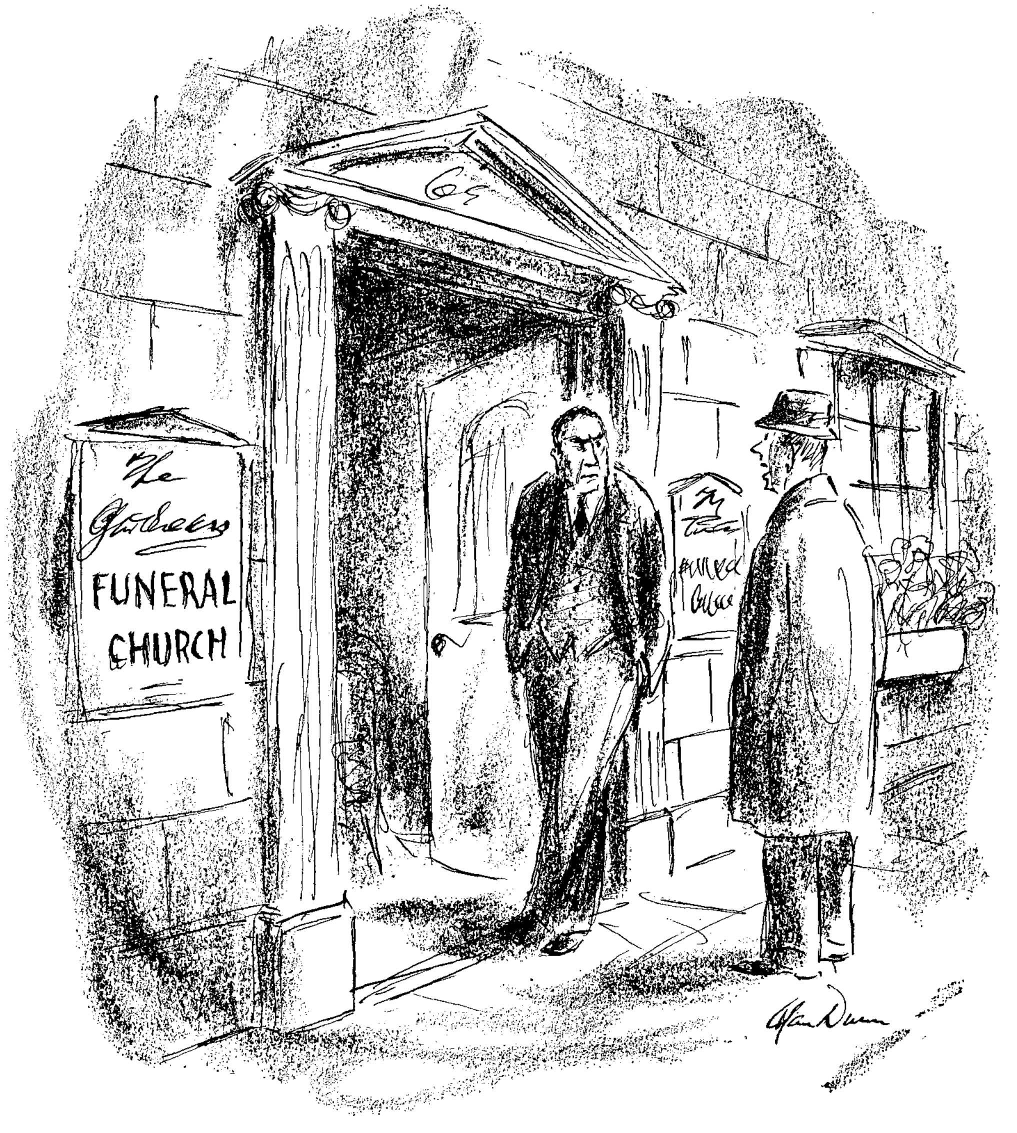
Who's?

THE PLAYERS: *The entire cast of Edward Albee's "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?"—Uta Hagen, attractive, hoarse-voiced, volatile, energetic, youthful-looking veteran of twenty-five years on Broadway; Arthur Hill, tall, thin, loose-jointed, scholarly-looking, no-nonsense man; Ben Piazza, blond, boyish veteran of Albee's "The American Dream" and "The Zoo Story;" Rochelle Oliver, ingénue with long blond hair, who won the Clarence Derwent Award as the outstanding young actress of the 1960 season for her performance in "Toys in the Attic"—plus Ugo Betti, eight-and-a-half-year-old black cocker spaniel belonging to Miss Hagen; and Herbert Berghof, stocky, temperamental, Russian-intellectual-looking actor, husband of Miss Hagen, and co-head, with Miss Hagen, of the H. B. Studio school of acting.*

THE TIME: *Around midnight on a Tuesday, following Performance No. 418 of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?," the second performance of the second year of its Broadway run.*

THE SCENE: *Apartment of Miss Hagen and Mr. Berghof, at Washington Square and Macdougal Street. A large living room with four white-curtained windows, one of them in the right wall, behind a grand piano. To the left are a long sofa, three soft armchairs, and a round coffee table. On the table are a tray of sandwiches, cans of beer, soda bottles, a bottle of Scotch, and a bowl of fresh daisies. Bookshelves line the wall behind the sofa. A desk stands behind one of the soft chairs. Alongside the coffee table, the dog is amusing himself vigorously with a squeaking rubber boot.*

Miss Hagen enters, wearing tight



"Read any good books lately?"

black pants and a hound's-tooth jacket. She places a bowl of ice on the desk. Mr. Hill enters slowly behind her. He wears a neat blue suit, a conservative blue-and-black striped tie, and black-rimmed glasses.

Miss Hagen (*giving Ugo Betti a dazzling smile*): That dog is happy, because he was raised with love. (*Mr. Hill presses his lips together and nods quickly, several times, in agreement. He sits down on the sofa, and, as with all tall men, his knees poke up awkwardly.*)

Mr. Hill: Yes.

Miss Hagen (*examining the sandwiches*): They're all the same. Pastrami. With pickles. Don't they smell delicious?

Mr. Hill (*sniffs and draws deep breath*): Mmm. (*He takes one and bites into it.*)

Miss Hagen: Have something to wash it down. You want to see how I open these lethal pop-top beer cans? You have to have a pot holder, or else you cut yourself to ribbons. One time— (*She breaks off to greet two latecomers—Mr. Piazza, wearing a gray wool sweater and blue jeans, and Miss Oliver, wearing a yellow sweater, a black straight skirt, and red pumps. They take chairs, and Miss Hagen fixes drinks for them.*)

Mr. Piazza: This is a real celebration. Sandwiches and everything!

Mr. Hill: It isn't every night we have an anniversary. It's like being on the road. A little band of brothers. (*He removes his coat, places it on the back of the sofa, and loosens his tie before taking another sandwich.*)

Miss Oliver: Yes. (*She gives a little sigh and lights a cigarette.*)

Miss Hagen: We're the family. You make a new family in every new play.

Mr. Hill: Your families onstage and off are as separate as can be.

Miss Hagen (*to Miss Oliver*): That's why I make you come up and say hello to me before curtain. I'm so mean to you first thing onstage. I don't want something mean to be the first thing I say when I see you.

Mr. Piazza (*thoughtfully*): Macy's delivered my new bed to my new apartment today. But they didn't deliver the frame. I told the delivery man I'd have to sleep on the floor. You know what that man said? He said, "Oh, you actors are never satisfied!"

Miss Hagen: They treat us like an ethnic minority. (*She bursts into hoarse laughter.*)

Mr. Hill: *Caveat emptor.*

Miss Hagen: I'm always fighting with Macy's, and then, when I have to buy something, I say, "Well, I think I'll go to Macy's."

Mr. Hill: Altman's is a great place. No matter what happens, they take it back. (*Mr. Piazza gets up and goes to the desk, where he helps himself to some fresh ice. Ugo Betti growls at him.*)

Mr. Piazza: That dog is growling at me.

Miss Hagen: He's got a cookie. He's growling at his cookie. Arthur! (*She points a finger at Mr. Hill.*) I heard you went out in your boat and capsized! On our anniversary!

Mr. Piazza: It would have been terrible if you'd missed the anniversary performance. That's the trouble with living out there in White Something.

Mr. Hill: White *Plains*. With my wife and two kiddie-winks.

Miss Hagen: I thought Edward [Edward Albee] was awfully nice when he came back to see us after the anniversary performance—when he said he'd been told by other playwrights not to go when the anniversary came up. The performances go stale, they told him. But he said he was as proud of the play as he was when it first opened.

Miss Oliver: It was nice, the way he thanked all of us. (*There is a moment of silence.*)

Mr. Hill: The audience was dead tonight. The laughs were all wrong. We weren't on top of the play.

Miss Hagen: We had a good audience last night—a quiet house, but they had great alertness.

Mr. Hill: Even tonight, though, I got a laugh I hadn't got in a long time—when I come in in the Third Act and say, "*Flores; flores para los muertos. Flores.*" There were people out there tonight who knew it was from "Streetcar." I'll never forget the day I got a wire from my agent telling me to get hold of a copy of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?"—spelled W-o-l-f. Well, I did, and sent my wife and kiddie-winks off to see a movie, and sat down, and—pow! (*There is a murmur of appreciation all around.*)

Miss Hagen: I'm a long-run girl myself. If the play is marvellous, as this one is, to have that challenge of keeping it spontaneous, keeping it alive!

Mr. Hill: It's the job of the actor. To produce that thing.

Mr. Piazza: We've got the good fortune to have a good cast, good people.

Miss Oliver: Oh, yes!

Mr. Hill: If one of us were hateful . . . (*He shudders.*)

Miss Hagen: When the stars or leading players are wonderful, everything is great. If the stars or leading players are terrible, the cast is abominable. They get mean, nasty, and dig and knife each other. I've played with people when we had a terrible director, but we all banded together and supported each other, and it went all right, because the leading players are the ones who set the tone.

Mr. Hill: They impose the climate.

Miss Oliver: Maybe one reason it started off so well was that you didn't go out of town. You could go home after rehearsals and relax, the way I go home every night now.

Miss Hagen (*with one of her laughs*): You know, the audience thinks you and Ben are married. (*To Mr. Hill*) After the show, Rochelle and Ben come out fighting; he accuses her of taking too long to get out of her costume.

Mr. Piazza: I hate to be kept waiting. We share a cab going downtown, where she meets her husband, and the audience sometimes hears us when we come out.

Miss Hagen: Fighting. The other night, I heard somebody in the audience say, "I *told* you they were married. I *told* you."

Mr. Hill: Why didn't anybody before this show think of having previews instead of going out of town?

Miss Hagen: That out-of-town routine creates so many lousy tensions, with all the New York hawks coming to see what they can pick up. With every new tryout town, there's a new set of hysterias.

Mr. Hill: All that hippety-hop!

Miss Hagen: By the time you get to New York, you're nuts. Every show should open in New York. (*Everybody nods. There is another brief silence. Berghof enters. He has black-rimmed glasses on and is bald except for a monk-like fringe of white hair around the back of his head. He is wearing black slacks and a black turtleneck sweater. He looks from one actor to another before speaking.*)

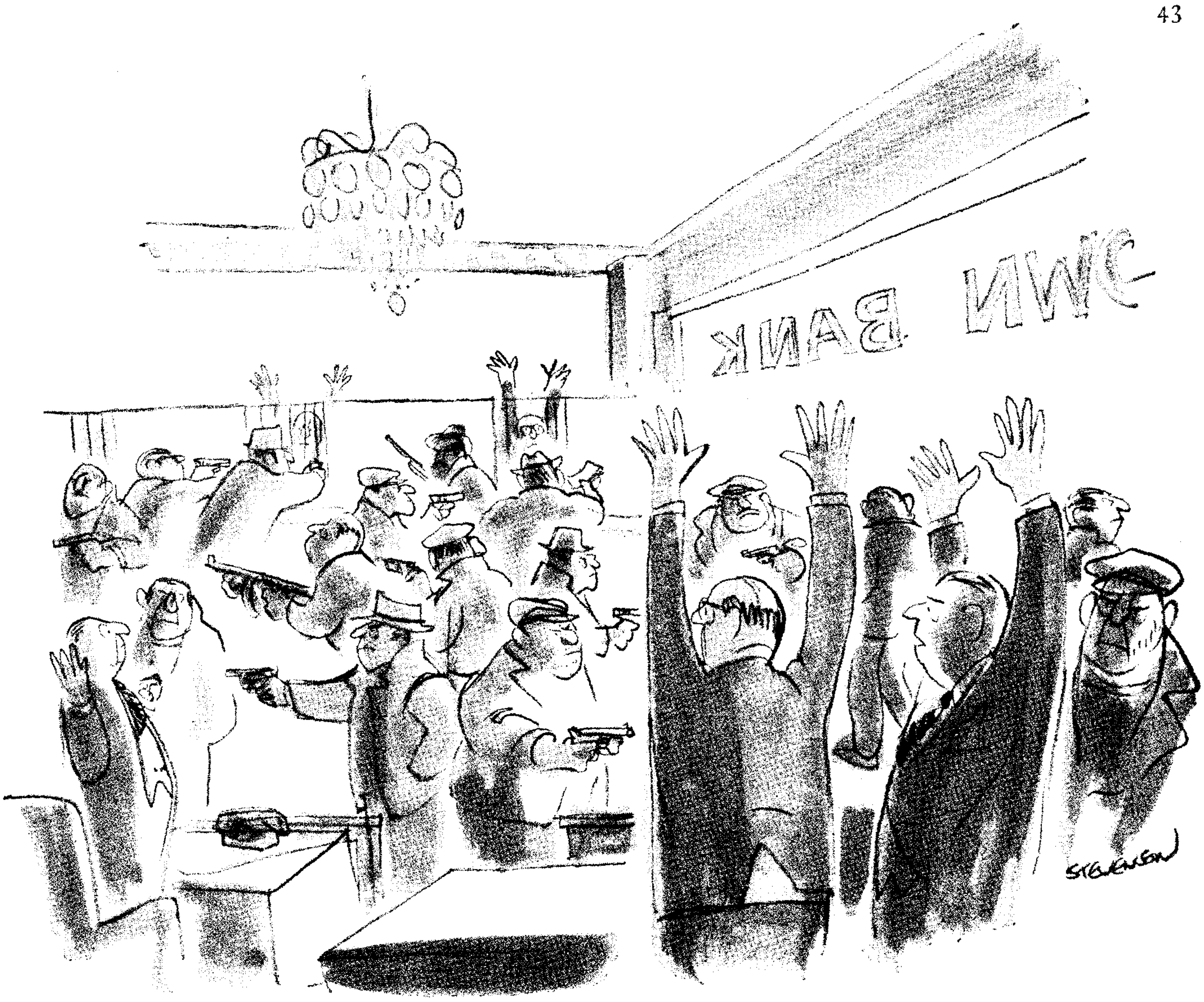
Mr. Berghof: All these good actors! The sandwiches! Can I have one?

Mr. Piazza: They're pastrami. Terrific sandwiches.

Mr. Hill: We're honored. (*Mr. Berghof takes a sandwich. Again he looks from one actor to another.*)

Mr. Berghof: I just ate something outside. (*He sighs.*) All these good actors! (*He leaves.*)

Miss Hagen: We should feel flattered. He never does this. Herbert is happy. Ugo is happy. Everybody is hap-



"Even if they pull it off, they'll each get a mighty small piece of the pie."

py tonight. (*Ugo runs up and starts licking Miss Hagen's face and pawing at her arm.*)

MR. HILL: One thing I like about this play is you never feel tied to any particular mood. It bounds around.

MISS HAGEN: The parts are extraordinary, enormous. I've played Lady Macbeth on television. I don't know how often I've played Lady Macbeth, and all I can say is you can have Lady Macbeth. It's a ghastly part. It should be played by a man.

MR. HILL: It's all on one note.

MISS HAGEN: All on one note. Ambitious venom. My part here is one of a human being.

MR. HILL: She doesn't serve only one purpose. She has all the problems of the American woman today. This play isn't a one-hole golf course. This is an eighteen-hole golf course. It's a *thirty-six*-hole golf course. Not that we've ever sat around talking about the "inner meaning of the play." (*Laughter all around.*)

MISS HAGEN: When the audience gets crude, though, it's hard to take.

MR. HILL: It's shocking.

MR. PIAZZA: There was one night last week that was weird. They were quiet and completely unresponsive in the first act. Then they came back, and—boy! They must have got crocked in the intermission.

MISS OLIVER: They were awful.

MISS HAGEN: It's a good thing we're all O.K. among ourselves.

MR. HILL: You couldn't play a neurotic play like this if you weren't.

MR. PIAZZA: You're either a psychotic or an actor.

MISS HAGEN: If an actor is working, he should be the healthiest person alive. Why does somebody who works in Wall Street go home and get potted every night? Because he can't express all those feelings onstage.

MR. PIAZZA: I used to take the "Zoo Story" part home with me every night.

MR. HILL: I never did that. Never.

MR. PIAZZA: I hated the way it made me feel. It was awful. I don't do that now, though.

MISS HAGEN: You don't do it once you have experience and know exactly what you're doing. (*She pauses and laughs her laugh.*) Thank God we all know what we're doing!

Law

THE other day, we saw a pretty lady all dressed in blue lose her hat to some vagrant airs prowling about Sixth Avenue and Forty-second Street. Taxicabs maneuvered around the object, and even private cars swerved to avoid it. Finally, an enormous trailer truck, with enough licenses to clear it to the moon, stopped cold. The driver of the behemoth got out, picked up the hat, dusted it off with care, and handed it to the lady. As he headed back to his vehicle, his day's good deed done, the cop on the corner handed him a ticket for blocking traffic.

ERNEST OBSERVES

AT the end of summer, along the line that marked the farthest advance of the tide, there lay on the beach the ruin of an enormous fish head. It was, the children told Ernest, the head of a giant tuna. Partially decomposed, battered, consumed, it revealed imperfectly its ingenious interior. The eyes, however, were intact. They stood out desolately, as large as tennis balls—perfect, murky globes that would have made suitable novelties for a czar. At high tide, the head disappeared, withdrawn by the rising water, slipping and tumbling to the dim bottom of the bay. Being preoccupied—writing picture postcards, for example—not once did Ernest notice its submersion nor, since the tide went out at night and again in the morning before he awoke, its emergence. The children, who played all day on the beach—the boy was eight, the girl ten—ignored the head. "Ignored" was not quite accurate, Ernest decided, for that would imply an act of will, suggesting the head was grisly or putrescent and hence something to be avoided. It was, rather, that the head had ceased to be a marvel and held no more interest for them than a grain of sand. They had used it up.

Ernest found the head a compelling and fabulous attraction, and the children's indifference to it disturbed him. He directed their attention to it, indicating its decadent wonders. They listened impatiently, rolling their eyes like players in a silent movie, and replied that prior to this head there had been an even bigger one, which had vanished several days before Ernest arrived and been replaced by the head they now beheld. Ernest didn't know whether to believe them. Perhaps, when the head became commonplace, it no longer appeared as immense as it did when it was first washed ashore. The power of monsters, like the spell of strange summer houses, diminishes with each visit. It seemed unlikely that two great fish heads should land one after the other on this beach. But it might not have been coincidence; the currents might, in fact, be so precise that tuna heads cast off at a certain point and being of certain dimensions would always land at the same place. One would have thought, then, that there would have been a regular succession of heads, since the commercial fishermen must catch a good many large tuna; he imagined a flotilla of fish heads bobbing predictably across the bay. But there was only one, returning daily, ambiguous and implacable, and each day somewhat the worse for wear, like one's face each morning in the mirror.

SORRY NO DANCING

"You the party calling for madder music and stronger wine?"

In time, Ernest found it wasn't the head itself that engaged him, its obvious splendor and mystery, but the children's attitude to it, to him. He had sought in vain to enlist them as allies in his suit of their mother. He had met her, a divorcée, in the city and followed her to the shore, where a narrow, destitute, shell-strewn garden separated their rented apartments. The children called him, chanting, "old persistent Mr. Ernest McErnest." The head was, in a way, his gift to them, but they already had had one—bigger, and therefore better. This lesser head was the ominous, dwindling emblem of his unsuccess.

Despite his setback with the children, Ernest knew that at bottom he had charm. The many picture postcards addressed to various women testified to this. They all had the same view—the empty, polished, and disquieting interior of a seafood restaurant that bespoke some equivocal disaster *in the streets—and they* all had, more or less, the same earnest message. The postcards served to appease the infrequent spasms of guilt Ernest suffered from his liaisons. He was conscious of a responsibility to somehow complete his lovers' lives, even if it meant no more than informing them fitfully of his dingy progress. He and they had met on each occasion like two backstrokers colliding head to head, but he felt he had incurred a debt that could not be paid by either an apology or silence.

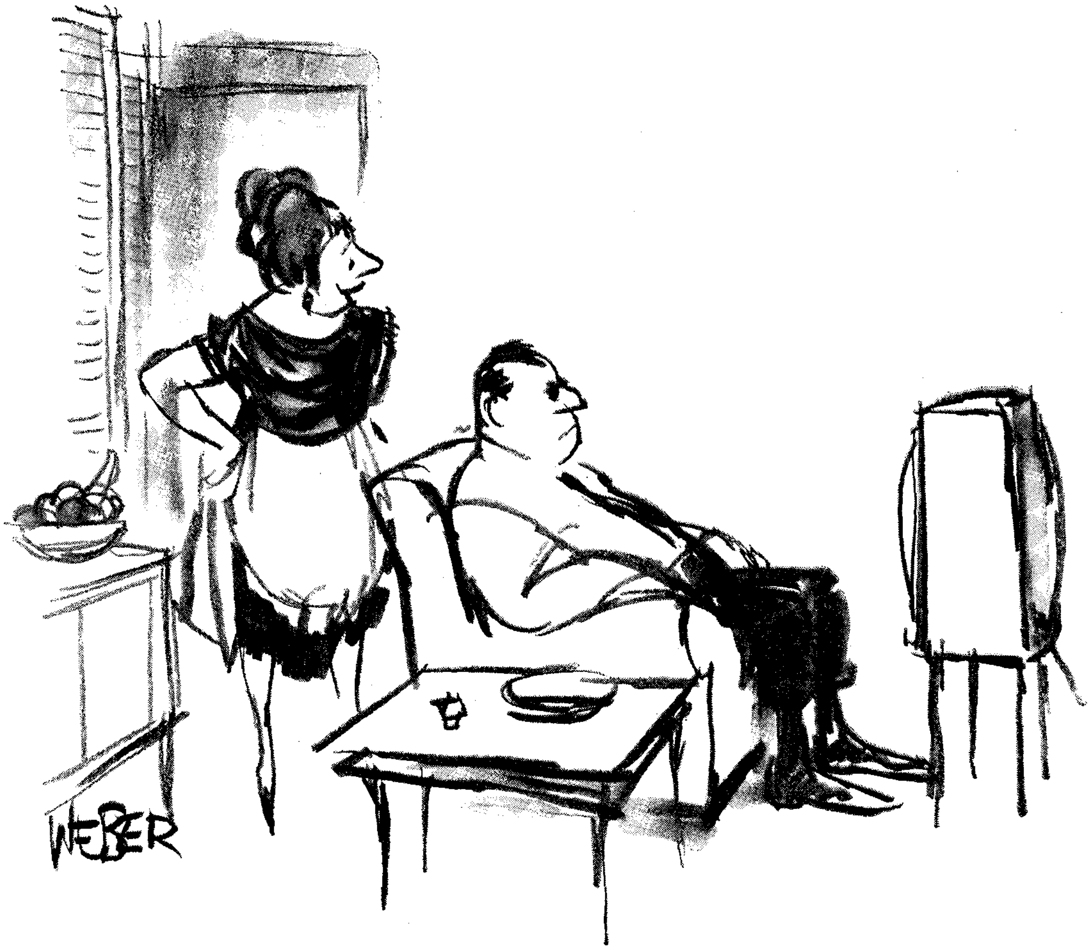
The incident of the sea snails on Ernest's last day at the shore, while extending the distress brought upon him by the fish head, had more to do, Ernest saw, with his fundamental guilt and, ultimately, with his perpetual failure to make amends or to let go. The children had collected the snails and put them in cans of sea water on the balcony of their apartment. The snails were heaped in the cans as though for sale; Ernest had seen similar shellfish in barrels in Greek markets. Since he never saw the snails move, Ernest did not know whether they were dead or alive. He had considered asking the children, but refrained; it was a cruel question, absurd. After all, what did one feed snails, anyway? The snails' welfare seemed of no concern to the children. When we are young, Ernest reflected, we are hunters. Hunters must not be held accountable; their joy and dominion end with the death or capture of their quarry. They are not judges, nor are they caretakers. If they were, they would not be able to hunt.

The sea water in the cans had gradually evaporated, Ernest observed, and the snails had been forsaken. They might have been hollow shells. Looking at them, Ernest recalled the casualties of his childhood: the baby alligator that had been left one afternoon in the summer sun and had shrivelled up like a mummy; the finches that had never sung in his hearing—at the time, he had had a fantasy that they sang with a thrill and sweetness when no one was home—but only mutely huddled on the trapeze at the top of their cage. The finches had frozen in the winter nights and dropped, one by one, from their perches, the sound of their falls too faint—as light as snow—to awaken him so that he might, perhaps, warm them back to life between his palms. When he found the birds in the morning, not even the radiator could revive them; he flushed them down the toilet. There were, too, the tropical fish he would discover floating on the surface of their tank, horribly rent by one of their number—which one?—in the dark while he slept.

On the afternoon that they were all to leave for the city, Ernest took the cans of snails and dumped them back in the bay. He stood up to his knees in the water and regarded the disorderly heap of snails by his toes. They still gave no sign of life. How light they looked! They had seemed darker when crowded in the cans. He reached underwater and carefully set each one upright. One could move them about like pieces on a chessboard. In the center of every shell, where the spiral design had its origin, was a pale, somehow accusatory eye. Ernest towered above the snails that he had arrayed on the sandy bottom, feeling Olympian, expecting some movement, an acknowledgment of his charity. There was none. Several dozen eyes returned his gaze, and he left unrewarded.

The children were waiting in the apartment, sitting on suitcases like refugees and eating apricots. He felt it was a scene similar to that on the postcards; he had missed yet another disaster. Ernest thought they might have noticed that the snails were gone and ask about them, but they didn't. Their mother was in the kitchen washing the dishes for the last time, putting them in the plastic rack to dry. The dishes would not, Ernest reflected, be used again until next summer. The leap forward in time irritated him. Ernest explored old summers, their mislaid populations, in his mind. He heard, as though from that momentous distance, the children telling him to hurry up and go to his apartment and pack or they would miss the plane. He stared at them for an instant; they appeared to be strangers, chained to the suitcases like monkeys to barrel organs. He told them to pipe down. "I'm just a little boy, but I'm not scared of you, Ernest," said the boy, reasonably. Ernest went out on the balcony. "I'm not scared of you," the boy called through the screen door. Ernest looked down to the spot where he had liberated the snails, wondering if, now that he had gone, they were fanning out, marching silently, vagrantly to sea.

He had often bestowed such small, indifferent gifts of love, interest, and mercy; sometimes he had been rewarded with a sympathetic movement, at other times, as in the case of the snails, with what he considered a reproach. He went heavily into the kitchen. The mother handed him an apricot. He told her about the snails and his disappointment; perhaps if the snails wouldn't pay



"That Khrushchev is kind of cute when he wants to be."

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him back he might at least gain her pity. She told him to eat another apricot, a chocolate pudding, a Frutana; they couldn't take all this stuff back on the plane. He felt, obscurely, that they were all in some kind of peril and were lightening a sinking boat. He was becoming a martyr, Ernest thought—the martyrdom of the snails. Later, as he carried the bags down the stairs, he looked again at the beach. The water was about to reclaim the head. There wasn't enough left of it to stink.

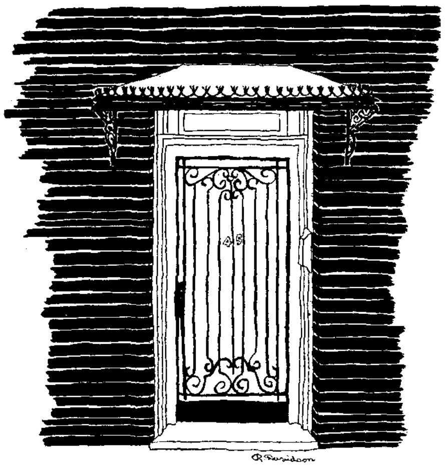
On the flight back to the city, Ernest kept expecting the children to inquire about their snails, to remember that they had left them behind. Children always wanted to take animals home from the country and had to be cleverly dissuaded. Ernest realized that he had prepared a persuasive little speech. But they didn't ask, and he began to feel that their silence was unnatural. Did they know that the snails were dead, that they had, indeed, killed them? Were they feeling the first grip of anxiety? He morosely played Battleship with the boy, who was sitting beside him. He had intended to lose by a narrow margin, but he became aware that he was playing as hard as he could, almost as if his life depended upon his winning. He beat the boy badly, but there was no satisfaction in it; children accept defeat by grownups. Ernest tilted his seat back and announced that he was going to take a nap. The girl told him that was "a big deal." The children hadn't forgotten the snails. They had seen him from the balcony, in his ponderous, clumsy, and pitiable act of self-gratification, and had forgiven him. Was that, Ernest thought, my absolution?

ONE morning, several weeks later, Ernest awoke in the mother's apartment in the city, where he had spent the night for the first time. She was no longer beside him. He didn't remember her arising; she must have got up to fix the children's breakfast. It was a small apartment—two rooms: the living room, where they had slept on a second-hand Castro, and the children's bedroom, which connected with the kitchenette. Above the boy's bed, attached to the wall with Scotch Tape, was a menu elaborately autographed by Cassius Clay. "Good Luck," it said; Ernest had got it for the boy one rainy morning in San Francisco.

From where he lay, the covers up about his neck, Ernest could see the children seated at the counter eating cereal out of enamel mugs. Wheat Honeys! Sugar Pops! Corn Kix! He didn't recognize any of the cereals these days. It made him melancholy out of all proportion. Ernest didn't know whether he should pretend to be sleeping. He didn't want to be conspicuous, to embarrass the children. He closed his eyes to slits, as he had done when he was a child, and watched them. From time to time, while he feigned sleep, they got up from the counter and walked past the Castro, in and out of the bathroom—he could hear them demonically brushing their teeth—where the light burned all night to keep the cockroaches in the walls, and then to the table beyond him, looking for their notebooks. He observed, with satisfaction, that notebook covers hadn't changed; they were still darkly marbled, intimating a permanence and a grandeur, like the walls of certain men's rooms.

The children passed him without a glance or a word; they were ignoring him. He opened his eyes wide in protest, turned noisily over and back again. The girl was showing her mother the costume she was going to wear on Halloween. To Ernest it looked like an everyday black dress, but too severe and sombre for a child. "What's *that* supposed to be?" the boy asked. "I'm a mentally ill secretary," the girl said, holding the dress in front of her. Ernest couldn't decide whether she was cute or appalling. He felt at a disadvantage, lying so close to the floor, only his head showing—unshaven and with long, unkempt, graying hair that always seemed more soiled than distinguished. "Why?" Ernest asked. No one paid him the least attention. He felt he was in a kind of juvenile limbo, as though he had been killed in Cops-and-Robbers. "Why?" he pleaded, too loudly. "What am *I* going to be, Ma?" the boy asked. Ernest recalled being awakened in another apartment by a little boy crashing his tricycle into the bed. "Hello, Richard," that benign child had said.

Now their mother was handing them their school lunch. They were at the door in their military berets, leaving. Ernest felt he was watching a film: the actors couldn't respond, stop, turn, explain, go back. He wasn't being ignored, he realized; they were indifferent to him. He had ceased to be a marvel—if, indeed, he had ever been one. He found himself, against his precepts, wondering how the others before him had stacked up—their father. Ernest



RECOGNITION

The bird of ash has appeared at windows
And the roads will turn away, mourning.
What distances we survived, the fire
With its one wing
And I with my blackened heart.

I came home as a web to its spider,
To teach the flies of my household
Their songs. I walked
In on the mirrors scarred as matchboxes,
The gaze of the frames and the ticking
In the beams. The shadows
Had grown a lot and they clung
To the skirts of the lamps.
Nothing
Remembered who I was.

The dead turn in their locks and
I wake like a hand on a handle. Tomorrow
Marches on the old walls, and there
Is my coat full of darkness in its place
On the door.
Welcome home,
Memory.

—W. S. MERWIN

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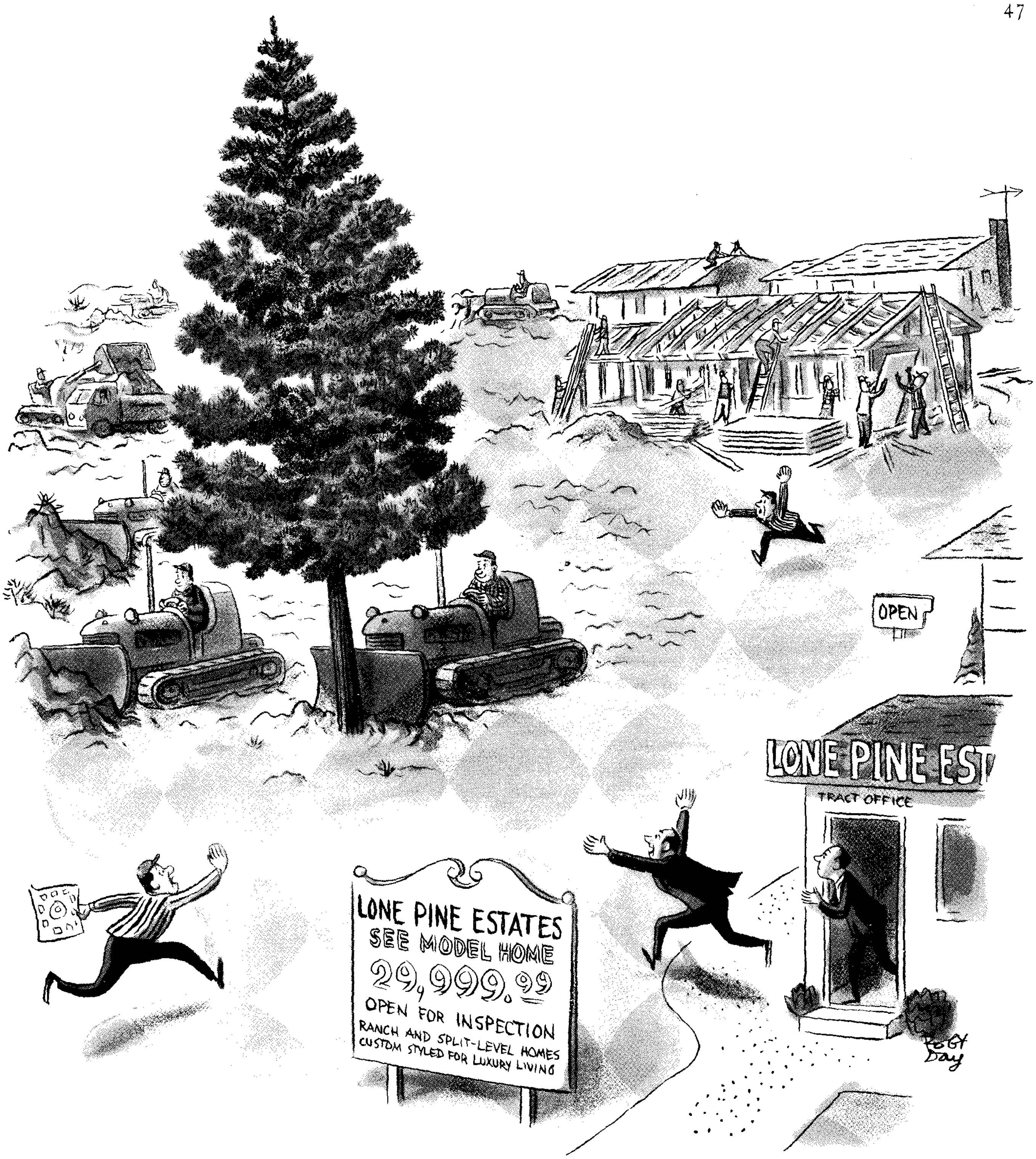

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noticed a great, scarred box, as long as a child's coffin, across the room. It was the toy chest. Lying across it was the necktie he had worn the previous evening. It had been abandoned by another woman's former husband, and Ernest had taken it from her apartment. There had been a bunch of his, the husband's, ties on a hatrack, all tangled up like Medusa's hair.

Ernest rolled over on his back. He was less oppressed when he could see the full, empty height of the room. He noticed that the living room was full of, graced with, light. The upper halves of the windows were covered with a translucent Japanese paper in which real autumn leaves were imprisoned, perpetually falling. He didn't know they had maples in Japan—willows, certainly, weeping willows. He imagined Japanese children walking gravely through the woods in a great, silent crowd, at autumn, with burlap sacks over their shoulders, bending down, sorting out the maple leaves, picking them up, and gently stuffing them into their sacks. Somewhere, there were scales, perhaps in a clearing, where a kind, reasonable man—Ernest saw himself in blue Oriental pajamas—weighed the sacks and gave each child a coin. They bobbed in a sort of bow before him, averting their eyes, holding their palms up trustingly. Ernest let his eyes close, shutting out the room. He wished he could be floated free of this exposition of his mutilated age, his anonymity, his furious sorrow, and be sucked back into the shelving declivity of sleep.

—Gilbert Rogin

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Correction: We had Harold Smithers listed as absent last week. He was present and we are sorry.—*The Pepper Box, the St. Louis Rotary Club paper.*

You don't have to shout.

WHAT MUST I SAY TO YOU?

WHEN I open the door for Mrs. Cooper at two in the afternoon, three days a week, that is the one time her voice fails us both. She smiles over my left shoulder and hurries out the words “Just fine,” to get past me. She is looking for the baby, either in the bassinet in the living room or in the crib in the baby’s room. When she finds her, she can talk more easily to me—through the baby. But at the doorway again, in the early evening, taking leave, Mrs. Cooper speaks up in her rightful voice, strong and slow: “I am saying good night.” It seems to me that the “I am saying” form, once removed from herself, frees her of her shyness. As if she had already left and were standing in the hall, away from strangers, and were sending back the message “I am saying good night.”

Maybe. I know little about Mrs. Cooper, and so read much into her ways. Despite the differences between us, each of us seems to read the other the same—tender creature, prone to suffer. Mrs. Cooper says to me, many times a day, “That is all right, that is all right,” in a soothing tone. I say to her, “That’s such a help, thank you, such a help.” What can I guess, except what reflects myself, about someone so different from me?

Mrs. Cooper is from Jamaica. She is round-faced and round-figured. She is my age, thirty, and about my height, five-five. But because she is twice my girth (not fat; if there is any unfavorable comparison to be drawn, it may as well be that I am, by her standard, meagre) and because she has four children to my one, she seems older. She is very black; I am—as I remember the campus doctor at the women’s college I attended saying—“surprisingly fair.” Though, of course, not Anglo-Saxon. If you are not Anglo-Saxon, being fair counts only up to a point. I learned that at the women’s college. I remember a conversation with a girl at college who had an ambiguous name—Green or Black or Brown. She said in the long run life was simpler if your name was Finkelstein. And I said it was better to be dark and done with it.

Mrs. Cooper has been coming to us, with her serious black bulk and her beautiful voice, for two months now, so that I can get on with my work, which is free-lance editorial. The name is lighthearted enough, but the lance is heavy and keeps me pinned to my desk. Mrs. Cooper’s work, in her hands, seems delightful. Though she comes to relieve me of that same work, it is a little like watching Tom Sawyer paint a fence—so attractive one would gladly pay an apple to be allowed to lend a hand. Even the slippery bath, the howls as my daughter’s sparse hairs are shampooed, become amusing mites on the giant surface of Mrs. Cooper’s calm. They raise Mrs. Cooper’s laugh. “Ooh, my! You can certainly sing!”

I sneak from my desk several times an afternoon to watch the work and to hear Mrs. Cooper speak. Her speech, with its trotty Jamaican rhythm, brings every syllable to life and pays exquisite attention to the final sounds of words. When she telephones home to instruct the oldest of her children in the care of the youngest, it is true that her syntax relaxes. I hear “Give she supper and put she to bed.” Or “When I’m coming home I am going to wash the children them hair.” But the tone of her voice is the same as when she speaks to me. It is warm, melodious. Always the diction is glorious—ready, with only a bit of memorizing, for Shakespeare. Or, if one could connect a woman’s voice with the Old Testament, for that.

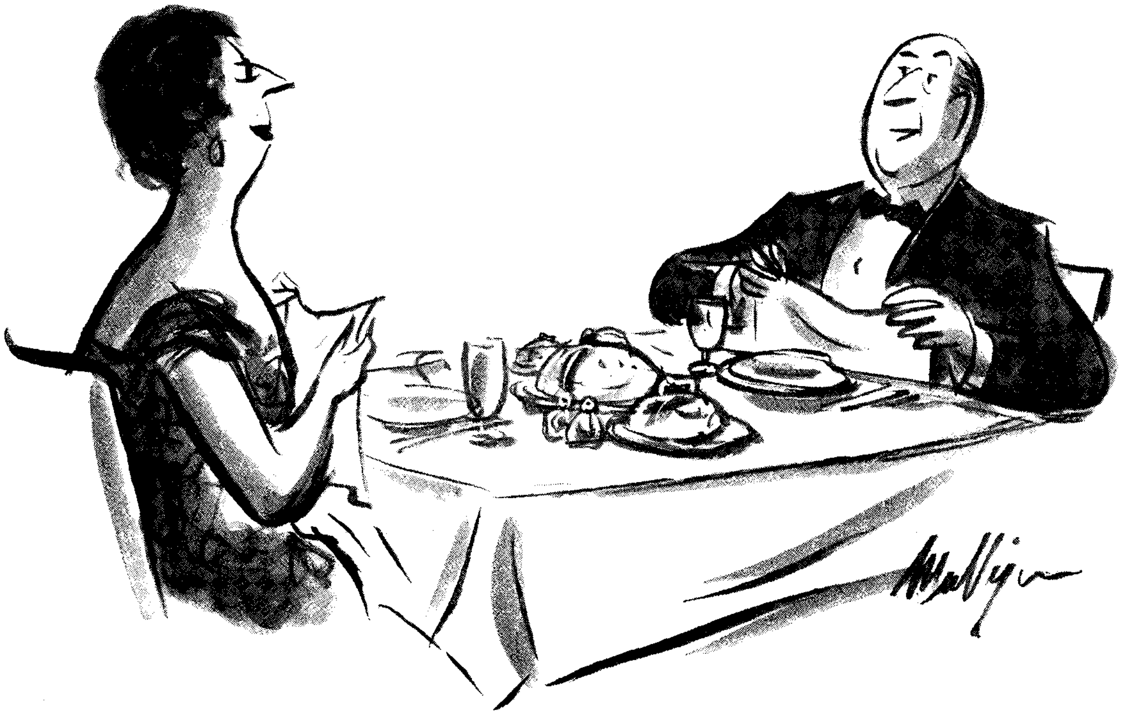
“God is not a God of confusion.” Mrs. Cooper says that to me one day while the baby naps and she washes baby clothes in the double tub in the kitchen. I have come in to get an apple from the refrigerator. She refuses any fruit, and I stand and eat and watch the best work in the world: rhythmic rubbing-a-dubbing in a sudsy tub. With sturdy arms.

She says it again. “God is not a God of confusion, that is what my husband cousin say.” A pause. “And that is what I see.”

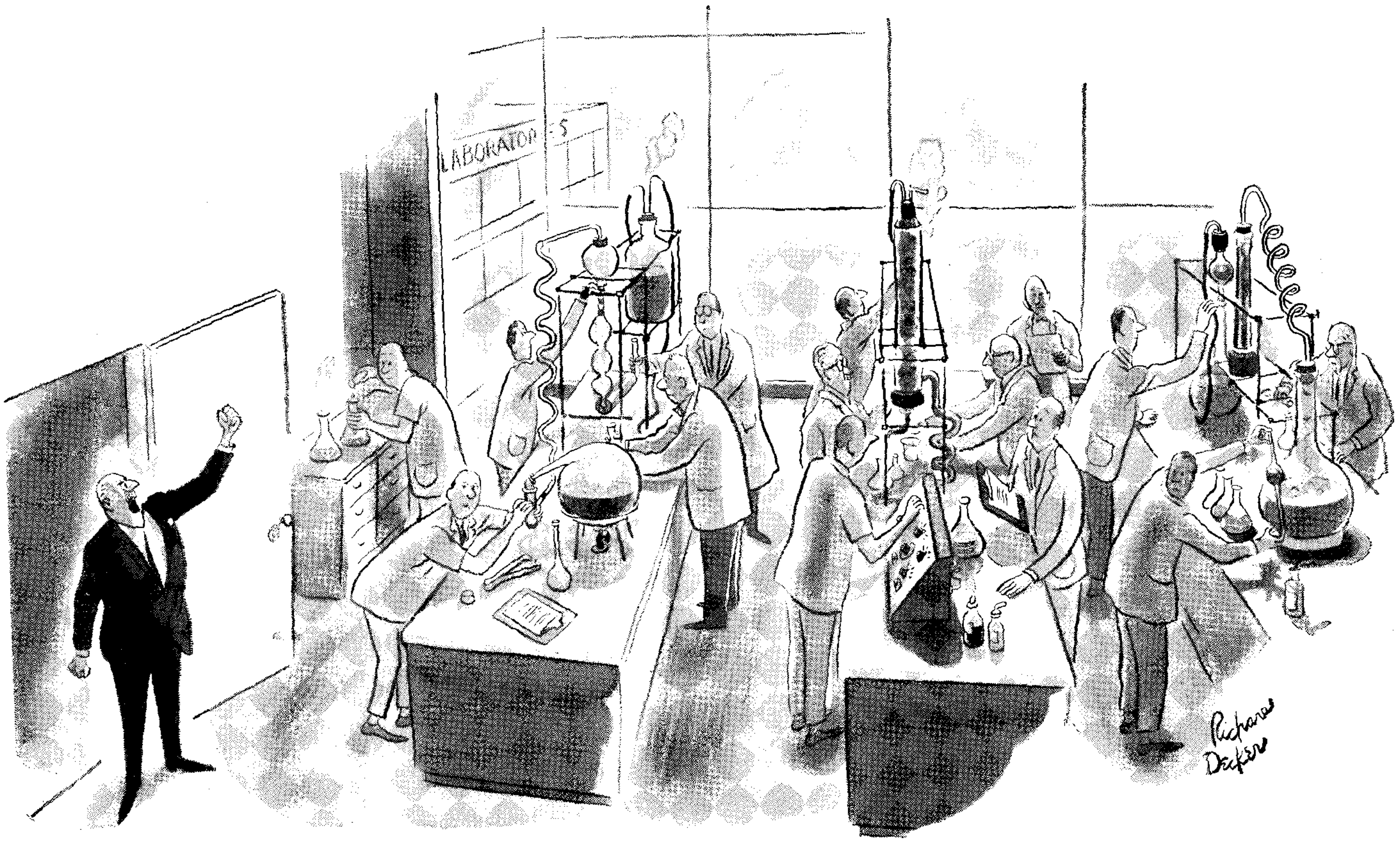
She washes; I suspend my apple.

“It is very noisy in these churches you have here.” She has been in this country for three years—her husband came before, and later sent for her and the children, mildly surprising her mother, who had other daughters and daughters’ kids similarly left but not reclaimed—and still she is bothered by noisy churches. Her family in Jamaica is Baptist. But when she goes to the Baptist church in Harlem, she is offended by the stamping and handclapping, by the shouted confessions and the tearful salvations. “They say wherever you go you are at home in your church. But we would never do that way at home.”

She lifts her arms from the tub and pushes the suds down over her wrists and hands. “But I will find a church.” The purity of her diction gives the words great strength. The tone and timbre would



“Since we must live in a world of haves and have-nots, let us be thankful we’re among the haves.”



"Listen, you all. It's about time a good loud 'Eureka!' was heard around here!"

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e fitting if she had said, "I will build a hurch."

Again she plunges her arms in suds. Do you ever go," she asks me, "to at church? To that Baptist church?"

Now is the time for me to tell her at my husband and I are Jewish—nd so, it occurs to me suddenly and surdly, is our three-month-old daugh-r, Susan.

It is coming to Christmas. I have al-ady mentioned to my husband that Irs. Cooper, who has said how her chil-en look forward to the tree, will won-r at our not having one for our child. don't feel like making any announce-ents," I tell my husband, "but I sup-se I should. She'll wonder."

"You don't owe her an explanation." y husband doesn't know how close, winter afternoons, a woman is drawn another woman who works in her use. It would surprise him to hear t I have already mentioned to Mrs. oper certain intimate details of my life, d that she has revealed to me a heart-e about her husband.

"But I think I'll tell her," I say. "Not n a spray of balsam. I'd rather have think us Godless than heartless."

My husband suggests, "Tell her ut Chanukah"—which with us is nor, because he knows I wouldn't w what to tell.

Mrs. Cooper stands before my tub in the lighted kitchen. I lean in the doorway, watching her. The kitchen window is black. Outside, it is a freezing four o'clock. Inside, time is suspended, as always when the baby sleeps. I smell the hot, soaped flannel, wrung out and heaped on the drainboard, waiting to be rinsed in three pure waters. "We don't attend church," I say. "We go—at least, my husband goes—to a synagogue. My husband and I are Jewish, Mrs. Cooper."

Mrs. Cooper looks into the tub. After a moment, she says, "That is all right." She fishes below a cream of suds, pulls up a garment, and unrolls a mitten sleeve. She wrings it and rubs it and plunges it down to soak. Loving work, as she performs it—mother's work. As I watch, my body seems to pass into her body.

I am glad that my reluctance to speak of synagogues at all has led me to speak while Mrs. Cooper is working. That is the right way. We never, I realize while she scrubs, still seeming to be listening, talk face to face. She is always looking somewhere else—at the washing or the baby's toy she is going to pick up. Being a shy person, I have drilled myself to stare people in the eyes when I speak. But Mrs. Cooper convinces me this is wrong. The face-to-face stare is for selling something, or for saying, "Look here, I don't like you and I never have liked you," or for answering, "Oh, no, Madam, we never accept for refund after eight days."

The time Mrs. Cooper told me her husband had stopped going to church altogether, she was holding Susan, and she uttered those exquisite and grieved tones—"He will not go with me, or alone, or at all *any more*"—straight into the baby's face, not mine.

Mrs. Cooper now pulls the stopper from the tub and the suds choke down. While she is waiting, she casts a sidelong look at me, which I sense rather than see, as I am examining my apple core. She likes to see the expression on my face after I have spoken, though not while I speak. She looks back at the sucking tub.

When Mrs. Cooper comes again on Friday, she tells me, as she measures formula into bottles, "My husband says we do not believe Christmas is Christ's birthday."

I, of course, do not look at her, except to snatch a glance out of the corner of my eye, while I fold diapers unnecessarily. Her expression is calm and bland, high round cheekbones shining, slightly slanted eyes narrowed to the measuring. "He was born, we believe, sometime in April." After a bit, she adds,

"We believe there is one God for everyone."

Though my husband has told me over and over again that this is what Jews say, Mrs. Cooper's words move me as though I have never heard them before. I murmur something about my work, and escape to my desk and my lance again.

Mrs. Cooper has quoted her husband to me several times. I am curious about him, as I am sure she is about my husband. She and my husband have at least met once or twice in the doorway, but I have only seen a snapshot of her husband: a stocky man with a mustache, who is as black as she, with no smiles for photographers. Mrs. Cooper has added, in the winter afternoons, certain details important to my picture.

Her husband plays cricket on Staten Island on Sundays and goes on vacations in the summer without her or the children, sometimes with the cricketers. But, to balance that, he brings her shrimps and rice when he returns at 1 A.M. from cricket-club meetings on Friday nights. His opinion of the bus strike in the city was that wages should go up but it was unfair to make bus riders suffer. About Elizabeth Taylor he thought it was all just nonsense; she was not even what he called pretty—more like skinny and ugly.

In most other respects, it seems to me, he is taking on the coloration of a zestful America-adopter. There are two kinds of immigrants, I observe. One kind loves everything about America, is happy to throw off the ways of the old country, and thereafter looks back largely with contempt. The other kind dislikes, compares, regrets, awakens to *Welt-* and *Ichschmerz* and feels the new life mainly as a loss of the old. Often, the two marry each other.

Mr. Cooper, though he still plays cricket, now enjoys baseball, the fights on television, his factory job and union card, and the bustle and opportunity of New York. I mention this last with no irony. Mr. Cooper's job opportunities here are infinitely better than in Jamaica, where there aren't employers even to turn him down. He goes to school two nights a week for technical training. He became a citizen three years ago, destroying his wife's hopes of returning to Jamaica in their young years. But she dreams of going back when they are old. She would have servants there, she told me. "Because there aren't enough jobs, servants are cheap." Her husband, in her dream, would have a job, and so they would also have a car. And a quiet, gossipy life. She likes to move slowly, and this, as she herself points out, is very nice for my baby.

Christmas Week comes, and we give Mrs. Cooper presents for her children. And since Christmas Day falls on the last of her regular three days a week, we pay her for her holiday at the end of the second day. "Merry Christmas, Mrs. Cooper," I say. "Have a happy holiday."

Mrs. Cooper looks with interest at the baby in my arms, whom she had a moment before handed over to me. Suddenly she laughs and ducks her knees. Her fingers fly with unaccustomed haste to her cheek and she asks, "What must I say to you?"

"You can wish me the same," I say. "We have a holiday. My husband gets the day off, too."

I AM glad that Mrs. Cooper has not grown reticent, since her embarrassment at Christmas, in speaking to me of holidays. Soon she is telling me how her children are looking forward to Easter. The oldest girl is preparing already for her part in a church play.

I fuss with the can of Enfamil, helping Mrs. Cooper this way when what I want is to help her another way. "Will your husband come to the play?" I ask casually.

"I am not sure," she says. After a while, "We haven't told him yet." Another little while. "Because it seems also he is against these plays." Then, with just enough of a pause to send those tones to my heart, she says, "I think he will not come."

Because the Judaeo-Christian tradition will have its little joke, Passover Week sometimes coincides with Easter Week, overlaying it like a reproach. It does the year Mrs. Cooper is with us. First, Good Friday, then in a few days is the first day of Passover.

"This year," my husband says, "because of Susie, to celebrate her first year with us, I want us to put a mezuzah outside our door before Passover."

"I'm not in favor." I manage to say it quietly.

"You don't understand enough about it," my husband says.

"I understand that much."

"Do you know what a mezuzah is? Do you know what's in it?" Taking my silence as an admission of ignorance, my husband produces a Bible. "Deuteronomy," he says. He reads:

> "Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God, the
> Lord is one.
> And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with
> all thy heart, and with all thy soul,
> and with all thy might.
> And these words, which I command thee
> this day, shall be upon thy heart:
> And thou shalt teach them diligently unto
> thy children, and shalt talk of them
> when thou sittest in thy house, and
> when thou walkest by the way, and
> when thou liest down, and when thou
> risest up. . . ."

All this and more is written on a parchment that is rolled up tight and fitted into the metal or wooden mezuzah, which is no more than two inches high and less than half an inch across and is

DAVID LANGDON

mounted on a base for fastening to the doorframe. My husband finishes his reading.

> "And thou shalt write them upon the door posts of thine house, and upon thy gates: That your days may be multiplied, and the days of your children, upon the land which the Lord swore unto your fathers to give them, as the days of the heavens upon the earth."

The words might move me if I allowed them to, but I will not allow them to.

My husband closes the Bible and asks, "What did your family observe? What was Passover like?"

"My grandfather sat on a pillow, and I was the youngest, so I found the matzos and he gave me money."

"No questions? No answers?"

"Just one. I would ask my grandfather, 'Where is my prize?' And he would laugh and give me money."

"Is that all?" my husband asks.

"That was a very nice ceremony in itself," I say. "And I remember it with pleasure, and my grandfather with love!"

"But besides the food, besides the children's game. Didn't your grandparents observe anything?"

"I don't remember."

"You sat at their table for eighteen years!"

"Well, my grandmother lit Friday-night candles, and that was something I think she did all her life. But she did it by herself, in the breakfast room."

"Didn't they go to a synagogue?"

"My grandmother did. My grandfather did, too, but then I remember he stopped. He'd be home on holidays, not at the services."

"Your parents didn't tell you anything?"

"My parents were the next generation," I say. "And I'm the generation after that. We evolved," I say—and luckily that is also humor between my husband and me.

But my husband rubs his head. It's different now, and not so funny, because this year we have Susan.

My husband was born in Europe, of an Orthodox family. He is neither Orthodox nor Reform. He is his own council of rabbis, selecting as he goes. He has plenty to say about the influence of America on Jewishness, Orthodox or not. "The European Jew," my husband says, "didn't necessarily feel that if he rose in the social or economic scale he had to stop observing his Jewishness. There were even a number of wealthy and prominent German Jews who were strictly observant."

"I'm sure that helped them a lot!" This is as close as I come to speaking of the unspeakable. Somewhere in the monstrous testimony I have read about concentration camps and killings are buried the small, intense lives of my husband's family. But why is it I am more bitter than my husband about his own experiences? And why should my bitterness cut the wrong way? It is the word "German" that does it to me. My soul knots in hate. "German!" Even the softening, pathetic sound of "Jew" that follows it now doesn't help. All words fail. If I could grasp words, I would come on words that would jump so to life they would jump into my heart and kill me. All I can do is make a fantasy. Somewhere in New York I will meet a smiling German. In his pocket smile the best export accounts in the city—he is from the land of scissors and knives and ground glass. Because I am surprisingly fair, he will be oh, so surprised when I strike at him with all my might. "For the children! For the children!" My words come out shrieks. He protests it was his duty and, besides, he didn't know. I am all leaking, dissolving. How can a mist break stone? Once we exchange words it is hopeless; the words of the eyewitness consume everything, as in a fire:

> The children were covered with sores. . . . They screamed and wept all night in the empty rooms where they had been put. . . . Then the police would go up and the children, screaming with terror, would be carried kicking and struggling to the courtyard.

How is it my husband doesn't know that after this there can be no mezuzahs?

"It's too painful to quarrel," my husband says. He puts his hands on my shoulders, his forehead against mine. "This is something I want very much. And you feel for me. I know you feel for me in this."

"Yes, I do, of course I do." I use Mrs. Cooper's trick, and even at that close range twist my head elsewhere. "Only that particular symbol—"

"No, with you it's all the symbols." My husband drops his hands from my shoulders. "You don't know enough about them to discard them."

I don't have the right to judge them—that is what I feel he means. Since I was not even scorched by the flames of their futility. As he was, and came out cursing less than I.

"But besides everything else"—I take hasty shelter in practicalness—"a mezuzah is ugly. I remember that ugly tin thing nailed to the door of my grandmother's room. If I spend three weeks picking out a light fixture for my foyer, why should I have something so ugly on my door?"

Then, as my husband answers, I see that this shabby attack has fixed my defeat, because he is immediately reasonable. "Now, that's something else. I won't argue aesthetics with you. The outer covering is of no importance. I'll find something attractive."

The next night my husband brings home a mezuzah made in the East. It is a narrow green rectangle, twice the normal size, inlaid with mosaic and outlined in brass. It does not look Jewish to me at all. It looks foreign—a strange bit of green enamel and brass.

"I don't like it," I say. "I'm sorry."

"But it's only the idea you don't like?" My husband smiles teasingly. "In looks, you at least relent?"

"It doesn't look bad," I admit.

"Well, that is the first step." I am happy to see the mezuzah disappear in his dresser drawer before we go in to our dinner.

When Mrs. Cooper comes next day, she asks, "What have you on your door?"

I step out to look, and at first have the impression that a praying mantis has somehow hatched out of season high on our doorway. Then I recognize it. "Oh, that's—" I say. "That's . . ." I find I cannot explain a mezuzah to someone who has never heard of one.

While Mrs. Cooper changes her clothes, I touch the mezuzah to see if it will fall off. But my husband has glued it firmly to the metal doorframe.

My husband's office works a three-quarter day on Good Friday. I ask Mrs. Cooper if she would like time off, but she says no, her husband will be home ahead of her to look after things. I have the impression she would rather be here.

My husband comes home early, bestowing strangeness on the rhythm of the house in lieu of celebration. I kiss him and put away his hat. "Well, that was a nasty thing to do." I say it lazily and with a smirk. The lazy tone is to show that I am not really involved, and the smirk that I intend to swallow it down like bad medicine. He will have his way, but I will have my say—that's all I mean. My say will be humorous, with just a little cut to it, as is proper between husband and wife. He will cut back a little, with a grin, and after Mrs. Cooper goes we will have our peaceful dinner. The conversation will meander, never actually pricking sore points, but winding words about them, making pads and cushions, so that should they ever bleed, there, already softly wrapped around them, will be the bandages our words wove. Weave enough of these bandages and nothing will ever smash, I say. I always prepare in advance a last line, too, so that I will know where to stop. "When mezuzahs last in the doorway bloomed," I will say tonight. And then I expect us both to laugh.

But where has he been all day? The same office, the same thirty-minute subway ride to and from each way, the same lunch with the same cronies. . . . But he has travelled somewhere else in his head. "Doesn't anything mean anything to you?" he says, and walks by me to the bedroom.

I follow with a bandage, but it slips from my hand. "I know a lot of women who would have taken that right down!" It is something of a shout, to my surprise.

He says nothing.

"I left it up. All I wanted was my say."

He says nothing.

"I live here, too. That's my door also."

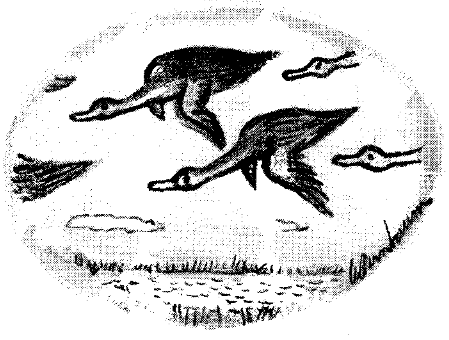
He says nothing.

"And I don't like it!"

I hear a loud smashing of glass. It brings both our heads up. My husband is the first to understand. "Mrs. Cooper broke a bottle." He puts his arms around me and says, "Let's not quarrel about a doorway. Let's not quarrel at all, but especially not about the entrance to our home."

I lower my face into his tie. What's a mezuzah? Let's have ten, I think, so long as nothing will smash.

Later, I reproach myself. I am in the living room, straightening piles of magazines, avoiding both kitchen and bedroom. A woman, I think, is the one creature who builds satisfaction of the pleasure she gets from giving in. What might the world be if women would continue the dialogue? But no, they must give in and be satisfied. Nevertheless, I don't intend to take back what I've given in on and thereby give up what I've gained.



I am aware of Mrs. Cooper, boiling formula in the kitchen, and of my baby, registering in sleep her parents' first quarrel since her birth. "What must I say to you?" I think of saying to my daughter—Mrs. Cooper's words come naturally to my mind.

I go to the kitchen doorway and look at Mrs. Cooper. Her face indicates deaf and dumb. She is finishing the bottles.

When Mrs. Cooper is dressed and ready to leave, she looks into the living room. "I am saying good night."

"I hope you and your family will have a happy Easter," I say, smiling for her.

I know in advance that Mrs. Cooper will ask, "What must I say to you?"

This time she asks it soberly, and this time my husband, who has heard, comes in to tell Mrs. Cooper the story of Passover. As always in the traditional version, there is little mention of Moses, the Jews having set down from the beginning not the tragedy of one but their intuition for the tragedy of many.

When my husband leaves us, Mrs. Cooper takes four wrapped candies from the candy bowl on the desk, holds them up to be sure I see her taking them, and puts them in her purse. "I do hope everything will be all right," she says.

"Oh, yes," I say, looking at the magazines. "It was such a help today. I

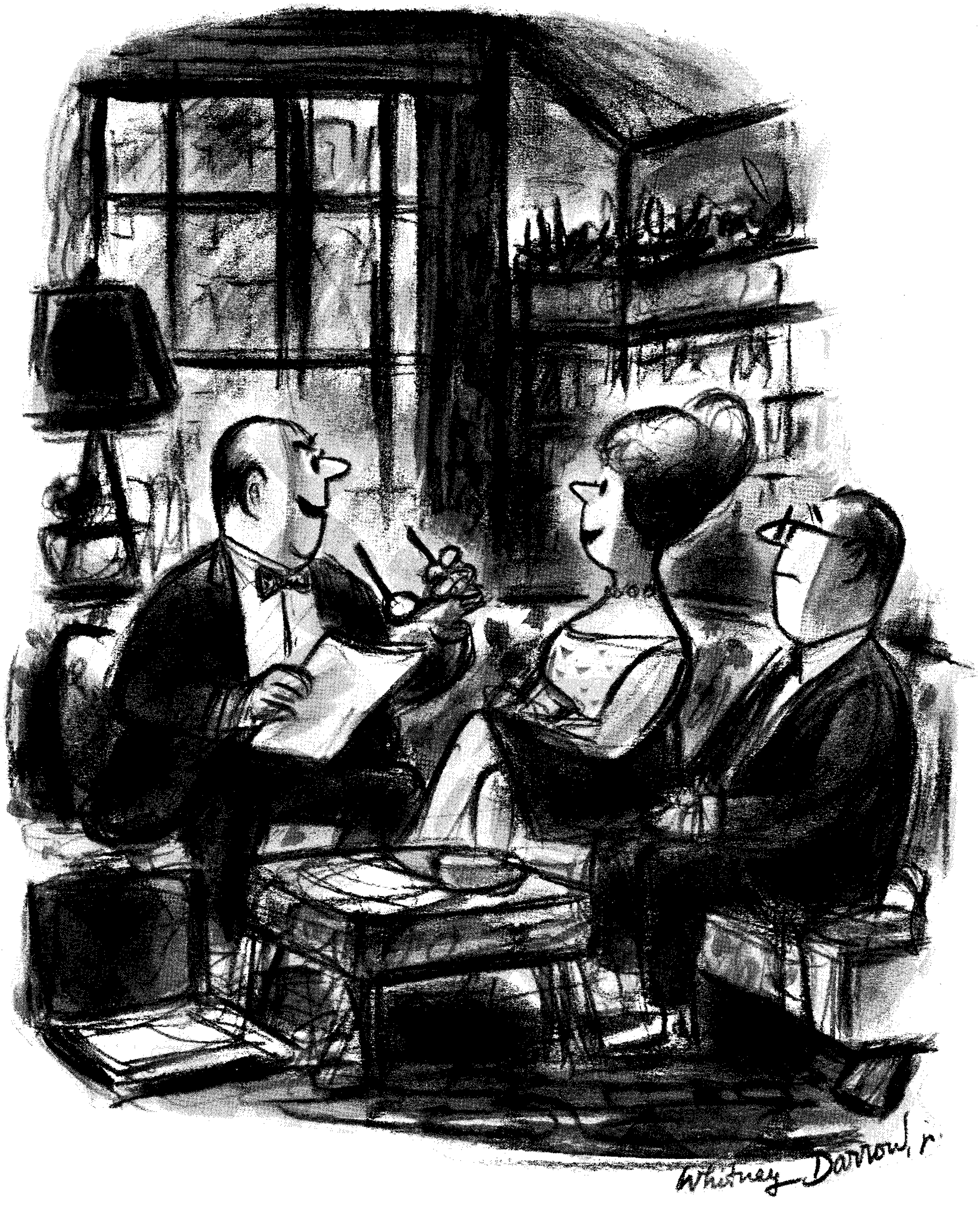
HITCHHIKER

Each man to his forced march; this is mine.
In the end, everything runs out, runs
Under the wheels—a bandage unwinding
On the center line. Sometimes when my ribs clang
Like a metal signpost at the edge of town,
And so much of the dark I cannot shut out
Crawls with me into my sleeping bag,
I try to think where the owl goes.
For years now my life has taken
No sharp turns, no climb, no detour,
But moves in neutral down
This smooth tar lane, one way.

The towns en route, the festooned, blazing towns,
Are they dreams in my sleep, vanished
On waking? Even so, watching that white line
Grow thin and luminous,
I feel the moon's hub unhinge from center
And roll berserk.

—JACK MARSHALL

• •



"On the other hand, if Mr. Craig goes first, and you've elected Plan B, you'll really be sitting pretty."

• •

got so much work done. Thank you."

I hear that she is motionless.

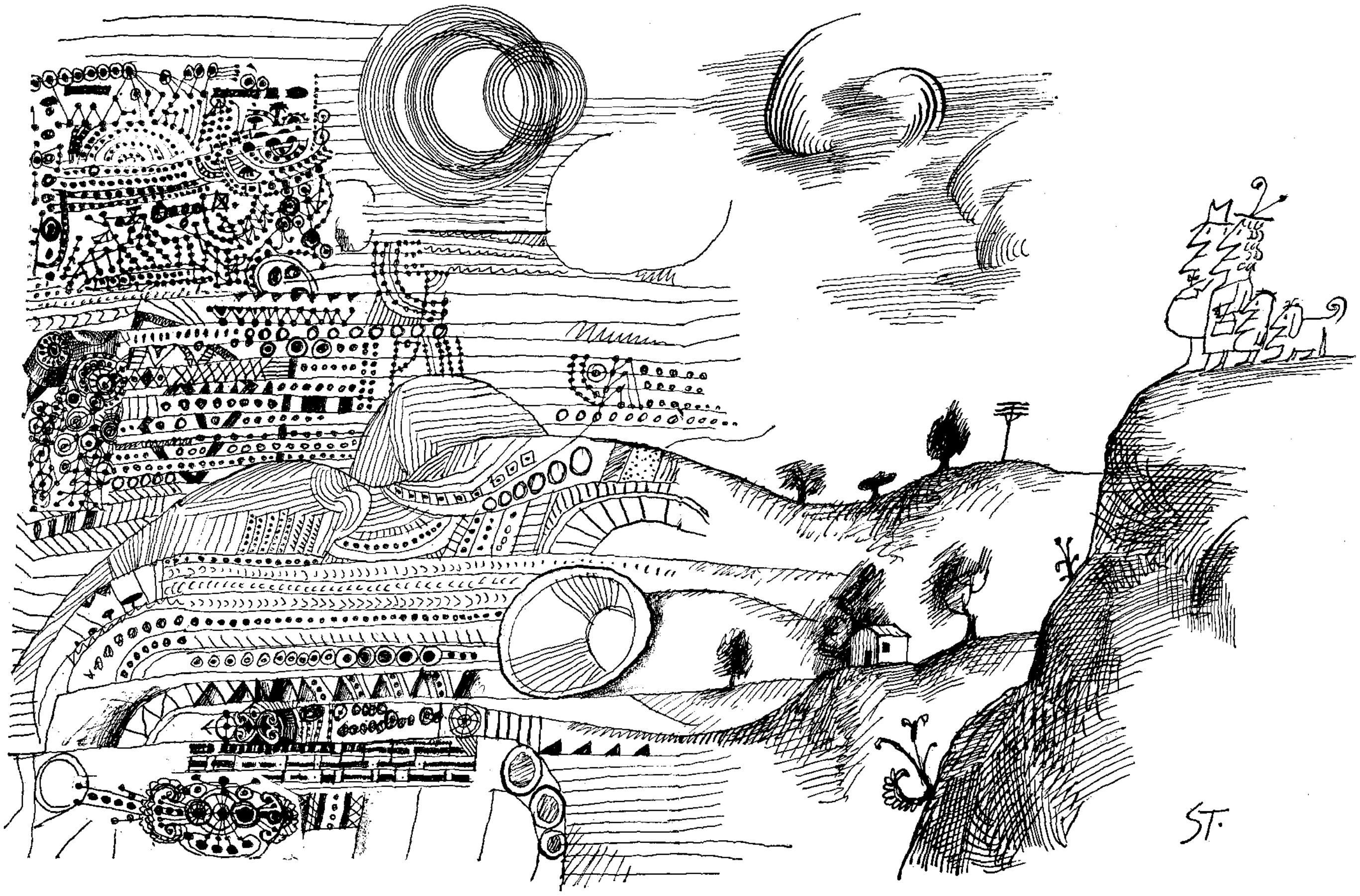
"I will not be like this all the days of my life." It is a cry from the heart, stunningly articulated. I lift my head from the magazines, and this time I do stare. Not be like what? A Jamaican without a servant? A wife who never vacations? An exile? A baby nurse? A woman who gives in? What Mrs. Cooper might not want to be flashes up in a lightning jumble. "I am going to find a church," she says, and strains her face away from mine.

I think of all the descriptions of God I have ever heard—that He is jealous, loving, vengeful, waiting, teaching, forgetful, permissive, broken-hearted, asleep.

Mrs. Cooper and I wish each other a pleasant weekend. —NORMA ROSEN

PROFILES

THE ANALYTICAL ENGINE—II



THE electronic computer, young as it is, has come to play a role in modern life something like that played in other times by the oracles of Greece and Rome. There is a widespread belief that if one puts a question to, say, the UNIVAC, it will perform a swarm of bizarre manipulations—comparable to the generating of the vapors in the chasm at Delphi—and come up, in oracular fashion, with the answer. It is more realistic, if less awe-inspiring, to look upon the electronic computer as an overgrown arithmetic machine. It can add, subtract, multiply, and divide, and it can perform long sequences of additions, subtractions, multiplications, and divisions, in highly complicated arrangements; it can also modify the course of a calculation as it goes along—that is, choose which of several steps to take next in accordance with the way some previous step came out. Fundamentally, though, all this comes down to arithmetic, and, arithmetically speaking, the distinction between a schoolboy doing a multiplication a minute and a computer doing a hundred thousand multiplications a second is only one of degree. In practice, of course, there is a great difference, for one can turn over to a machine problems of much greater complexity than one would ever think of turning over to a team of expert human computers, let alone a schoolboy. In attempting to forecast the results of an election, for example, one may feed into the computer a vast array of data about prior elections, which the machine can compare almost instantly with corresponding data about the election at hand. This is a purely numerical process, and, given enough time, human computers could make exactly the same comparisons and obtain exactly the same forecasts. Obviously, any such forecasts are only as reliable as the statistical data that go into them. The computer does not invent its own data, and it makes about as much sense to ridicule a computer for coming up with a wrong forecast on the basis of poor data as it does to attribute prescience to the machine for making the right forecast on the basis of good data. The machine in either case is merely an instrument, deserving neither praise nor blame.

My own experience with computers has been that of a theoretical physicist. Frequently, I have run into numerical problems that would have taken weeks of dreary "hand" computation, if, indeed, I could have persisted through to the end at all. Electronic computers do such jobs in a matter of minutes, and after submitting a few problems to the machines I came to regard them with enormous respect. Until recently, however, I did not know enough about computers to approach them head on, and I did not have to, for each of the laboratories I worked in had a group of computer experts who would listen to my problems and then serve as intermediaries between the machines and me. Early this year, however, curiosity got the better of me, and I took a short course in the art of programming, or setting up problems for the machines. After that, I went to the library and borrowed a few books on the history and design of the new machines.

It wasn't long before I realized that the subject of computers is divided, broadly speaking, into two parts. One has to do with the machine's "hardware"—its specific electronic components and circuits—and the other has to do with its logical design; that is, the organization of the available components, whatever they may be. In practice, of course, the two aspects are connected; it would not be of much use to design a machine whose circuitry was beyond the scope of existing technology. However, as I went on reading about computers, I came to understand that one can grasp the principles of their logical organization without understanding very deeply how the hardware functions. Indeed, I found out, to my astonishment, that in the nineteenth century, before electricity had been put to use, an English mathematician and inventor named Charles Babbage had drawn up a detailed design for a machine, to be called the Analytical Engine, that could perform all the operations involved in what mathematicians refer to as analysis. Of course, the hardware that Babbage envisioned was completely different from that of today's computers—for one thing, he would presumably have had to operate his engine on steam power—but he thought out exactly what elements are needed in a computer and how they should be connected. The fact that Babbage could draw up plans for a mechanical computer, with gears and wheels, shows that the logical structure of computers has essentially nothing to do with electronics, though, of course, electronics has produced computer parts that are enormously more efficient than anything even Babbage could have imagined.

All computers, including the one designed by Babbage, consist of four basic elements. In the first place, there must be some mechanism for getting data and instructions into the machine and for getting answers out—some link, that is, between the machine and the human programmer. Today, there are a variety of methods for establishing this link. For instance, to consider just input, data may be recorded on punch cards or magnetic tape, which can be fed into the computer and "read" by it electronically. In either case, the numbers and letters in the programmer's language are translated into coded patterns, and the coded patterns, in turn, are translated by the electronics of the machine into patterns of electrical pulses. These patterns must be stored somewhere in the machine until they are needed, and the second basic element in the machine must be a memory—a "store," as Babbage called it. In most modern machines, the memory that stores numbers consists of a great many tiny magnets that respond to the patterns of electrical pulses. Given a memory, the machine must have some arrangement for manipulating stored numbers. For example, if two such numbers are to be added, there must be a part of the machine in which the actual addition can take place. Babbage called this part of his machine the "mill;" it is now called the arithmetic unit. A modern arithmetic unit is a complex of special circuits designed to combine the patterns of electrical pulses corresponding to the individual numbers into new patterns of pulses, corresponding to the results of the arithmetical operation. Finally, there must be an element that controls the entire sequence of operations. This control unit—another complex of special circuits—not only arranges for numbers to be brought into and out of the memory but guides the whole sequence of arithmetic operations, and it does all this on the basis of a program drawn up by a human programmer. It is one of the triumphs of modern electronics that circuits that do all these things have been designed and produced, and it is a tribute to Babbage that he envisioned how the same things could have been done by a collection of gears and wheels and levers.

Babbage's work was an enigma to most of his contemporaries; in fact, practically the only one of them who seems really to have understood it was his friend Ada Augusta, Countess of Lovelace, "the only daughter of the house and heart" of the poet Byron. Lady Lovelace wrote a lucid account of Babbage's Engine, and she predicted that when, or if, it was built, it would give rise to misunderstandings of just the sort that modern computers actually have given rise to. Specifically, she warned:

> It is desirable to guard against the possibility of exaggerated ideas that might arise as to the powers of the Analytical Engine. In considering any new subject, there is frequently a tendency, first to *overrate* what we find to be already interesting or remarkable; and, secondly, by a sort of natural reaction, to *undervalue* the true state of the case, when we do discover that our notions have surpassed those that were really tenable.
>
> The Analytical Engine has no pretensions whatever to *originate* anything. It can do whatever we *know how to order it* to perform. It can *follow* analysis; but it has no power of *anticipating* any analytical relations or truths. Its province is to assist us in making *available* what we are already acquainted with.

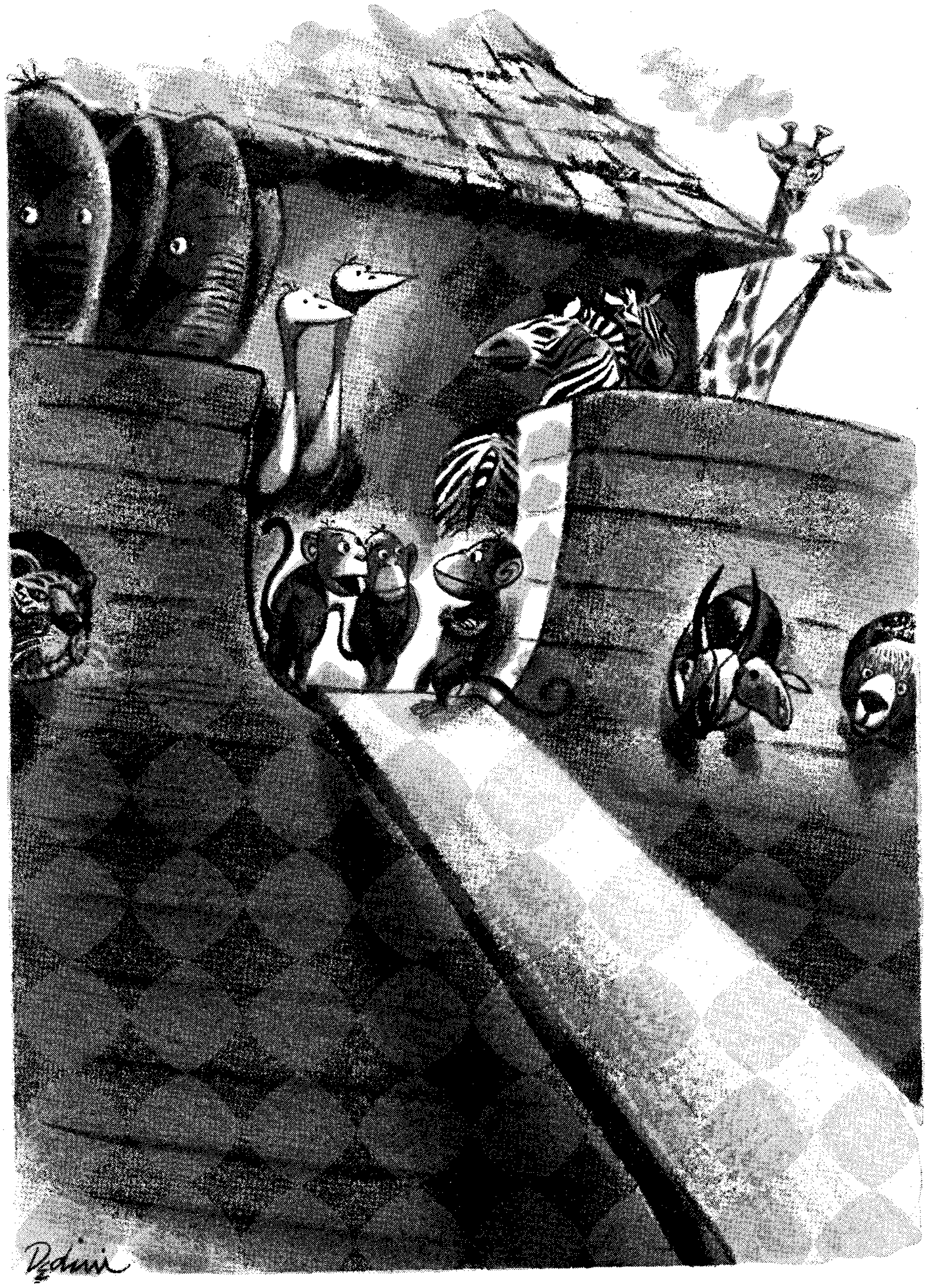
AFTER Babbage's death, his ideas on the organization of computing machines were forgotten, and the few parts of the Analytical Engine that had actually been constructed became museum curiosities. Indeed, the first large,

"You're in luck. I've got through to them both. Who do you want to talk to first, Mencken or Fitzgerald?"

modern calculators were not at all what Babbage had in mind. These machines were analogue calculators—calculators in which numbers correspond to mechanical or electrical analogues, or models. For example, if a wooden block of a certain size or an electric charge of a certain magnitude stands for the number 1, then a block or a charge that is twice as big stands for 2, and so on. Different analogue calculators employ different types of analogues, and their organization varies, but in all of them a number is represented by some kind of measurable quantity. By contrast, what Babbage proposed to build was a digital computer—that is, a computer that works directly with numbers, just as one does in ordinary arithmetic; in a digital machine one block might stand for 1, two blocks of the same size might stand for 2, and so on. To put it briefly: An analogue calculator measures. A digital computer counts.

In 1925, at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Dr. Vannevar Bush and some associates succeeded in making a large-scale analogue calculator. It had electric motors, but otherwise it was entirely mechanical. The quantities being computed were represented by the number of degrees through which certain gears had rotated, and this meant that the accuracy of the computations was limited by the precision with which the angles could be measured. In 1935, the M.I.T. group began designing a second model, which introduced, along with other improvements, an electrical method for measuring the angles. This model was completed in 1942, but the fact was kept secret until the end of the war, because the Bush machines were extensively used for the computation of artillery firing tables. (A rumor was deliberately circulated that it had been impossible to finish the new model.) Computing the tables involved solving "ordinary" differential equations—equations with just one variable—and the machines were reasonably fast, by human standards; solving a typical equation, which might have taken a human computer a week, took the machines about half an hour. However, as is true of all analogue calculators, there were intrinsic limitations to their flexibility. Most problems in physics and engineering involve the solution of partial differential equations, equations with many variables—something entirely beyond the capacity of the Bush calculators.

In 1937, Howard Aiken, who is now a professor of information technology at the University of Miami, in Florida, and president of Howard Aiken Industries, Inc., with headquarters in New York, and was then a graduate student in physics, began work on his Ph.D. thesis. The theoretical aspects of the thesis involved the solution of so-called nonlinear ordinary differential equations, which could be done only by means of numerical approximation, and the computations needed to reach these approximate solutions proved to be extremely long. Aiken began considering possible methods of doing the computations on machines, and he soon invented a machine that would evaluate simple polynomials. After a year or two, during which he invented variations on this machine that would solve more complex kinds of problems, it occurred to him that all these machines were, in their logical organization, essentially identical, and he started thinking about the construction of a single general-purpose machine, capable of dealing with any of the problems. He was able to get support for his project from the International



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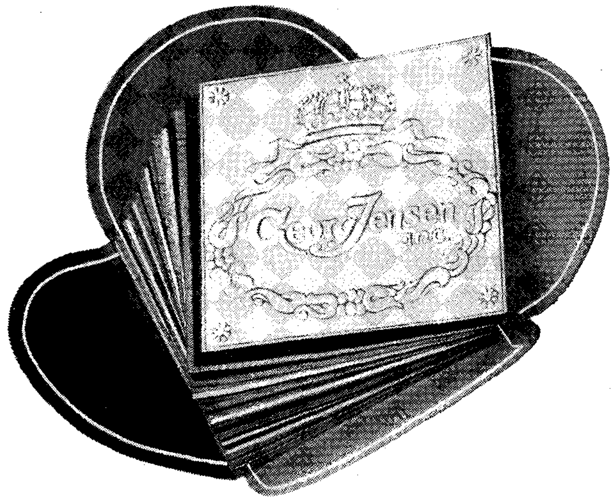

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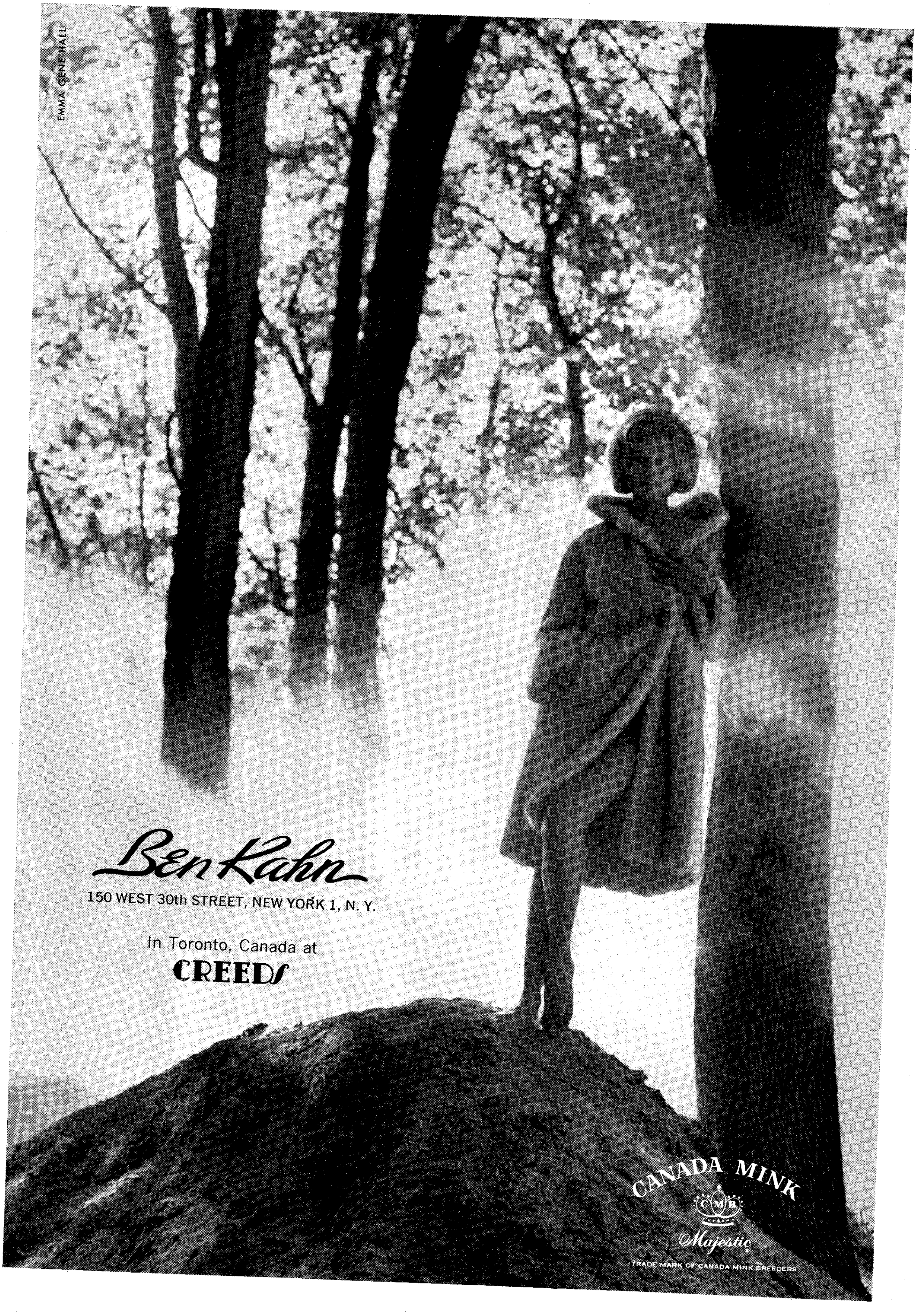
Business Machines Corporation, and in 1939 work on the machine—the Automatic Sequence Controlled Calculator, Mark I, as it became known—was begun at I.B.M. in a collaboration between Aiken and four I.B.M. engineers named J. W. Bryce, C. D. Lake, B. M. Durfee, and F. E. Hamilton. The Mark I was completed in 1944, and was put into operation at Harvard. About three years after Professor Aiken began working on computers, he discovered Babbage. He was startled to find that he and Babbage had been preoccupied by the same problems. As Professor Aiken put it recently, "If Babbage had lived seventy-five years later, I would have been out of a job." In fact, the operating manual of the Mark I begins with a quotation from Babbage's autobiography, "Passages from the Life of a Philosopher": "If, unwarned by my example, any man shall succeed in constructing an engine embodying in itself the whole of the executive department of mathematical analysis . . . I have no fear of leaving my reputation in his charge, for he alone will be able fully to appreciate the nature of my efforts and the value of their results." When Professor Aiken first came across these lines, he felt that Babbage was addressing him personally from the past.

The Mark I was designed to perform computations by following automatically—that is, without manual intervention on the part of the machine operator—a sequence of instructions that had been prepared for it by a programmer. The instructions were fed into it on a punched paper tape, and the numbers on which the instructions were to operate were stored in registers. One might wish to give the machine an instruction like this: "Take a number out of Register 32, put the number into Register 64, and then read the next line on the coding tape." This instruction would appear in the form of the sequence of numbers 32647, in which the 7 was the code for instructing the machine to read the next line, while 32 and 64 referred to the "addresses"—the particular registers—in which the numbers had been stored. Computations were broken down into small steps, and each step had to be expressed in terms of the primitive instructions that the machine could follow. As machine computations generally involve an enormous number of steps, the programmer had to go about writing down meticulously a very long sequence of such instructions—a tedious business.

The Mark I was electro-mechanical; the basic operations were performed by mechanical parts that were controlled



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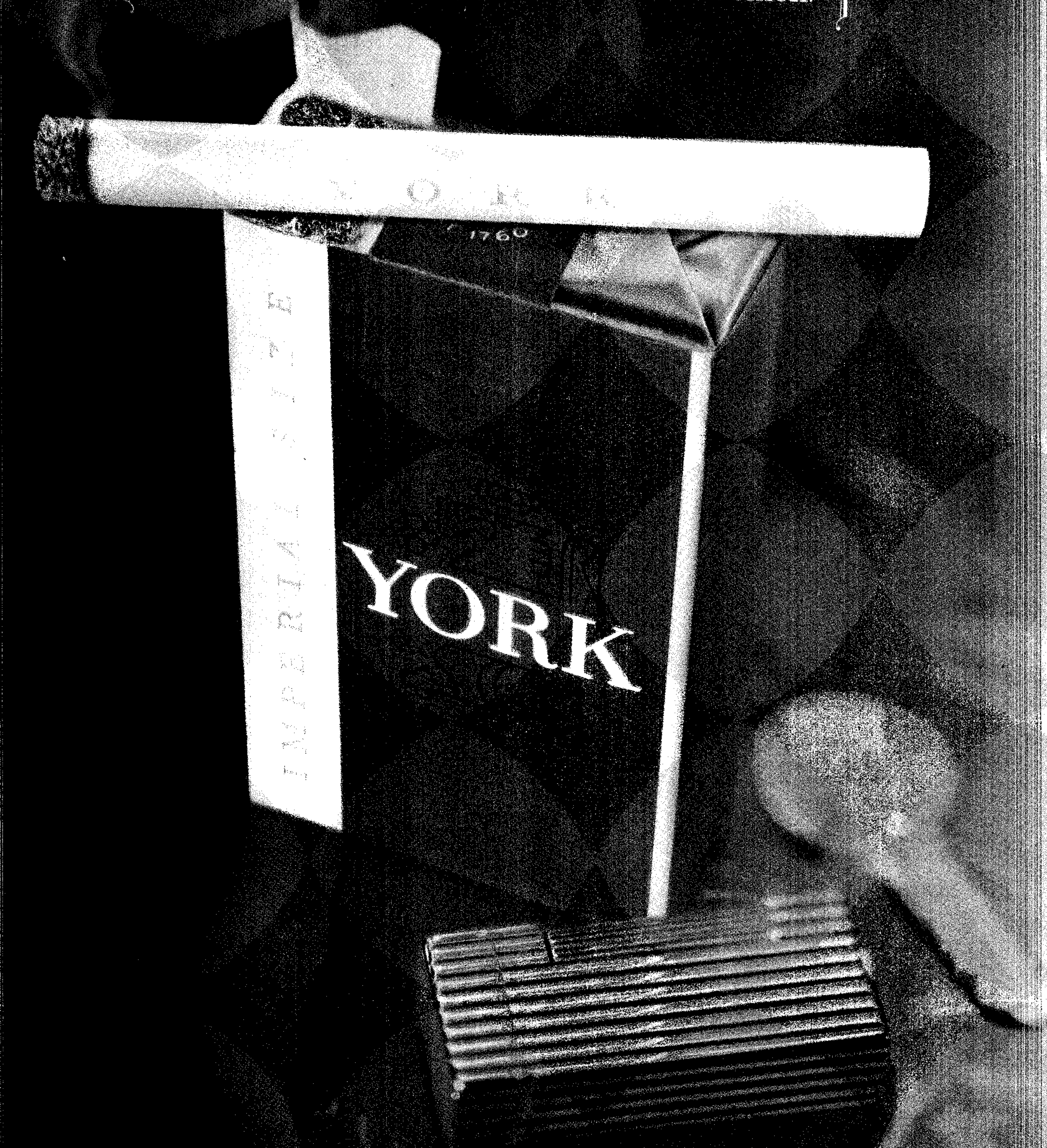
electrically. Typical of these was the ordinary telephone relay—a device in which a metal bar attached to a spring can be raised by the pulling action of an electromagnet. When the magnet is turned off, the bar falls, completing a circuit. Such relays were used not only in the Mark I but also in some smaller computing devices that were under development at about the same time at Bell Telephone Laboratories, under the direction of Dr. George R. Stibitz, an engineer there. The Mark I used about three thousand of the relays. Like most mechanical devices, and unlike the basic electronic devices of today, they were relatively large and slow. Each relay was about an inch long, and could be opened or closed in about a hundredth of a second. It took some four and a half seconds for the Mark I to multiply two twenty-three-digit numbers—the largest numbers it could handle. What with its relays and other mechanical parts, the Mark I's calculating was audible. As a student at Harvard, I used to drop in now and then and have a look at it. It was situated in a red brick structure just behind the physics building, and when it was working, one could go in and listen to the gentle clicking of the relays, which sounded like a roomful of ladies knitting.

It would not be completely unreasonable to say that by the time the Mark I machine went into operation, it was almost obsolete. (This is not meant as a reflection on the machine; it operated for more than fifteen years and turned out quantities of mathematical tables that are still being used.) However, about a year earlier, at the Moore School of Electrical Engineering of the University of Pennsylvania, Dr. J. Presper Eckert, an electrical engineer, and Dr. John Mauchly, a physicist, had begun work on the ENIAC—the Electronic Numerical Integrator And Calculator. This was the first electronic computer, for instead of relays and other semi-mechanical devices Eckert and Mauchly used vacuum tubes. The current in a tube is composed of flowing electrons, and changing the tube's state involves stopping or starting the flow. These electrons have a tiny mass as compared to the mass of the iron bar that has to be moved when a telephone relay is switched. In a vacuum tube, very strong electrical forces are brought to bear on the electrons, giving them very high accelerations in extremely short times, and the state of the tube can be changed in about a millionth of a second. By the time the first model of the ENIAC was ready for opera-

a·dult′ "Grown-up, mature in age, size, strength, etc.; of or for grown men and women."



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tion, early in 1946, it was by far the most complex electronic device in the world.

A large factor in the decision to build the ENIAC was military pressure. In 1943, the Moore School and the Aberdeen Proving Ground, in Maryland, were conducting a joint project involving the computation of artillery firing tables for the Army. The Moore School contingent, which used a Bush analogue computer and employed a hundred girls to do hand computations as a necessary adjunct to the machine operations, was under the command of a young first lieutenant in the Army Ordnance Corps named Herman H. Goldstine, who had been an assistant professor of mathematics at the University of Michigan before the war. Not long ago, I went to see Dr. Goldstine, who is now director of mathematical research at the I.B.M. Thomas J. Watson Research Center, in Yorktown Heights, and he told me that the results produced by the hundred girls and the machine were not very satisfactory—that, indeed, by the time Eckert and Mauchly began work on the ENIAC the situation had become "desperate." Back in the summer of 1942, Mauchly had written an informal report on the possibilities of making an electronic computer. In the course of things, the report got lost. Early in 1943, Mauchly and Eckert reconstructed it from a secretary's shorthand notes, and Eckert added an appendix containing some explicit suggestions as to how Mauchly's ideas might be embodied in electronic hardware. Dr. Goldstine, who was serving as liaison officer between the Moore School group and Army Ordnance, decided to try to get the backing of Army Ordnance for the project. On April 9, 1943, there was a meeting—attended by, among other people, Colonel Leslie E. Simon, then director of the Ballistic Research Laboratory at Aberdeen, and Professor Oswald Veblen, of the Institute for Advanced Study, at Princeton, who was one of this country's most distinguished mathematicians—at which the potentialities of the ENIAC were discussed. After hearing about the machine, Veblen stood up and said, "Simon, back that thing!" The Army backed it.

Strangely, there was nothing in the completed ENIAC that could not have been put together at least a decade before the war, if anyone had had the incentive to do it. Early in 1962, Harold Bergstein, who was then editor of a magazine called *Datamation*, interviewed Eckert and Mauchly. Part of

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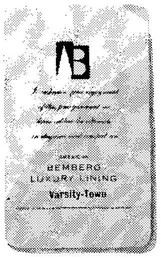

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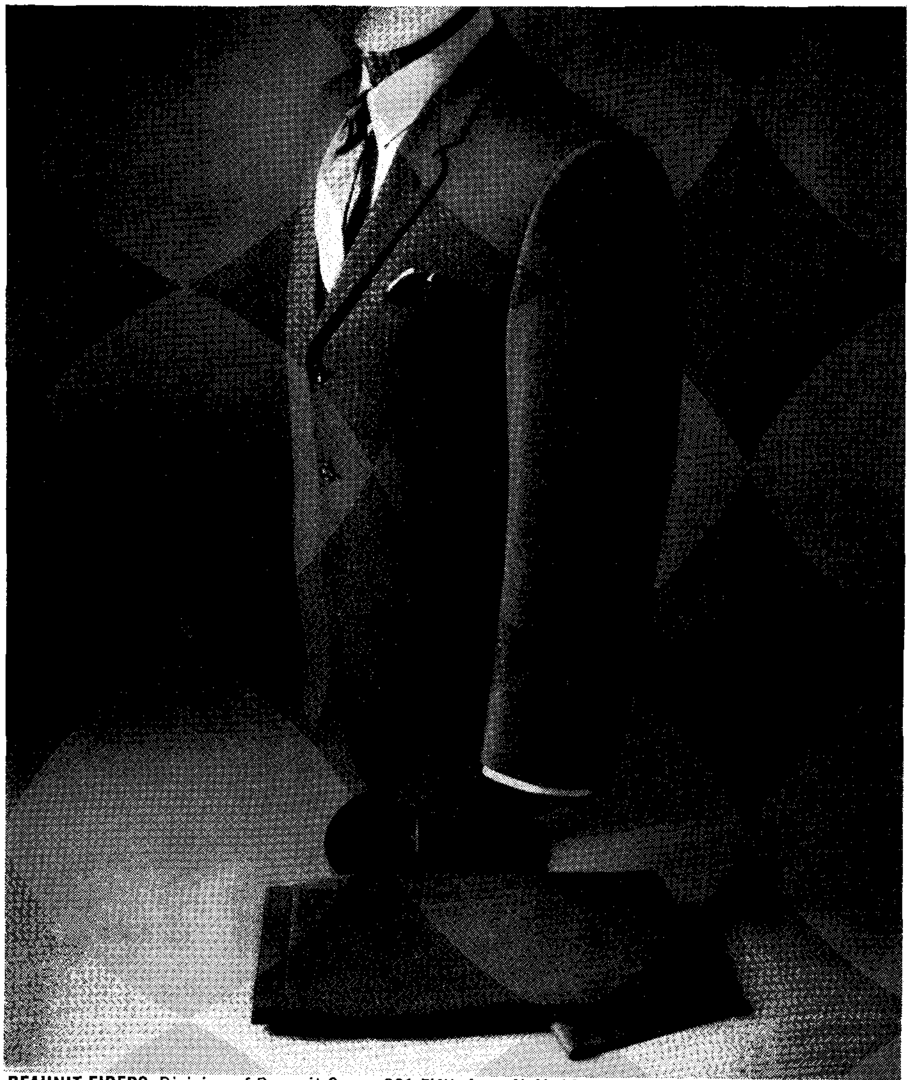

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the interview, as published, went this way:

Bergstein: Since the ENIAC was a direct result of your efforts and government money during World War Two, when would you speculate that the [electronic] digital computer might have been invented (a) if there had been no war, and (b) if there were no Eckert and Mauchly to invent it?

Eckert: I think you certainly would have had computers about the same time. There are a lot of things which cannot linger long without being born. Actually, calculus was invented simultaneously by two different individuals. It's been the history of invention over and over again that when things are kind of ready for invention, then somebody does it.

What puzzles me most is that there wasn't anything in the ENIAC in the way of components that wasn't available 10 and possibly 15 years before.... The ENIAC could have been invented 10 or 15 years earlier and the real question is, why wasn't it done sooner?

Mauchly: In part, the demand wasn't there. The demand, of course, is a curious thing. People may need something without knowing that they need it.

In the summer of 1944, the late Professor John von Neumann, who was then a consultant to the group engaged on the atomic-bomb project at Los Alamos, started working in the field of electronic computing; his job at Los Alamos was to find techniques for performing the immensely involved numerical computations that were necessary in the design of nuclear weapons. By any standard, von Neumann, who died in 1957, at the age of fifty-three, was one of the most creative and versatile scientists of the twentieth century. He began his career as a chemical engineer, and though he turned to pure mathematics and theoretical physics, he retained a profound feeling for engineering practicalities. Indeed, his contributions to computing machines ranged from articulating the general logical theory of their design to working out the details of the construction of specific circuit elements. Von Neumann was born in Budapest, and after receiving his Doctor's degree, in 1926, he was a *Privatdozent* first in Berlin and then in Hamburg. He came to the United States in 1930 and spent three years at Princeton University. Then, in 1933, he became one of the first permanent members of the Institute for Advanced Study (Einstein was another of the original members), and he remained there until the summer of 1955, when he was appointed to the Atomic Energy Commission. A great deal of von Neumann's work in mathematics was inspired by problems that arose in the mathematical formulation of physics. He was able to take apparently unrelated concepts in

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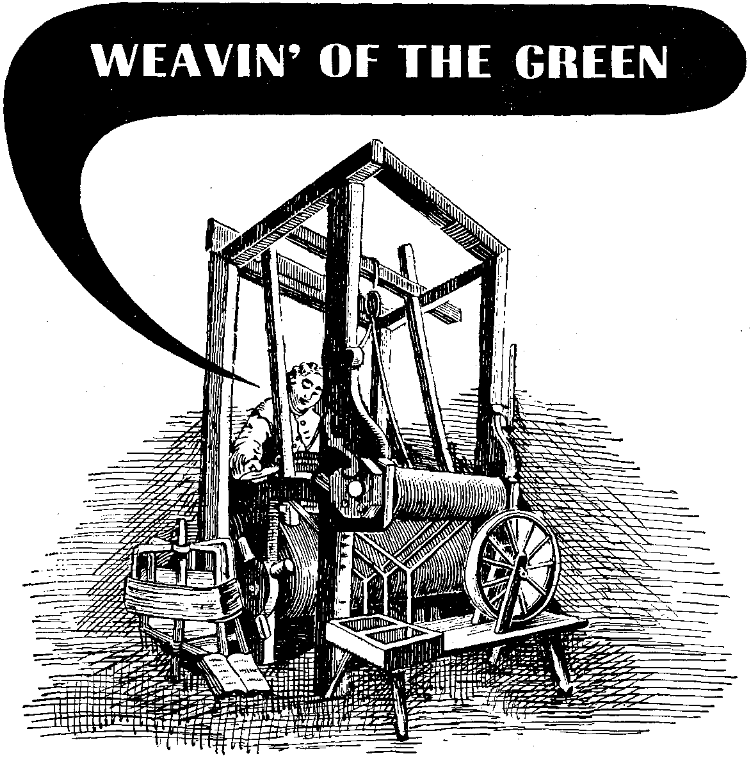

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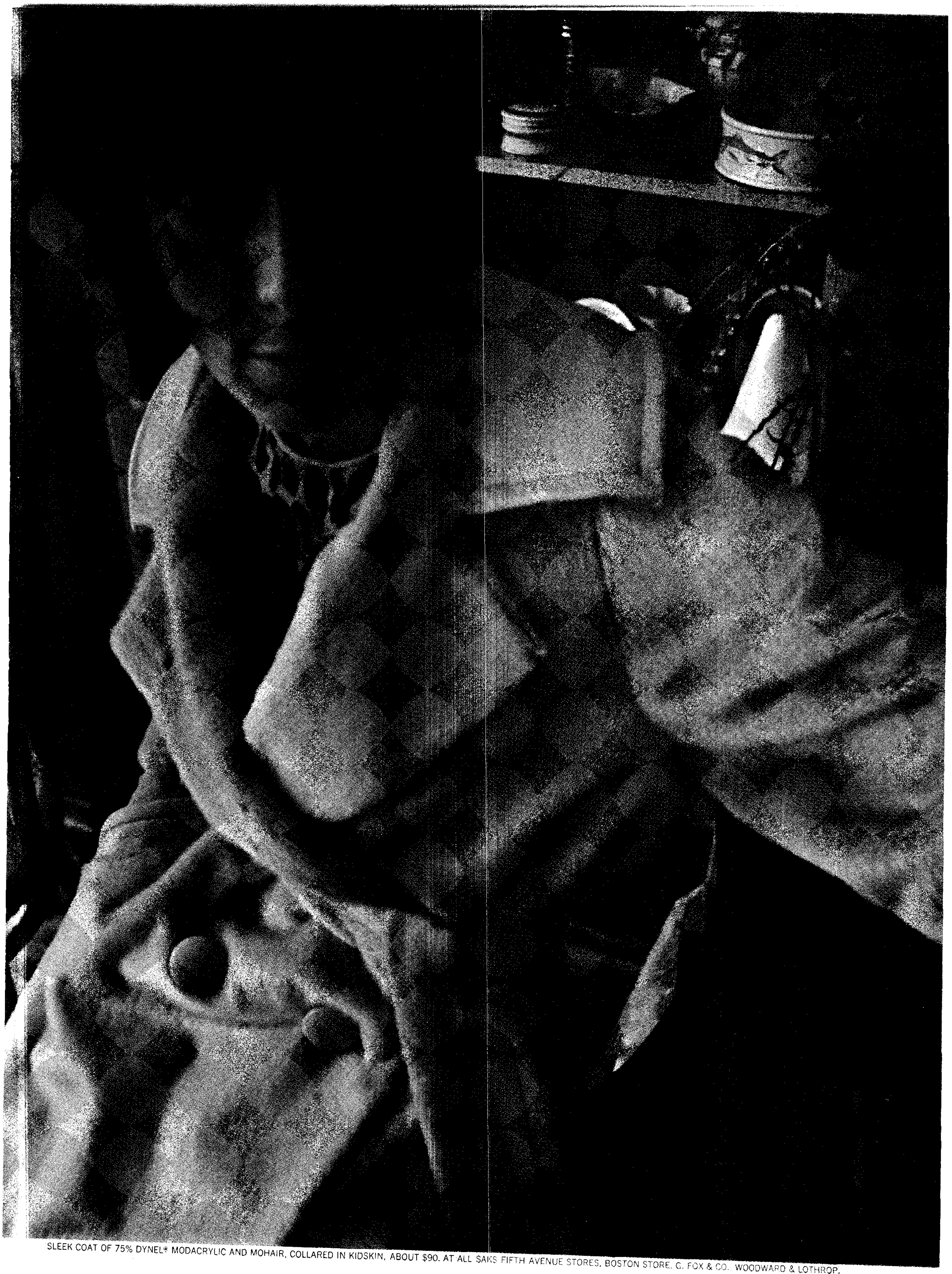
theoretical physics and organize them into beautifully compact logical structures. Furthermore, he was one of the formulators of the "theory of games." This is the mathematical study of the strategy for winning very complex games. Such games can serve as models for economic or military strategy. A book that von Neumann wrote with the economist Oskar Morgenstern, "Theory of Games and Economic Behavior," is a fundamental contribution to the field of operational research. Von Neumann had a phenomenal capacity for doing mental computations of all kinds. His thought processes were extremely fast, and often he would see through to the end of someone's argument almost before the speaker had got out the first few sentences. Recently, one of von Neumann's colleagues said in affectionate explanation of von Neumann's power, "You see, Johnny wasn't human. But after living with humans for so long he learned how to do a remarkable imitation of one."

During the summer of 1944, Goldstine ran into von Neumann in a railroad station near the Aberdeen Proving Ground. Von Neumann was also serving as a consultant for Aberdeen, and he and Goldstine knew each other slightly. Goldstine told von Neumann that the Moore School group appeared to be well on its way to building an electronic computer that would be about a thousand times as fast as any of the existing electro-mechanical ones. Von Neumann immediately became much excited about the idea. As Goldstine has put it, "Once Johnny saw what we were up to, he jumped into electronic computers with both feet." Von Neumann began an active collaboration with the Moore School group. At this time there were a good many exchanges of ideas among the members of the group, and it is almost impossible to give a completely coherent account of who invented what. In any event, certain aspects of the work culminated in a series of reports written by von Neumann and Goldstine, with the help in the first report of Arthur W. Burks, who is now a member of the Philosophy Department of the University of Michigan. That first report, entitled "Preliminary Discussion of the Logical Design of an Electronic Computing Instrument," appeared on June 28, 1946. Curiously, although it has turned out to be one of the basic papers in the electronic-computing field, it was until recently published only in the form of a U.S. Army Ordnance Department report.

Perhaps the most important idea dis-



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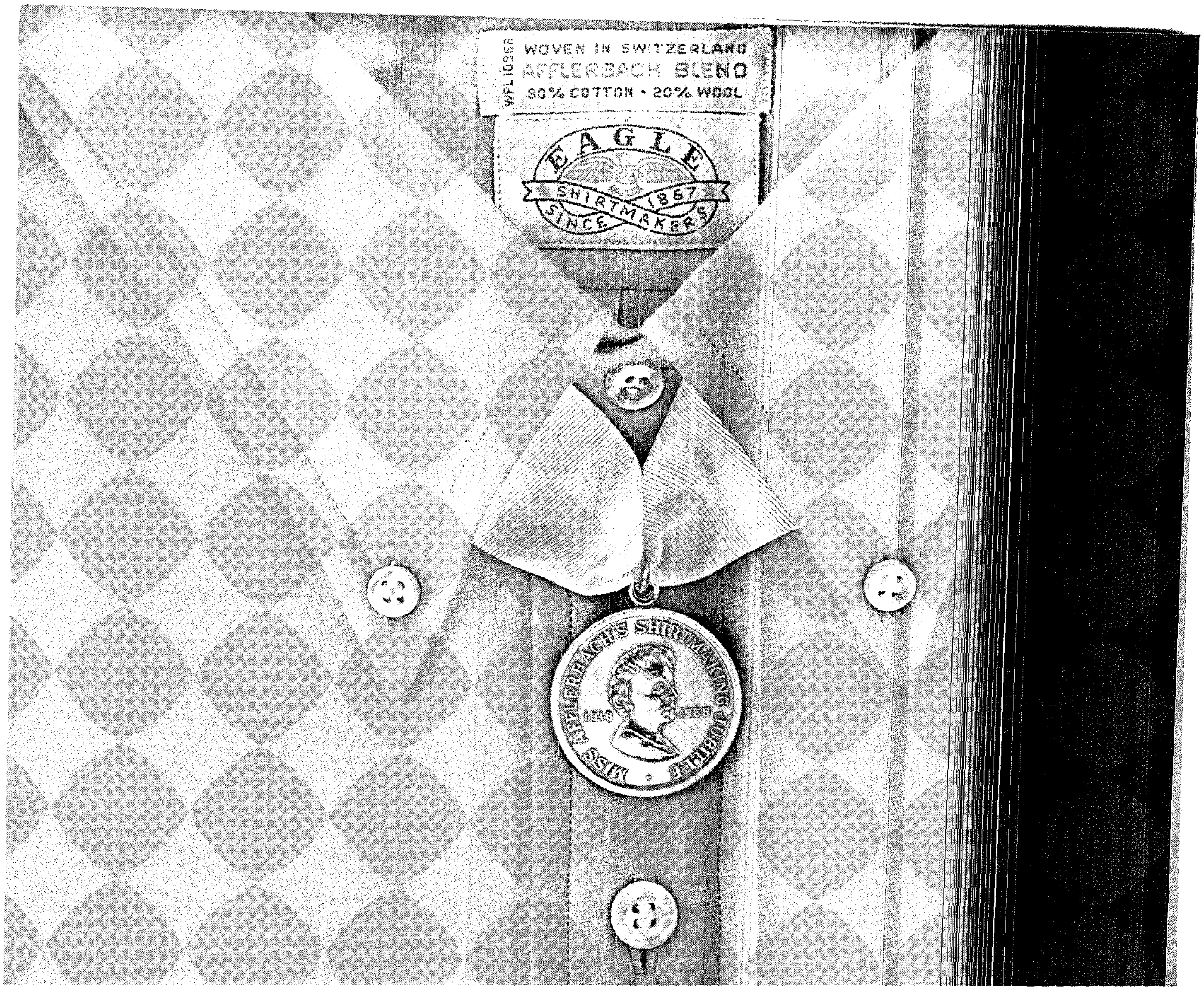

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cussed in this paper is that of "the stored program." To understand what this means, it is helpful to return to the ENIAC. In the ENIAC, as in any other computer, there was a memory for storing numbers. These numbers were manipulated by instructions that were themselves stored in electrical circuits in another part of the machine. Before starting on a given problem, one had to figure out each of the necessary instructions and hook up the appropriate circuits by hand—an operation that was something like plugging up connections on a telephone switchboard. In fact, plugging up a problem on the ENIAC sometimes took several people several days and involved making hundreds of wired connections. In a stored-program machine, certain common and basic operations are built into the circuitry. Each of these operations is given a number, and the machine is so arranged that an operation can be called for by its number. The programmer can draw up his program in terms of these numbers, which will then be stored in the memory along with the rest of the numerical data. It must be made clear in the program which addresses in the memory contain instructions and which contain data. Machine operation is divided into two kinds of time cycles—"instruction" cycles and "execution" cycles. During an instruction cycle, the control unit interprets any number brought into it as an instruction, and the instruction is "decoded," which means that the built-in circuitry needed for carrying it out is activated. During the execution cycle, the machine executes the instruction.

Generally, the stored-program machine proceeds automatically from one programmed instruction to the next. However, the sequence can be varied by what is called "conditional transfer" of control. In a conditional transfer, the machine is instructed to determine the sign of a number that it has computed and that has been put into the "accumulator"—a special register in the control unit. To give an example: If this number is positive, the machine simply takes the next instruction in the sequence; if it is negative, the machine will take an instruction out of sequence, from an address in the memory that is specified in the program. Thus, a conditional transfer enables the machine to change the flow of its computation as it goes along. This ability is a basic feature of modern digital computers, and Babbage, too, had plans for setting up conditional transfer.

Stored-program computers have an

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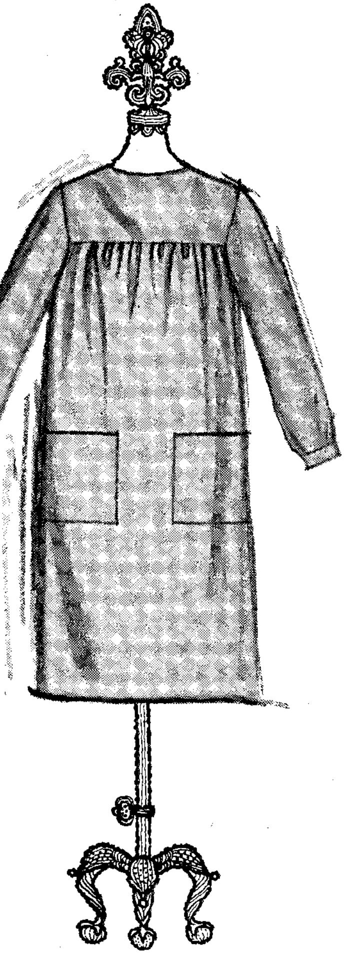
almost unlimited flexibility. Von Neumann wrote:

> Since the orders that exercise the entire control are in the memory, a higher degree of flexibility is achieved than in any previous mode of control. Indeed, the machine, under control of its orders, can extract numbers (or orders) from the memory, process them (as numbers!), and return them to the memory (to the same or other locations); i.e., it can change the contents of the memory—indeed this is its normal *modus operandi.* Hence it can, in particular, change the orders (since these are in the memory!)—the very orders that control its actions. Thus all sorts of sophisticated order-systems become possible, which keep successively modifying themselves and hence also the computational processes that are likewise under their control. . . . Although all of this may sound far-fetched and complicated, such methods are widely used and very important in recent machine-computing—or, rather computation-planning practice.

In 1945, some time before the ENIAC went into operation, the Moore School group began working on the design and construction of a stored-program computer, to be called the EDVAC, or Electronic Discrete Variable Automatic Computer. It was completed in 1950 at the Aberdeen Proving Ground—and was still in operation there as late as 1962—but not by the original group, which had split up after the war, von Neumann returning to Princeton along with Goldstine, while Eckert and Mauchly began designing machines commercially. (The first stored-program computer actually completed was the EDSAC—for Electronic Delay Storage Automatic Calculator—built at the mathematical laboratory of the University of Cambridge. It went into operation in May, 1949.) UNIVAC I—for Universal Automatic Computer—the first commercial stored-program computer, was built for Sperry-Rand by Eckert and Mauchly, and upon its completion, in 1951, was delivered to the Bureau of the Census. (Just this month, UNIVAC I was officially retired to the Smithsonian Institution after more than seventy-three thousand hours of operational use.) At Princeton, von Neumann supervised the construction of an experimental computer that embodied his ideas on machine organization. It went into operation in 1952. Paul Armer, of the Rand Corporation, in Santa Monica, wrote in a recent issue of *Datamation:* "The machine (variously known as the I.A.S., or Princeton, or von Neumann machine) was constructed and copied (never exactly), and the copies were copied. One version of it, built at Rand, was affectionately called JOHNNIAC (over von Neumann's objections). Most of the copies



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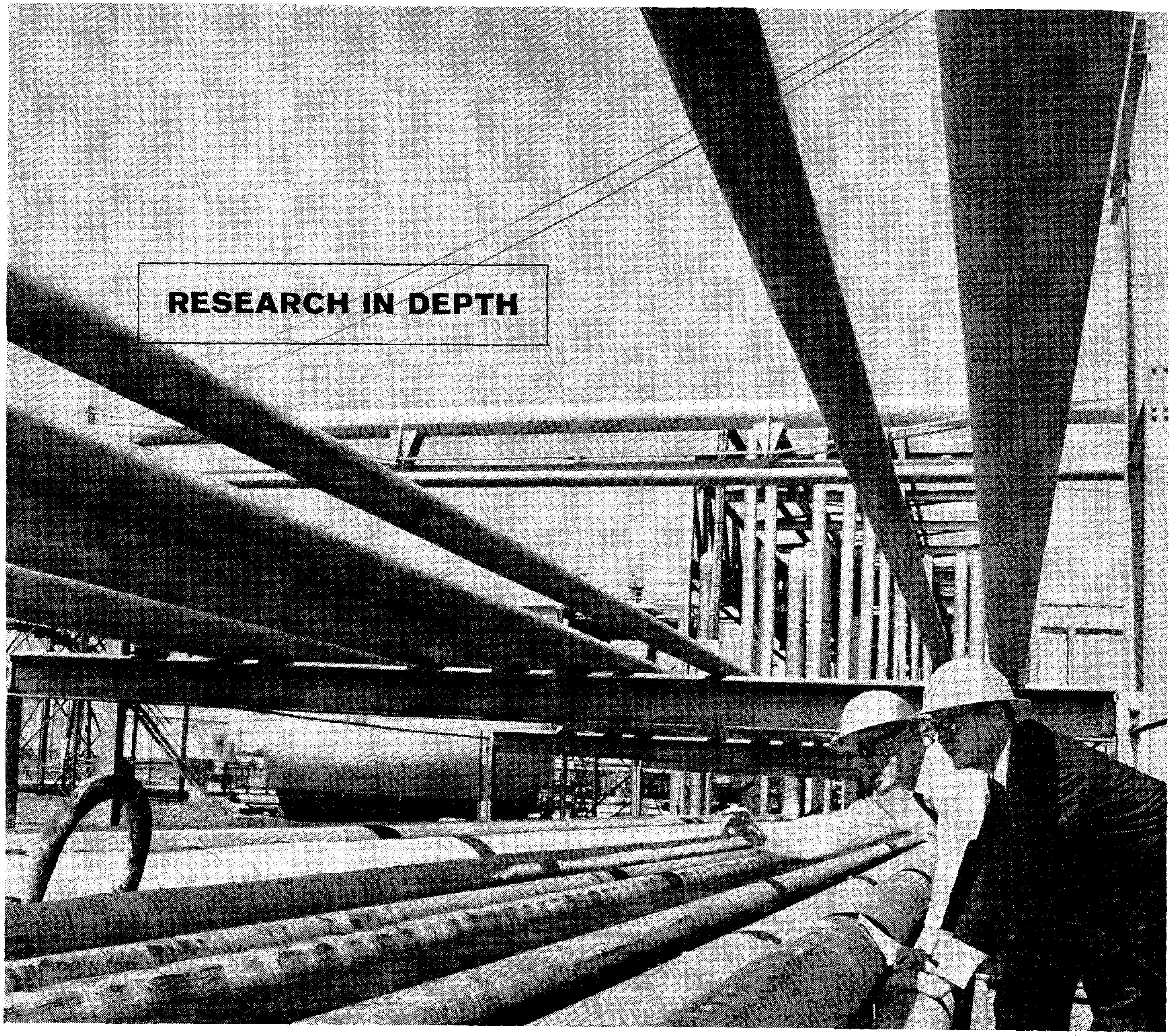

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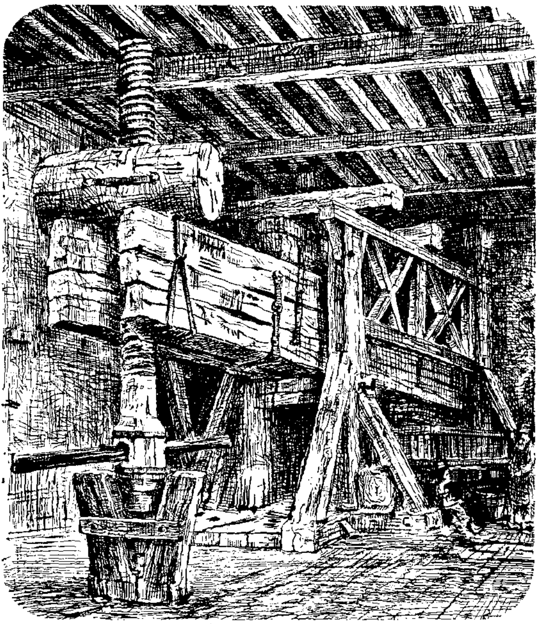

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are still in operation, although the [original] I.A.S. machine now has its place in history at the Smithsonian."

ANOTHER very important idea that was discussed in the von Neumann, Goldstine, Burks paper is the application of the binary number system to computers. In daily life, we are accustomed to doing arithmetic with the decimal system, which employs the ten digits from 0 to 9. In fact, most of us are so used to this system that we find it hard to appreciate that its use in arithmetic is quite arbitrary. In the reckoning of time, there are residues of other systems; the number of hours in the day is counted by twelves (the duodecimal system), and the number of seconds in the minute by sixties (the sexagesimal system). The predominance of the decimal system undoubtedly has to do with the fact that the best-known counting instrument of all—the fingers on one's hands—operates by tens. Much the simplest system, though, is the binary. In this, all numbers are built up from the digits 0 and 1. In the binary system, as in the decimal system, the first digit is 0 and the next is 1, but there the similarity stops. To represent 2 in the binary system we must take the next-largest number that can be made from 0 and 1, which is 10. The 3 is represented in binary by 11, and so on, with the result that the numbers between 0 and 9 are reëxpressed like this:

Decimal	*Binary*
0	0
1	1
2	10
3	11
4	100
5	101
6	110
7	111
8	1000
9	1001

To construct the next number on the list, a 1 is added to the previous number using the rules 1 + 0 = 1 and 1 + 1 = 10 and "carrying" whenever necessary. This number system may seem strange at first, but one soon gets used to it, and it turns out to be far and away the most sensible number system to use in computers.

One reason for this is that the basic electronic components of a computer are "bi-stable;" that is, they have an intrinsically binary character. A switch can be open or closed; a pulse can be present or absent; a vacuum tube can be on or off. All these devices thus have just two stable modes of operation, which can be made to correspond to the 1 and

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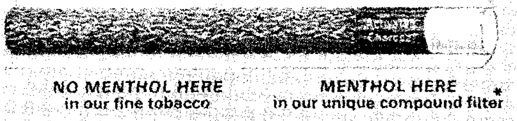
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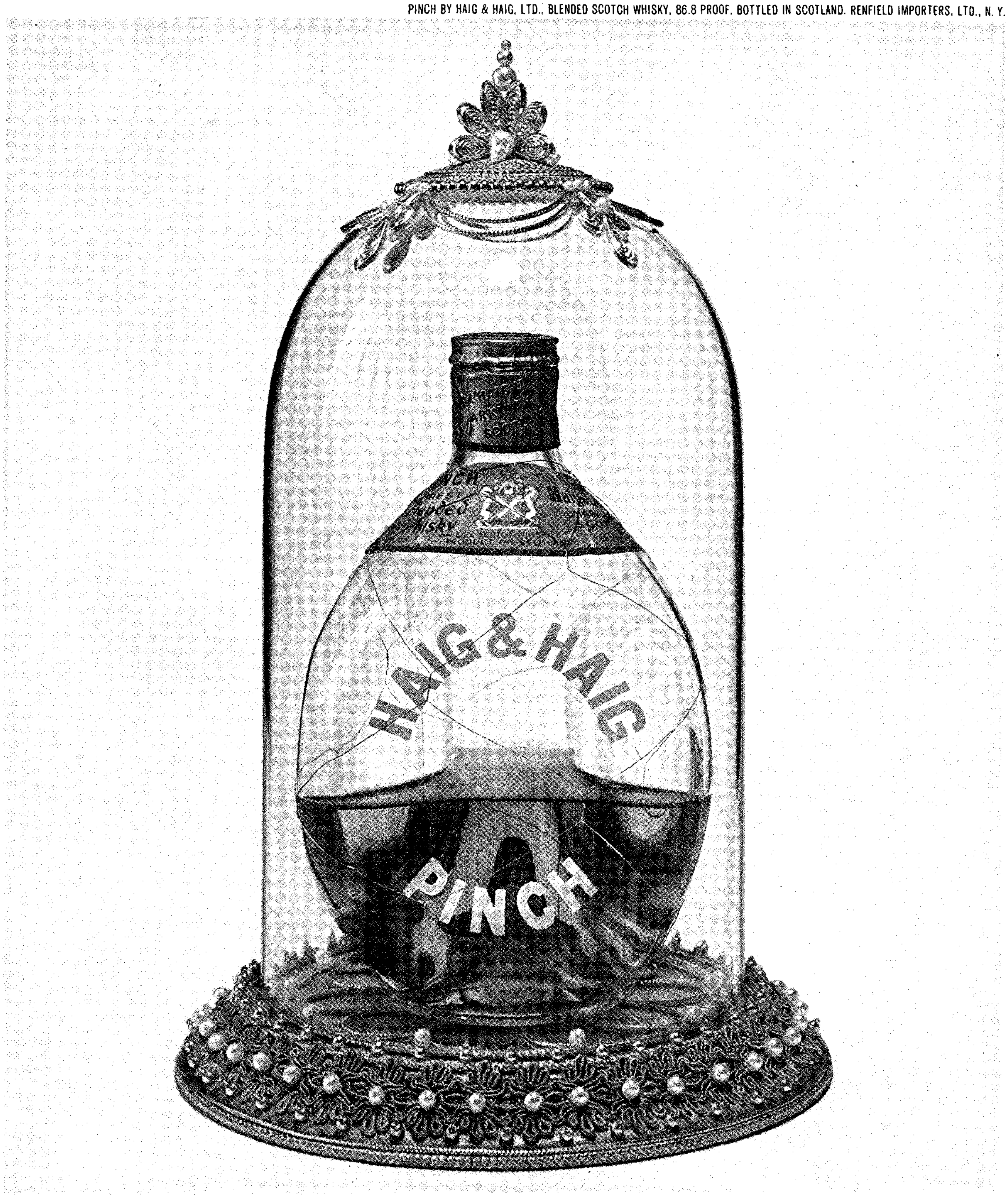

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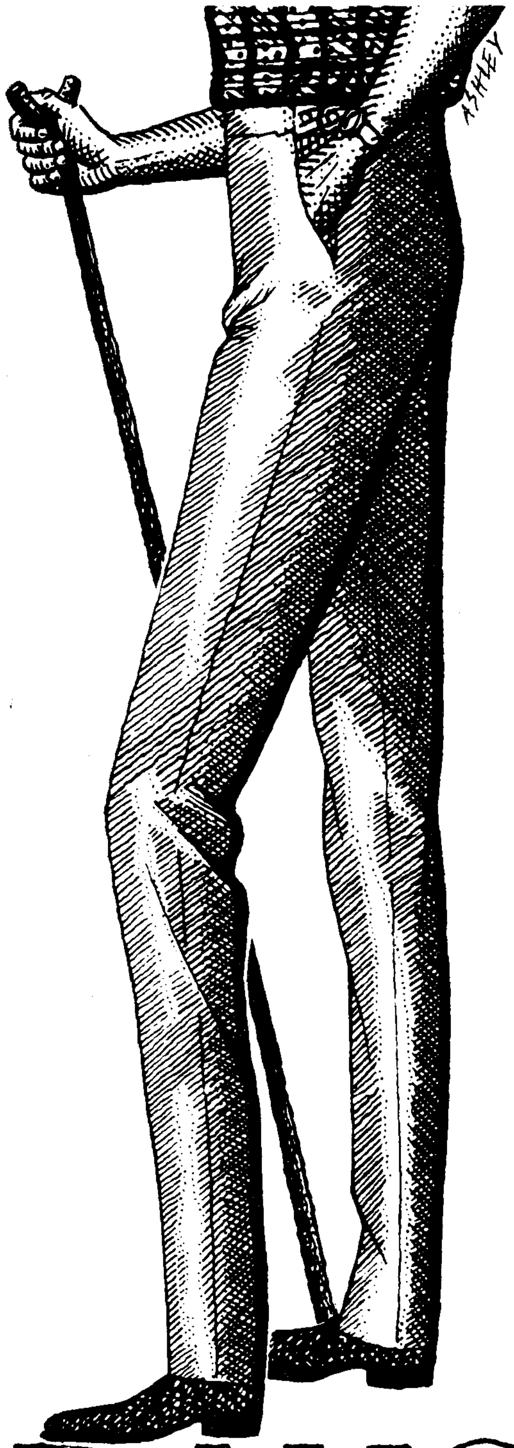
0 of the binary system. Therefore, if an electronic machine were to store its data in decimal, it would need ten vacuum tubes, or other bi-stable devices, to represent the ten possible values for any one decimal place. Indeed, the ENIAC did use the decimal system in storing numbers. With the advent of electronic machines, it became clear that bi-stable devices were suited to storing binary directly, and essentially all the machines that have followed the ENIAC have made use of binary numbers throughout. The use of binary greatly simplifies arithmetical processes in the machine. Binary addition, for example, is very simple to translate in terms of electric circuits. $1 + 0 = 1$ means that when a particular circuit, designed for adding, is fed one pulse, corresponding to a 1, along with no pulse, corresponding to a 0, it responds by producing one pulse, corresponding to a 1. Multiplication in binary is equally easy. To see this, we have only to multiply 2 and 3 in binary—which means that we multiply the binary numbers 10 and 11:

$$\begin{array}{r} 11 \\ 10 \\ \hline 00 \\ 11 \\ \hline 110 \end{array}$$

The number 110, as we have seen, is the binary equivalent of 6. It is evident from this example that multiplying the 11 by the 0 in the 10 produces just zeros, while multiplying it by the 1 in the 10 produces the number 11 again. This is characteristic of binary multiplication, and makes the designing of multiplying circuits much simpler than it would be if the multiplication were done in decimal, in which each place in the product may have any of the ten values between 0 and 9.

In the parlance of information theory, the fact that a bi-stable device is on or off is said to constitute a "bit" of information. Thus, it takes at most four bits of information to store a decimal digit in binary. (For example, to store the number 8, which is 1000 in binary, clearly requires four on-off registers, while the number 4, which is 100 in binary, requires three on-off units.) In the I.B.M. 7090 computer, to take a typical modern machine, information is stored in the memory in units of "words," each containing thirty-six bits. The 7090 can store approximately thirty-three thousand words, which means that it can store about thirty-three thousand ten-digit numbers. Babbage planned to store in his Engine a thousand fifty-digit numbers. This rep-



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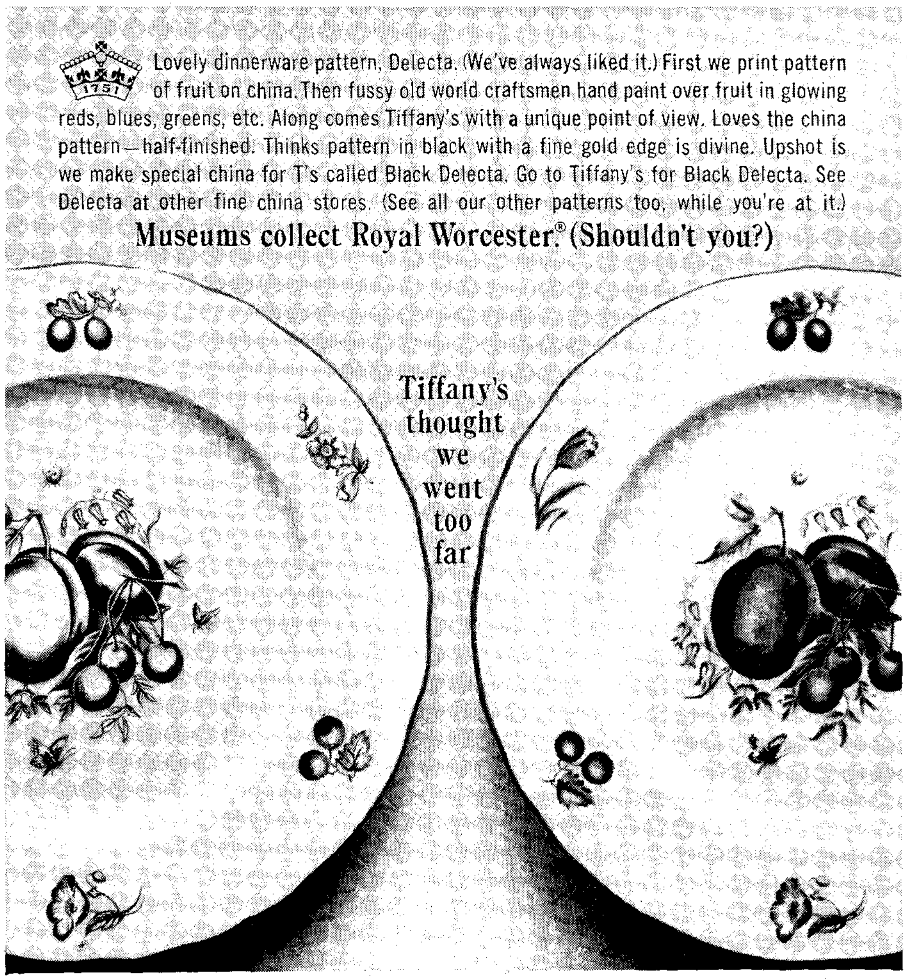
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resents an amount of information not very different from the amount that the 7090 can store.

THE ENIAC was not only the first fully electronic computer ever built but also just about the largest. It occupied roughly eighteen hundred square feet. Subsequent computers that have proved vastly more powerful and efficient nonetheless take up much less space. The reason for this lies in the invention of several new electronic components, which perform the same functions as the older vacuum tubes but are much smaller and more rugged. As far as computers go, the most important of these devices—they are referred to as "solid-state" devices—are the transistor and the magnetic core. The transistor was first developed in 1948 by three physicists at Bell Telephone Laboratories—J. Bardeen, W. H. Brattain, and W. Shockley, who shared the 1956 Nobel Prize in physics for their work on it. A typical transistor consists of a crystal of silicon or germanium. It conducts electric current in much the same way as a vacuum tube, but it operates "cold." The electrons in a vacuum tube are made to "flow" when part of the tube is heated. They are boiled off the hot metal and then made to flow in a current by suitable electric fields. In a transistor, the electrons flow when a voltage is applied. No heating is involved, and hence there is nothing to burn out. Moreover, most transistors are so small that a magnifying glass is needed to study them, whereas a vacuum tube capable of performing a comparable function has a volume of at least a few cubic inches. In the 7090, there are forty-four thousand transistors.

In a computer memory, the magnetic cores are tiny rings of magnetic material, made by pressing the powdered material and baking it in an oven. They, too, are extremely small compared to a vacuum tube; typically, the diameter of the ring is a few hundredths of an inch. The magnetic material in the core can be oriented clockwise or counterclockwise by exposure to electric pulses. Cores, like transistors, operate cold, so they very rarely have to be changed during the operating lifetime of a machine. The use of cores as elements in computer memories dates back to around 1950. In the memory of the 7090, the cores are strung on wires that are arranged in a framework in an almost tennis-racket formation; there are seventy-two of the frames, each containing 16,384 cores strung along the

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2. **Prune the vines short.** This results in less quantity but superior quality. Luscious Black Pinots give Bollinger Champagne its body and bouquet. White Chardonnays impart delicacy.

3. **Select the best grapes.** They make the best champagne. Growths in the District are ranked between 70% and 100% according to quality. Grapes used by Bollinger average 98% – one of the highest of all champagne makers. Furthermore, Bollinger inspects each bunch, discards every imperfect grape.

4. **Use only the first two pressings.** Four tons of grapes are loaded on the press at a time. French law permits three pressings, but Bollinger uses only the juice from the first two pressings. They are the purest – untainted by flavor and color from skins and stalks.

5. **Use small oak casks for first fermentation.** Bollinger's small oak casks allow better quality control than would enormous vats. The larger the vat the less character retained by individual wines.

6. **Make the cuvee or blend.** Wines from different areas in the District have different characteristics. They must be properly married to produce a properly balanced champagne. This is a sensitive task. It calls for a lifetime of working with the grape – and an extraordinary gift for tasting – to judge how new wines will taste five years hence. Mme. Jacques Bollinger, head of this old family firm since the death of her husband in 1941, continues the family tradition of personally supervising the making of the cuvee.

7. **Make sure the bottle is sturdy.** Champagne must sparkle. Secondary fermentation takes place in the bottle and pressure builds up to 110 lbs. per square inch.

8. **Mind the cellar cork.** A bad cellar cork or bottle cap can ruin champagne during aging because it may not seal properly. Bollinger uses only fresh, firm Spanish and Portuguese cork from trees at least fifty years old.

9. **Store underground.** Once bottled, Bollinger is laid down in chalky subcellars where the temperature never varies from 50° F. – ideal for aging. Bollinger's cellars spread out under the entire town of Ay.

10. **Be patient.** In France, law decrees Vintage Champagne must age at least three years. Bollinger keeps their Vintage wines in their cellars at least five years before marketing them. You can buy Bollinger Brut 1955 now. Bollinger Brut 1959 is still aging in their cellars.

11. **Riddle faithfully.** Natural sediment forms during aging. So Bollinger turns each bottle clockwise ⅛ of a turn by hand every two or three days during the last three months of aging. (A good worker can riddle 30,000 bottles a day.) Special racks hold the bottles vertically, necks down. Sediment settles in the neck, against the cork.

12. **Disgorge the sediment.** This is tricky. After riddling, the neck of each bottle is frozen. The cellar cork is released and takes the frozen sediment with it.

13. **Examine the foam.** After disgorging, Bollinger makes sure the champagne has a perfectly clean bouquet. Another caution for quality.

14. **Drive home the shipping cork.** Secure it with the familiar wire retaining cage. (Steps 12, 13 and 14 take less than a minute. No sparkle is lost.)

15. **Rest the wine.** Before shipping, Bollinger Champagne is permitted to rest from the strain of disgorging by aging further. Then it is labeled and shipped to the four civilized corners of the earth.

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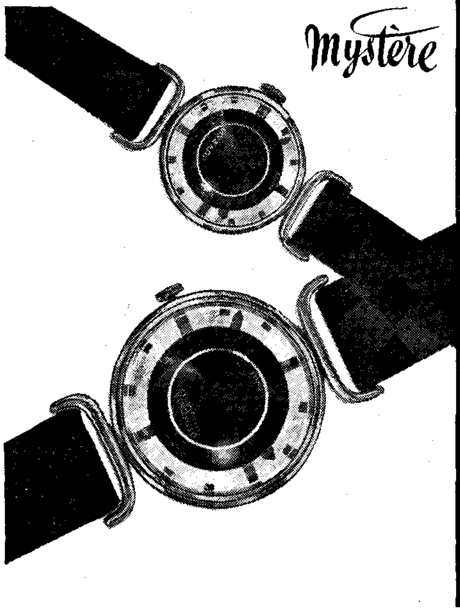
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wires; in all, the memory contains 1,179,648 cores. Four wires pass through each core. Three of the wires are used to change the magnetic orientation of the core by passing electrical pulses through it—in other words, to "write" information into the core. The fourth wire is used to "read out" that information. Typically, as soon as the information contained in a core is read out, the core is reset so that the information it contained will be available for the next reading. In the 7090, the read-write operation takes about two-millionths of a second to complete.

Ultimately, the hardware of a computing machine can respond only to electrical pulses. In the stored-program machine, coded numbers can be used to activate different parts of the electronic circuitry. In the 7090, for instance, there are about two hundred such coded operations. As an example of how they are used, we can put together a few of them in something like the addition of two numbers—a very simple machine operation. Suppose the numbers to be added are stored in Addresses 201 and 202 of the memory. The first step in the process is to take the number in, say, Address 201 and deposit it in the accumulator. This operation is designated by the pair of numbers +500 201, in which +500 stands for the operation of clearing, or emptying, the accumulator and depositing in it the number stored in Address 201. The "sign" of a number can be specified in the memory, and in the 7090 the number +500 stands for an entirely different operation from —500. The clear-and-deposit operation is actually known to the programmer as "clear and add," or CLA, which is easier to remember than +500. Next comes the message +400 202; it tells the machine to add the number in Address 202 to whatever is in the accumulator—in this case, of course, the former contents of Address 201. The mnemonic for this operation is ADD. The next step is to take the sum and store it in another location—let's call it Address 301—where it can be available for use in some other part of the computation. This would be indicated by +601 301, where +601 is the code for STO, or "store." Finally, this phase of the computation might be ended with the instruction +000 217, instructing the machine to "halt and transfer"—the mnemonic for this being HTR. The "transfer" part of the instruction indicates to the machine that when it is started again, control will be transferred to some instruction located in Address

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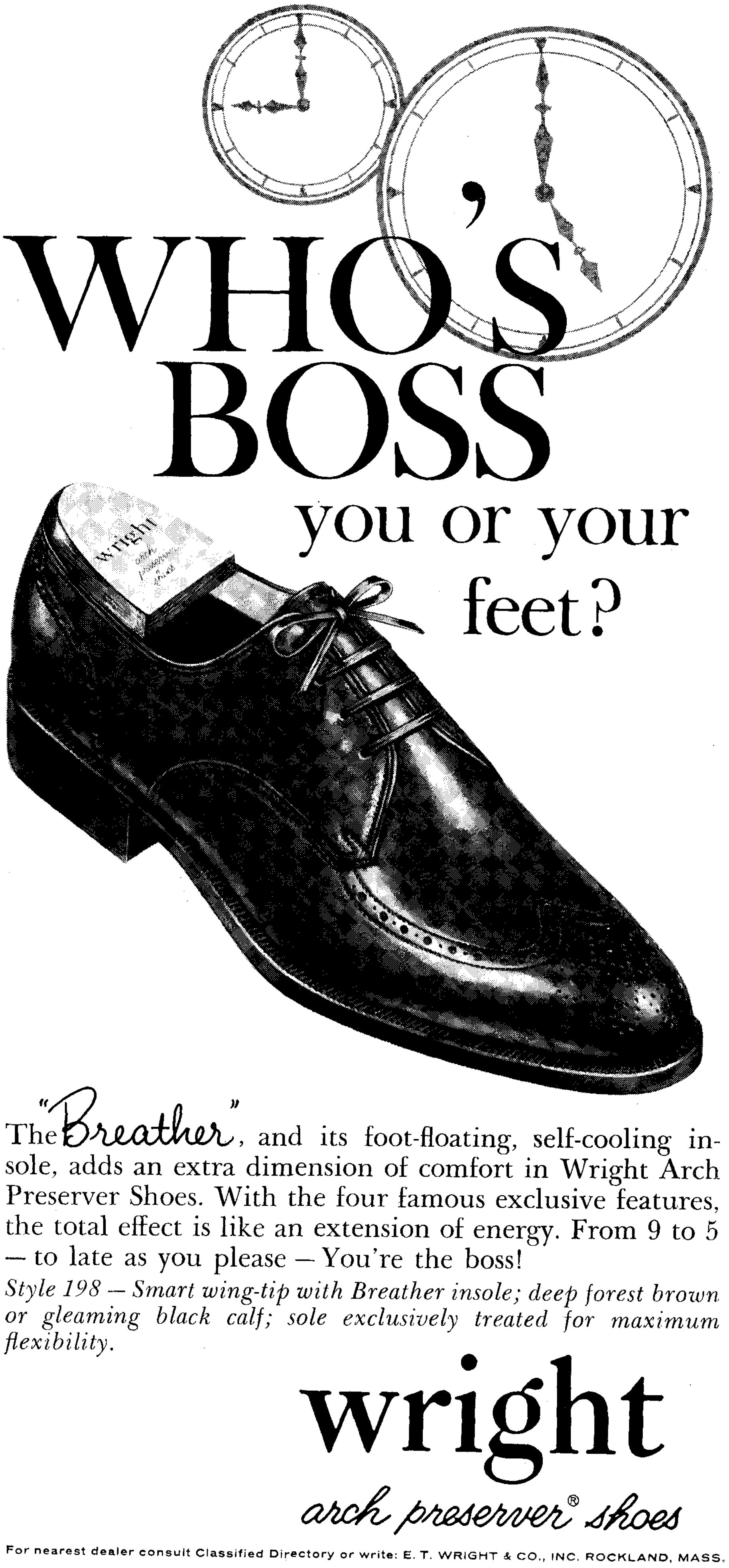
217. Thus, the whole sequence would look schematically like:

```
+500     201
+400     202
+601     301
+000     217
```

Machine instructions like +500 and +601, or even CLA and HTR, are a far cry from human language. Ideally, one would like to draw up a program for solving a problem in, say, English, leave the room, and let the machine translate the English into machine language, translate the machine language into electronics, do its computation, and print out the result in English. One of the most striking facts about modern computer operation is that for a wide class of problems this is very nearly possible. It has come about through the development of several remarkable languages that serve to bridge the gap between machine language and the language of the user. The development of such languages has been taking place over the last decade, and by now there are several. Most of them have somewhat odd-sounding names, like ALGOL (Algorithmic Language) and COBOL (Common Business Oriented Language), or faintly humorous ones, like SALE (Simple Algebraic Language for Engineers) and JOVIAL (Jules Own Version of the International Algebraic Language). The first of them was FORTRAN (Formula Translation), and that is the programming language that I have, to some degree, learned how to use.

The task of designing a computer language like FORTRAN is a very complex one. In the first place, an analysis must be made of processes and steps that occur frequently in the solution of mathematical problems—operations like conditional transfer. To direct the computer to perform such operations usually requires several machine-language instructions. FORTRAN consists of set phrases—for instance, IF, indicating a conditional transfer—which the programmer must fit together so that they express a method of solving his problem. These phrases must be translated into machine language, and the inventors of FORTRAN had to design a master translating program, itself written in machine language, which would instruct the machine to do this translation. The beauty of FORTRAN is that once it and the translating program have been set up, the user of the machine can for many purposes forget about the machine-language instructions altogether. He can write his program in terms of the IFs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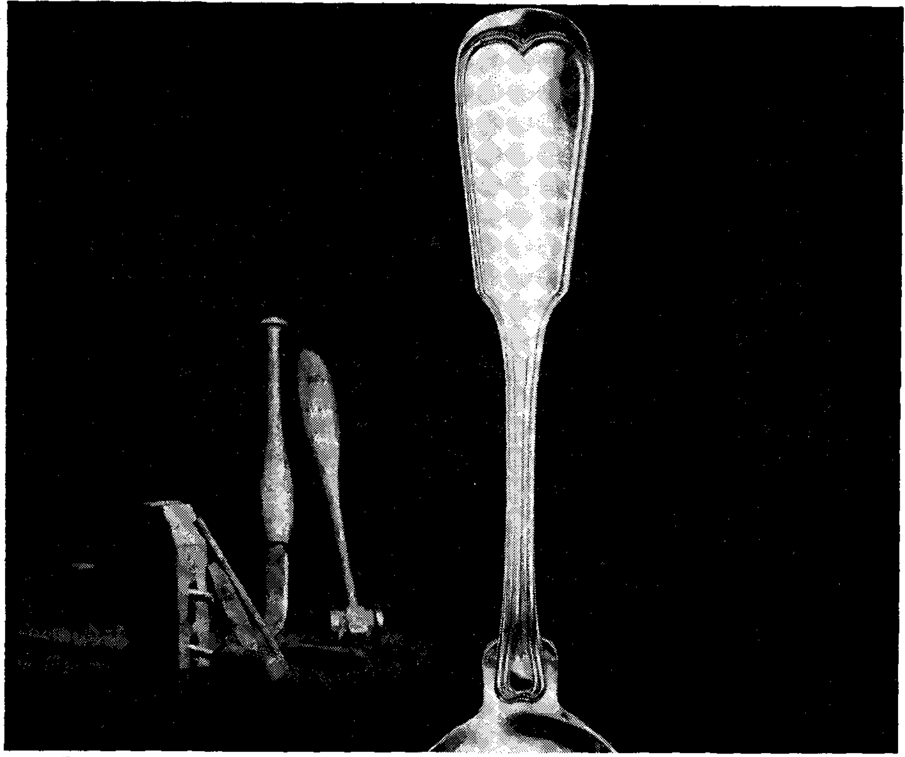

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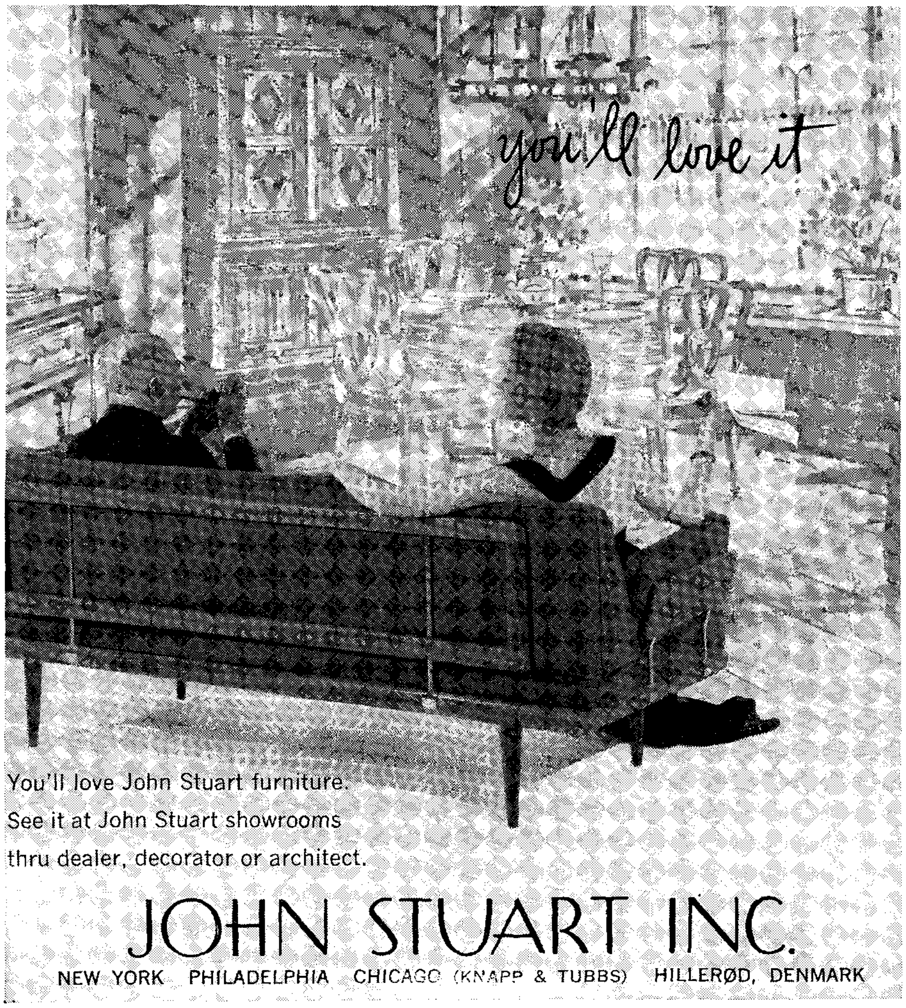

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and DOs of FORTRAN, and let the translating program do the job of producing the machine language. The FORTRAN phrases have been so chosen that writing a program in them is not immensely different from the way one might write out such a program in English.

By 1954, when an I.B.M. team began work in New York on what turned out to be FORTRAN, there had been at least two attempts to construct programming languages. J. Halcombe Laning and Neal Zierler, who were working with the Whirlwind (an early vacuum-tube stored-program computer built at M.I.T. and completed in 1951), had formulated a translating program that accepted mathematical or algebraic statements reasonably similar to those of FORTRAN and produced machine-language programs. These programs were quite inefficient compared to the sort that could be written by a human computer, and the system was not used very often. Also, H. Rutishauser, of the Eidgenössische Technische Hochschule, in Zurich, had produced a fairly complete language for scientific computing, but the computer he had available was too small to use for translating. In fact, most of the people involved with computers in the mid-nineteen-fifties did not consider such translating programs a very practical possibility. The reason was partly that the job had never been done, and partly that even if it were done, the programs that a machine could produce for itself would, it was felt, be slower and less efficient than the ones a skilled human programmer could produce for it. As one of the men active in computers at that time has told me, "In those days, when we talked of the users of a computing machine, we had in mind the trained programmer, who did the programming for the *real* user—the man who wanted his problem solved. It seemed clear that the work of a trained programmer could beat a machine-constructed program, and it didn't occur to most people that with automatic translators the real user could learn to code his own problem and become his own programmer."

As things turned out, the language that the I.B.M. group developed was so skillfully constructed that the programs it produces are usually competitive in efficiency with those of a human programmer. In the group's first report on the completed FORTRAN, which appeared in 1957, it cited a case history, with an appropriate caution:

> A brief case history of one job done with a system seldom gives a good measure of its

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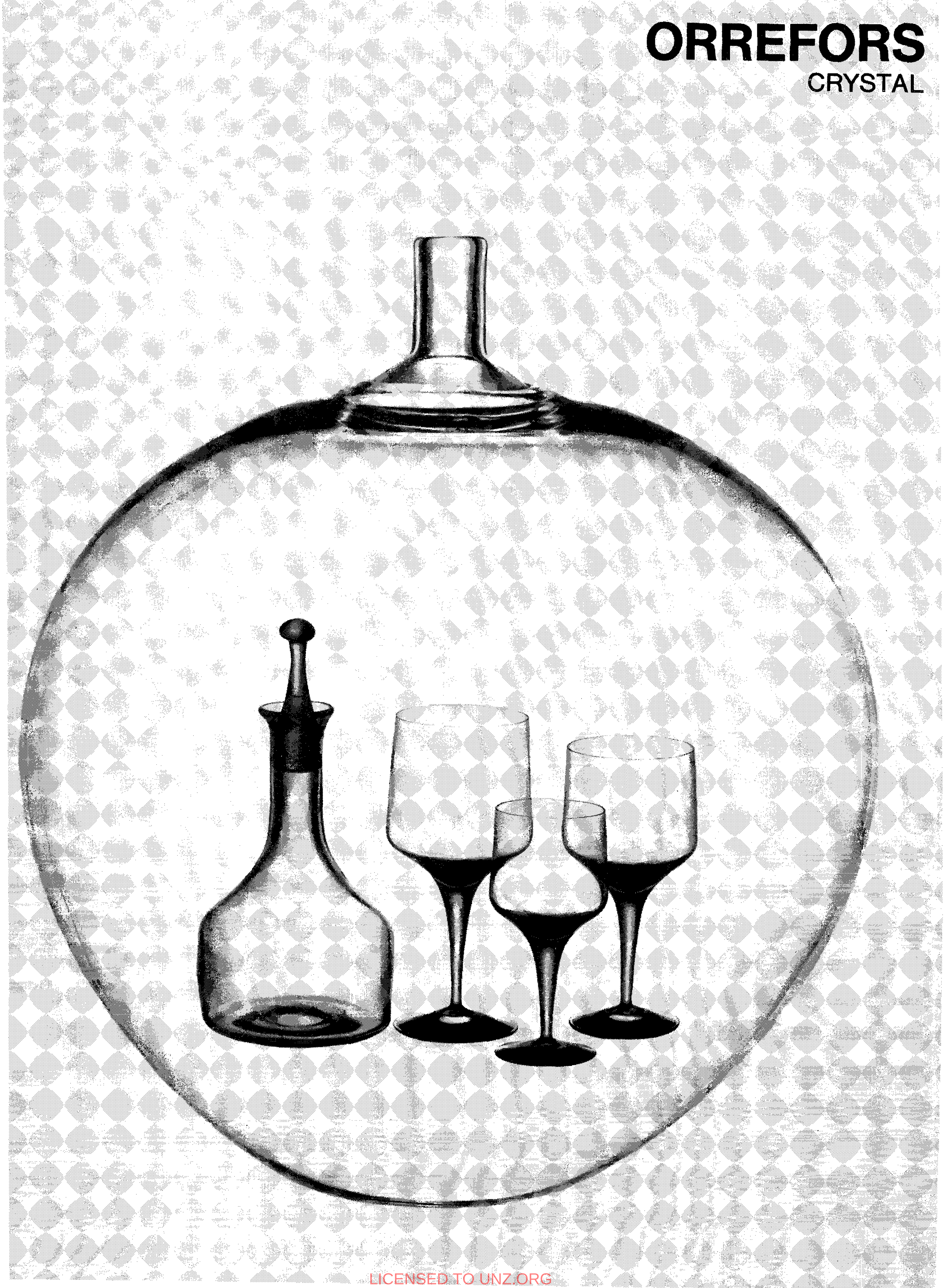

usefulness, particularly when the selection is made by the authors of the system. Nevertheless, here are the facts about a rather simple but sizable job. The programmer attended a one-day course on FORTRAN and spent some more time referring to the manual. He then programmed the job in four hours, using 47 FORTRAN statements. These were compiled [translated] by the 704 [an ancestor of the 7090] in six minutes, producing about 1000 instructions. He ran the program and found the output incorrect. He studied the output and was able to localize his error in a FORTRAN statement he had written. He rewrote the offending statement, recompiled, and found that the resulting program was correct. He estimated that it might have taken three days to code this job by hand, plus an unknown time to debug it, and that no appreciable increase in speed of execution would have been achieved thereby.

Roughly, it takes between four and twenty machine-language instructions to cover what is conveyed by each FORTRAN phrase. The translating program itself consists of more than twenty-five thousand lines of machine language, and took the original group almost two and a half years to design; this program has been put on magnetic tape, and every computer installation that uses FORTRAN has a copy of the tape. The first FORTRAN translating system was designed specifically for the I.B.M. 704—one of the first computers to use a magnetic-core memory. As the machines got faster and more powerful, it was possible to enlarge and refine the language, and by 1962 FORTRAN had gone through four revisions. It was extremely important that each revised version should retain enough elements of the prior versions so that programs written in the older language could readily be accommodated to the new machines. Computer programs are costly to develop (a 1961 estimate in *Business Week* indicated that since 1950 computer users had invested more than two billion dollars in the development of programs) and usually reflect the accumulated experience of a variety of machine users. Among users, it has become a custom to send program corrections and improvements to the computer manufacturers, and thanks to this custom an enormous lore of programming technology has been built up around FORTRAN. All this would be lost if the language should be abruptly modified. (In general, computer programs are not patentable. I.B.M. could have registered the name FORTRAN, although not the compiling program itself. The company felt that it would be to everyone's advantage to have the language used as widely as possible, so no attempt was made to register the name.)

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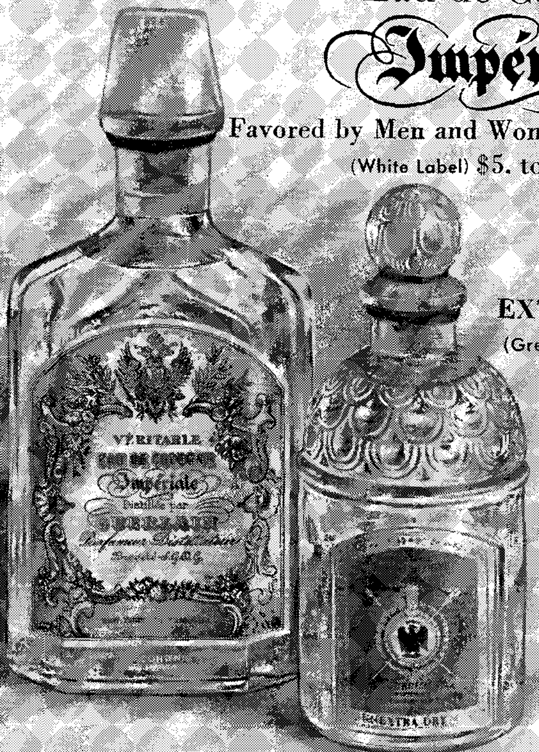

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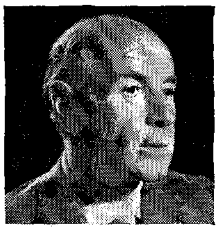

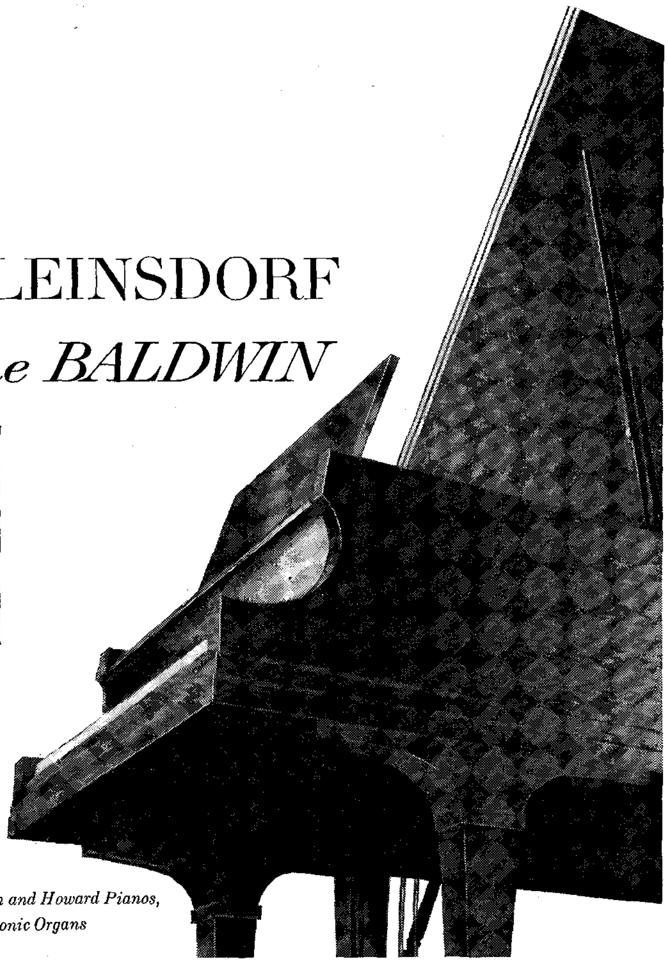

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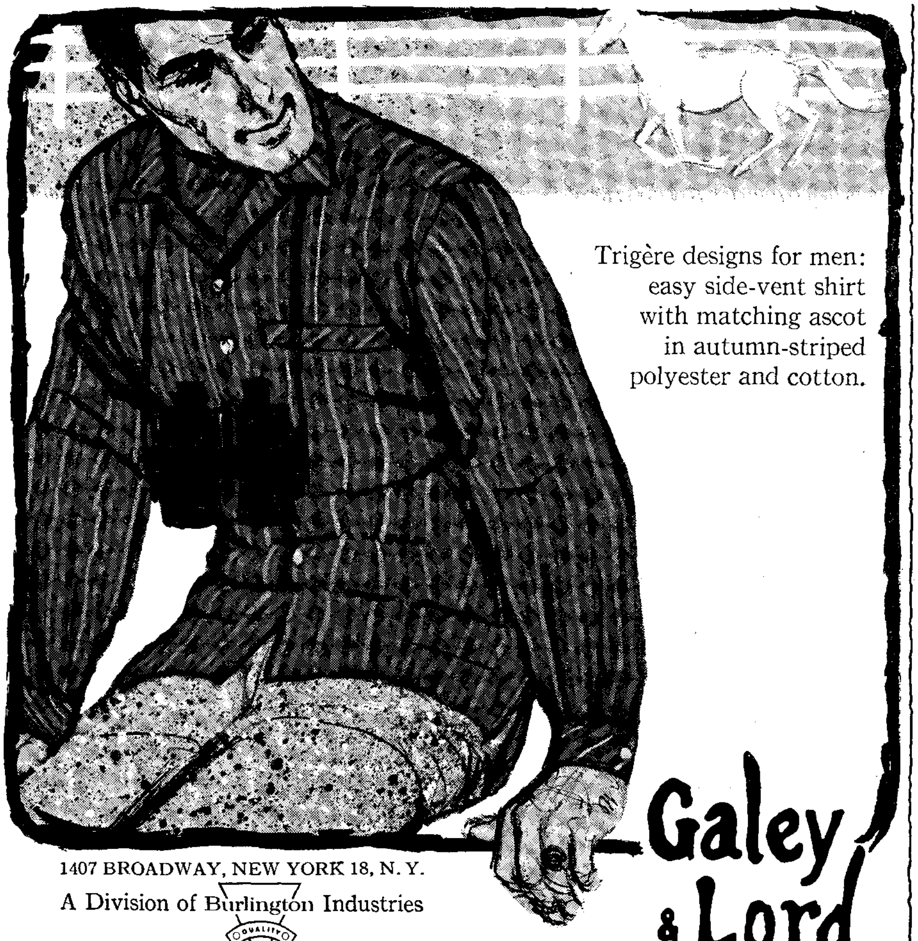
computer language, it is the one that is most widely used for scientific and engineering purposes. Not only are there foreign-language versions of the instruction manuals for using FORTRAN but there is even a French-language FORTRAN, which contains words like LIRE, FAIRE, and ALLER, which the French FORTRAN translating program enables the machines to translate into machine language. Mostly, however, computers are used not for scientific and engineering purposes but for "data processing"—routine but essential tasks like making out payrolls and keeping inventories straight. The people who use them in this way have seldom had scientific or mathematical training, and while FORTRAN can be used by people without specialized scientific training, it is a highly compact and somewhat abstract language. Therefore, as soon as the value of FORTRAN had been demonstrated, there was a large-scale effort, involving many computer manufacturers, to develop a language that would be more directly suited to business purposes. Fearing a consequent Tower of Babel, the Defense Department, a very important consumer of computer time, called a conference at the University of Pennsylvania in 1958 of both manufacturers and users to study the feasibility of developing a unified business-oriented language. Out of this conference and various study groups that succeeded it came COBOL. One of the features of COBOL is the high incidence of terms like "WAREHOUSE" and "PART NUMBER." The machine can translate whole sentences like "SORT INVENTORY FILE ON ASCENDING KEY WAREHOUSE PART-NUMBER." Most of the major computer manufacturers have models that translate COBOL, and the Defense Department has indicated that it intends to use computers for data-processing applications only if they have COBOL translators. It is possible to do scientific problems with COBOL, but the language lacks the compact, mathematical quality of FORTRAN. An attempt is now being made to prepare a standardized FORTRAN, to be used on all scientific computers. American Standards Association, Inc., an outfit that helps set standards in all kinds of industries, has been working with a group of manufacturers and users of computing machines to arrange for uniform standards for future computers. The association has a FORTRAN committee, headed by W. P. Heising, of I.B.M., and Mr. Heising and his committee have been setting up a minimal-standard FORTRAN, which all large-scale scientific computers will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be equipped to handle. While manufacturers are not legally bound by the agreements reached through American Standards, the fact that the larger manufacturers are all involved probably means that in the future most scientific computing in the United States will be done in FORTRAN.

My own modest brush with FORTRAN gave me a good deal of respect for the power and ingenuity of the language, and when I decided to learn more about the history of computing and computing machines, I asked the people at I.B.M. if I might talk with some members of the team that devised FORTRAN. In time, I went to Yorktown Heights, to see two of them—John W. Backus and Irving Ziller. Both Backus and Ziller got into computing in the early nineteen-fifties, almost immediately after leaving college. In the summer of 1954, Backus, who was doing programming research for I.B.M., requested the company's support for work on what was to become FORTRAN. The support was granted, and he was able to put together a small group, which gradually grew into a thirteen-man team. Backus said that when he and his associates began, they didn't have the vaguest idea of how the project was going to work out in detail. One of their biggest surprises was the way the machine went about translating FORTRAN sentences. Often there were machine instructions that did not seem to arise from any given FORTRAN expression, and in some contexts a FORTRAN expression produced no machine-language instructions at all. (Ziller told me that they would put something in and then go around saying, "Look what it did now!") When the system was fairly well advanced, they began racing their FORTRAN programs against machine-language programs produced for the same job by a human programmer. They would actually run the two programs on the machine, with a stopwatch in hand, to see if the machine-produced program was significantly slower. In the end, they found that for most standard problems the machine-produced FORTRAN program was about as efficient as a good handmade program. (It was obvious from the start, of course, that there would be an immense saving in time in the preparation of the program by machine.) I asked Backus how he and his colleagues had hit upon the specific phrases that are now part of FORTRAN. He told me that members of the group would suggest phrases, and then by trial and error they would see if they worked

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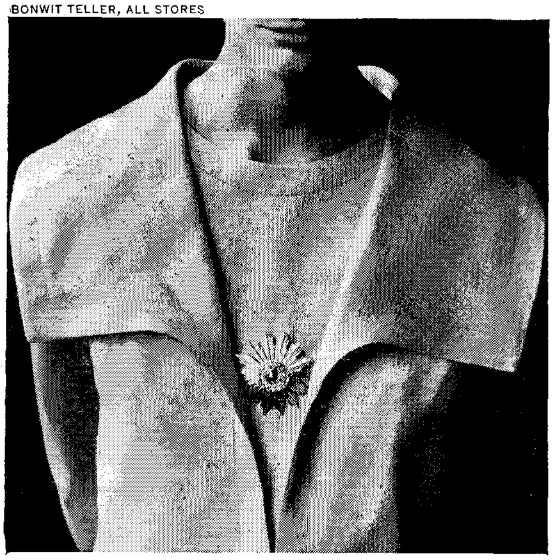

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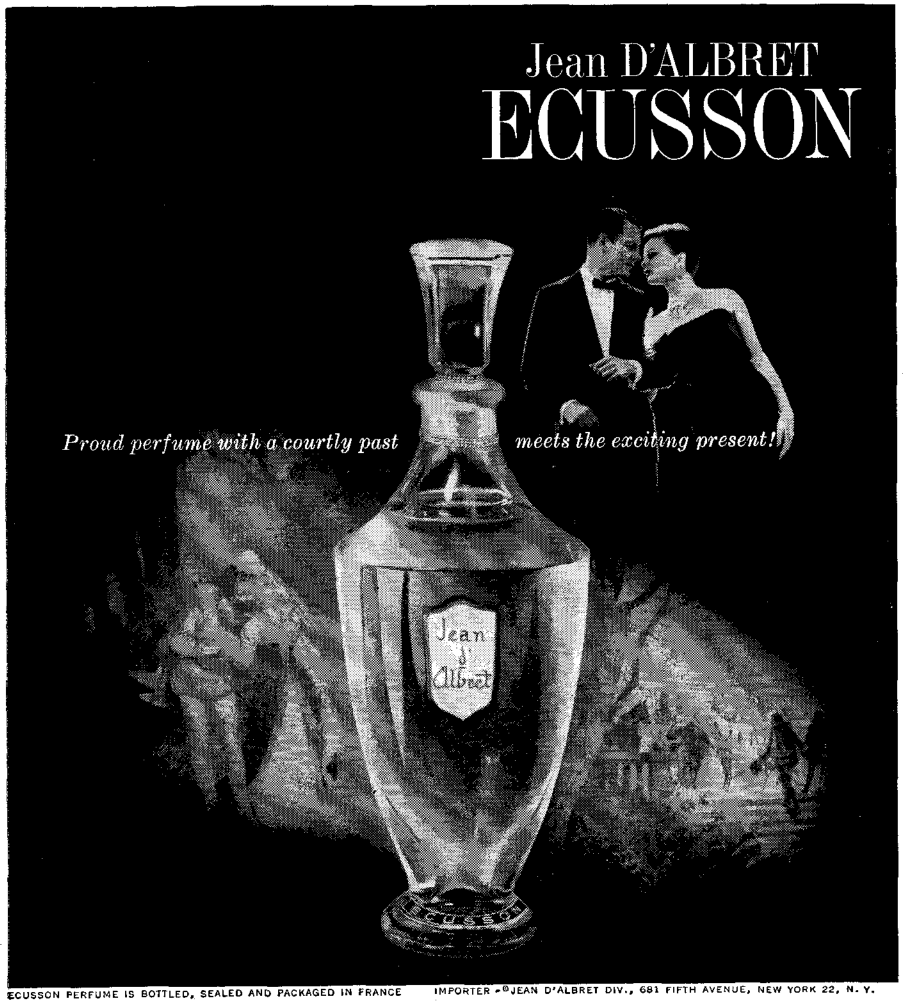
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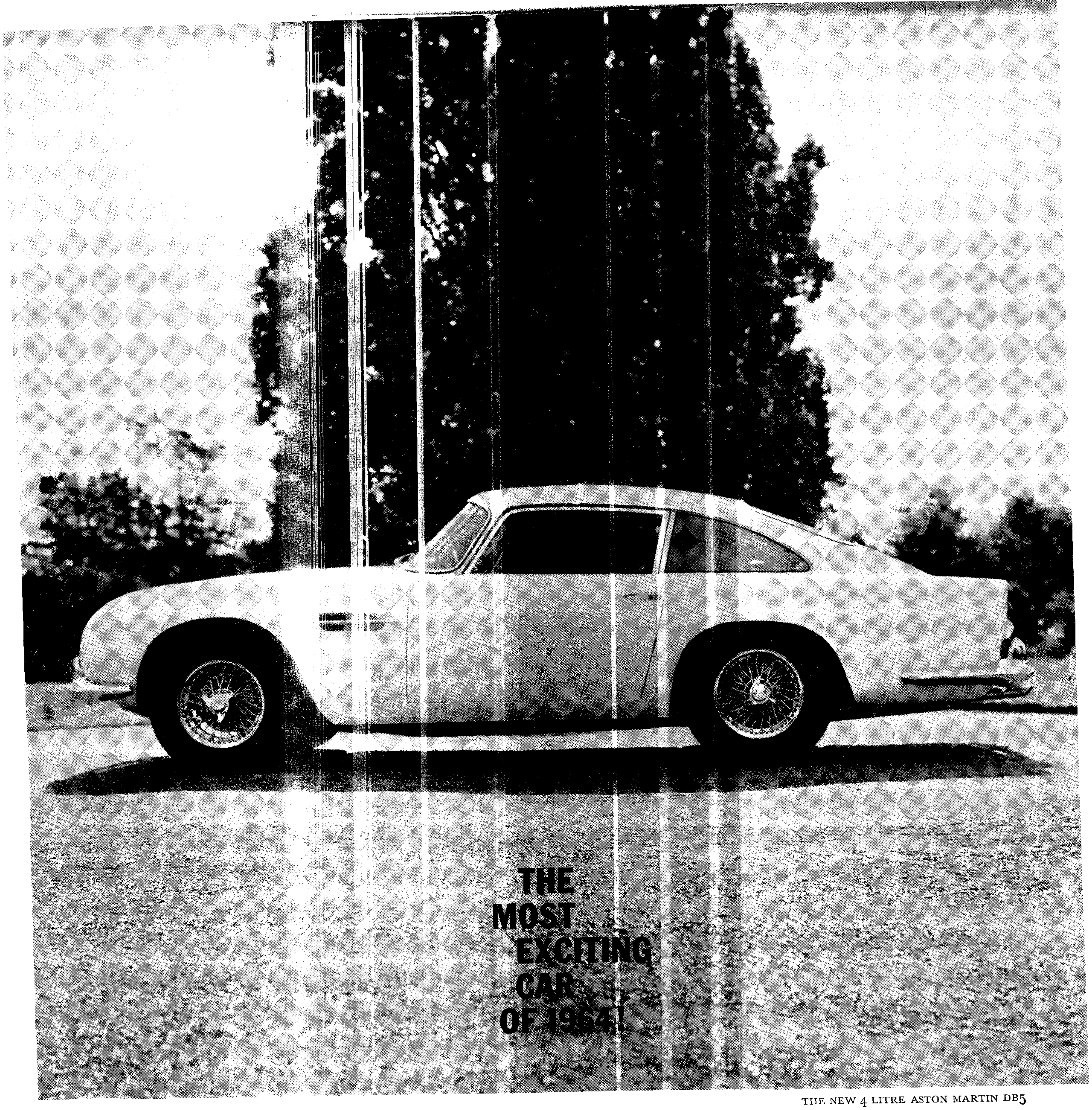
out on the computer. After FORTRAN was released to the public in 1957, a number of minor flaws and deficiencies came to light, and it was about a year before most of these could be ironed out. As soon as the program became fully operational, in the late nineteen-fifties, Backus said that most of the fun and challenge of developing it were lost for him, and for a while he turned his attention to other things. He is now an I.B.M. Fellow—a position that gives him complete freedom to spend his time as he likes, and at the moment he is back doing research on programming theory.

The I.B.M. people had invited me to visit their plant, in Poughkeepsie, where many of the large computers are made, and I was very glad to accept the invitation. The plant consists of several enormous buildings on the south side of the town. Here, one can see the entire assembly of a computer, all the way from the manufacture and testing of the individual magnetic cores to the final assembly and testing of the machine. As one might expect, a good deal of the work is automated. This provides more, rather than less, flexibility in the process of constructing a machine. For example, the final panel wiring is done automatically by a Gardner-Denver machine that threads hundreds and hundreds of wires according to a circuit diagram that is itself stored on magnetic tape in a computer. I was especially taken by the sight of a whole floor of assembled computers—each with the name of its sponsor tacked over it—undergoing final tests. It is the only time I have seen the inner works of a modern computer (once the machine is installed, they are hidden in metal cases), and it is something to behold—a veritable regimental display of colored wires and gadgets swarming together in orderly patterns. It is a dazzling and awesome sight.

IF there is one word that characterizes the history of computers since 1950, the word is probably "proliferation"—proliferation in the number of computers, in the number of people using computers, and in the range of applications of the machines. In 1954, the first computer designed for business-data processing, a UNIVAC, was delivered to General Electric, in Louisville. By September, 1962, there were an estimated 16,187 computers, worth about four and a half billion dollars when new, installed in the United States. And the machines themselves are continuing to improve. At present, computers perform about one hundred thousand addi-



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tions a second. Machines can read data from magnetic tapes and store them at a rate of about a hundred thousand characters a second. A high-speed automatic printer can record data from tape at about a thousand lines a minute. Modern computers perform somewhere between one billion and ten billion consecutive operations without error. The next generation of machines, already in the advanced design stage, will probably have basic machine times of a billionth of a second—as compared to a millionth of a second for the present-day machines—which means they will very likely be able to do a billion operations a second. As the machines increase in speed and efficiency, there is an inevitable increase in the sophistication of the programs that they can handle; a very complex program may contain as many as a hundred thousand machine instructions. A recent survey, carried out by a magazine called *Computers and Automation*, indicated six hundred areas of application of computers, ranging from medical diagnosis (computers correlate complicated data) to the analysis of literary styles (computers determine the frequency with which certain words and word patterns arise). One of the most remarkable applications is in the field of language translation. The first step in doing such a translation is to give each letter a numerical code. Words can then be stored in the computer memory as sequences of numbers, which means that the computer can tell when two words are the same by comparing the two numbers. A dictionary of, say, Russian-English words and grammatical constructions is stored numerically in the machine, and a text can be translated by comparing its content to the entries in the dictionary. Such applications are a triumph of programming, for the programmer must first formulate apparently qualitative problems so that they become essentially quantitative. As Lady Lovelace said, the Analytical Engine can only perform "whatever we *know how to order it* to perform."

After one has learned something about the extremely rapid development of computers over the last twenty years, one inevitably wonders whether there are any foreseeable limits to their future development. In this connection, it is interesting to make a few approximate comparisons between computer characteristics and some of the characteristics of the human brain. The basic cell of the human nervous system is known as a neuron. When neurons are suitably stimulated, they absorb or emit nerve impulses, which travel along fibres

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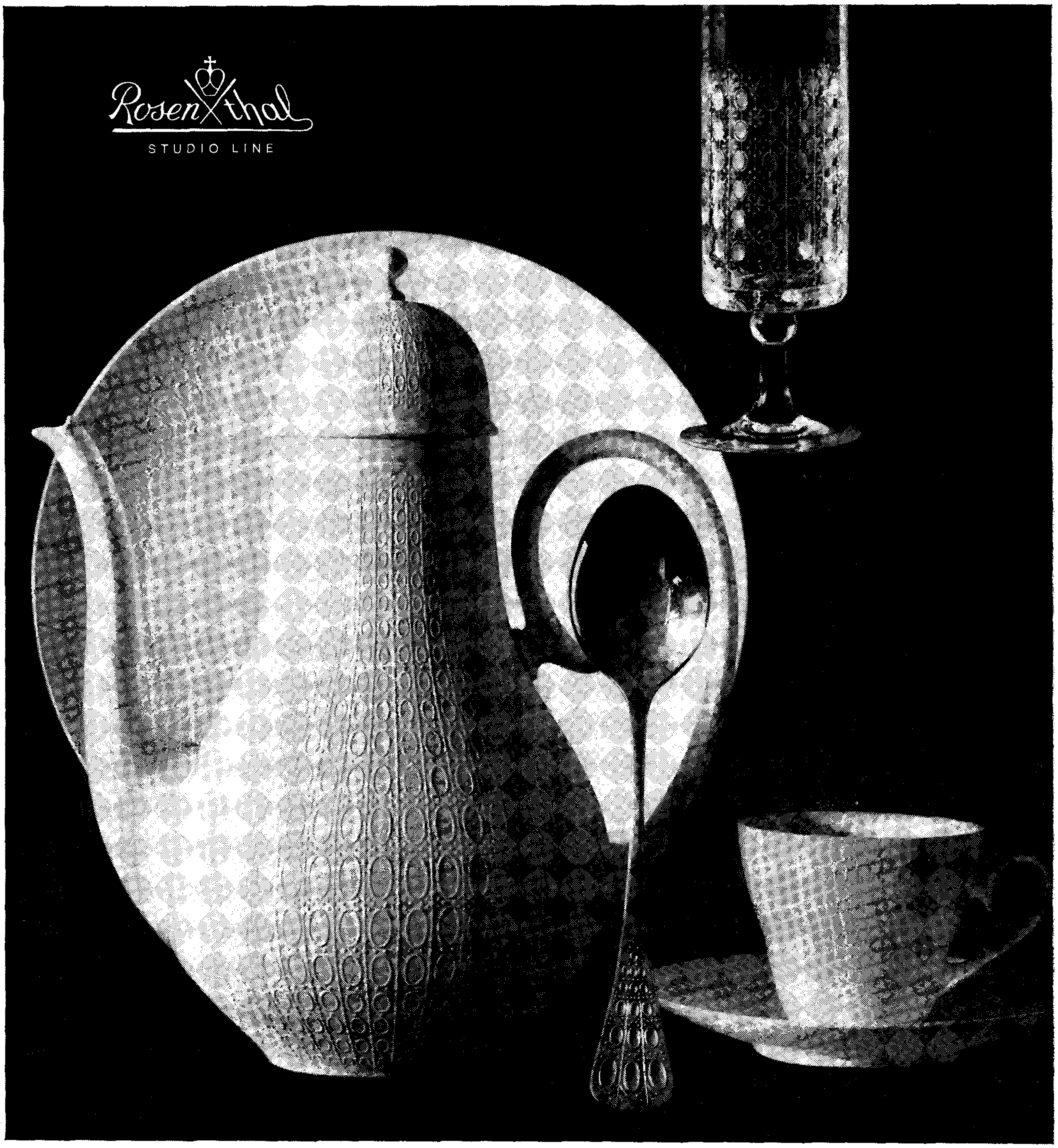

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called axons. A neuron is about the size of a large organic molecule—that is, about a hundred-thousandth of a centimetre in diameter—while the axons sometimes extend for several feet. The disturbance generated by the neuron travels along the axon as an electrical pulse; concurrent with this electrical activity along the axon there also occur chemical changes. The nerve impulses travel along the axons at various speeds, but the highest is thought to be in the neighborhood of ten thousand centimetres a second. This should be compared with the speed of light, which is also the speed at which electrical signals travel in a computer—about thirty billion centimetres a second. (According to Einstein's theory of relativity, the speed of light is also the maximum speed at which any signal can travel.) The human brain has a volume of about a thousand cubic centimetres and contains about ten billion neurons. This figure might be compared to the number of magnetic cores in a modern computer memory—roughly a million—but in making such a comparison, one must keep in mind the fact that memory is only one of the functions of the brain. Indeed, the brain's ten billion neurons are organized to do a whole variety of mental tasks. There are, roughly speaking, about two hundred thousand electronic components in a large computer—besides the million or so magnetic cores in the memory—that perform non-memory functions, such as logic and control. These occupy a volume of about a hundred thousand cubic centimetres. Thus, the brain has about ten thousand times as many components as a large computer, and they occupy about a hundredth of the volume. The basic reaction time for a neuron is estimated to be about a thousandth of a second, as compared to a millionth of a second for an electronic-computer component. Hence, compared to a computer, the brain has a much larger set of components, packed into a much tinier volume but functioning rather slowly. This undoubtedly means that the brain operates by making use of as many of its components as possible at any one time. A system with a few very fast components will operate most efficiently by using them in rapid succession, or serially, whereas a system like the brain, with many comparatively slow components, will make up for the slowness by processing information in parallel chains. As von Neumann put it:

> The natural componentry [the brain] favours automata with more but slower organs. Hence it is to be expected that an

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efficiently organized large natural automaton (like the human nervous system) will tend to pick up as many logical (or informational) items as possible simultaneously, and process them simultaneously, while an efficiently organized large artificial automaton (like a large modern computing machine) will be more likely to do things successively—one thing at a time, or at any rate not so many things at a time; that is, large and efficient natural automata are likely to be highly *parallel,* while large and efficient artificial automata will tend to be less so, and rather to be *serial.*

It is possible to imagine future machines with as many components as the brain simply as enlargements of the present machines. One might imagine, for example, just taking ten thousand memories of the present size and putting them together. It is clear that such a contraption—if it could be built—would have a volume of many cubic feet. Therefore, the speed of light would begin to play an important role. An electric pulse can travel a foot in a billionth of a second, a thousand feet in a millionth of a second. But the rhythm of the present computers is measured in millionths of a second; the characteristic electronic pulses in the machine, which determine the length of the machine cycles, last something less than a millionth of a second. Hence, given existing components, one could not enlarge a computer memory a great deal without having the time it takes a signal to travel from place to place in the memory become comparable to the basic times of the machine itself—a situation that would result in a great deal of inefficiency.

It has become clear not only that the number of neurons in the brain is very much larger than the number of components in a computer but also that the basic principles of organization must be very different. A computer is constructed according to a precise predetermined plan—a wiring diagram—in which all the connections between the components are spelled out in detail. A completed computer exhibits very little "redundancy;" that is, if part of the memory, for example, is removed, the machine simply will not operate. On the other hand, there is a good deal of evidence to suggest that there is considerable redundancy in the operation of the brain. Some of the brain can be removed without noticeably impairing, say, memory, and it appears, moreover, that, if necessary, different parts of the brain can sometimes take over each other's functions. In other words, the brain does not behave at all as if the neurons were all connected up according to a rigorous wiring diagram like that of a computer; indeed,

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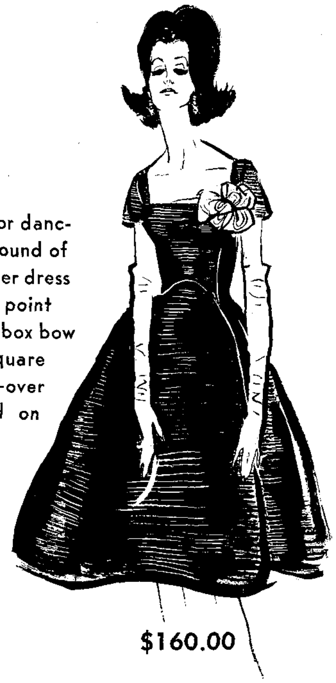

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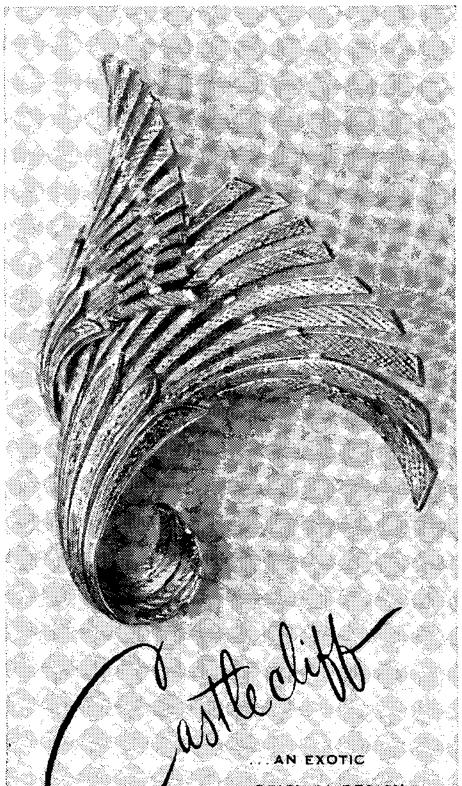

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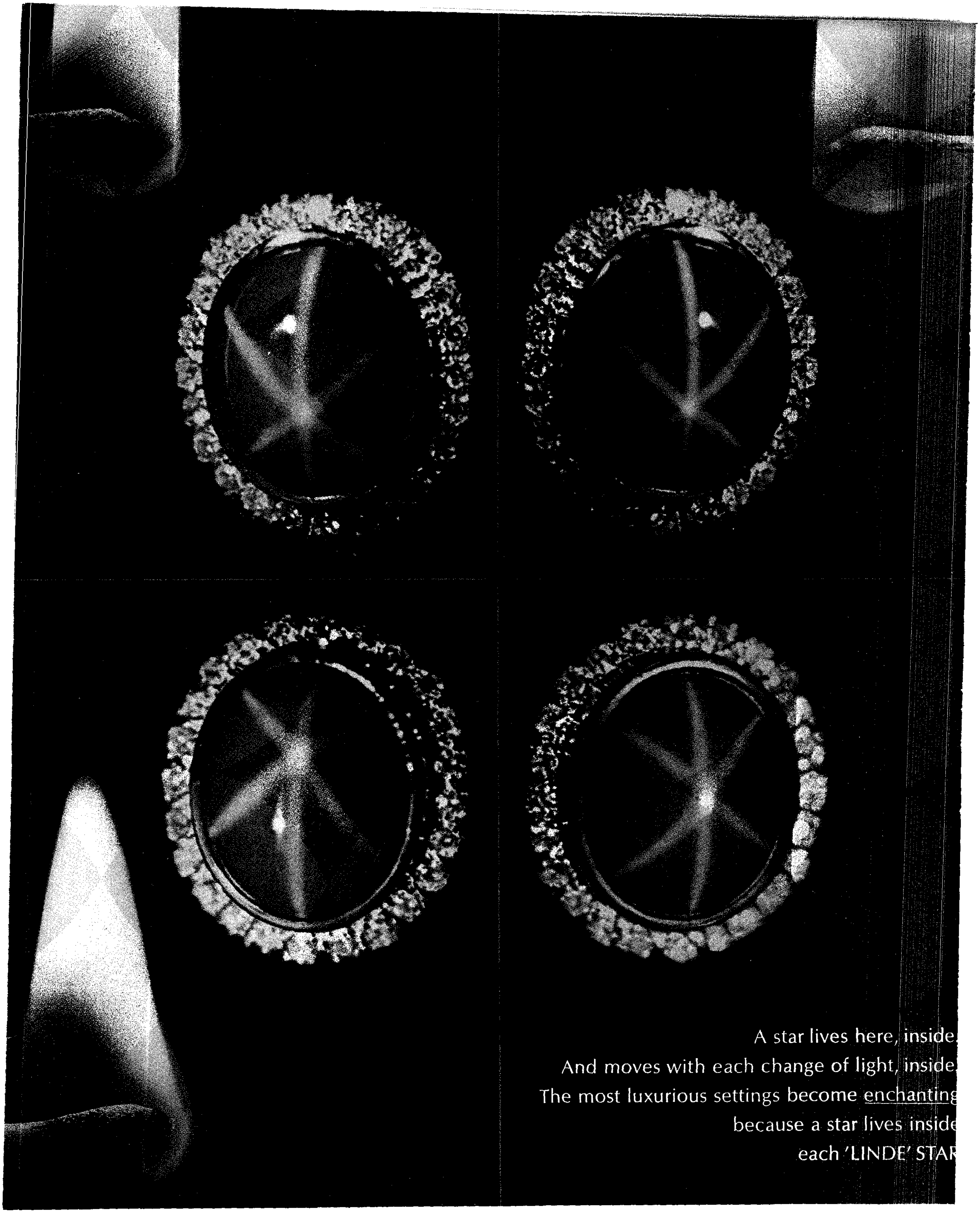
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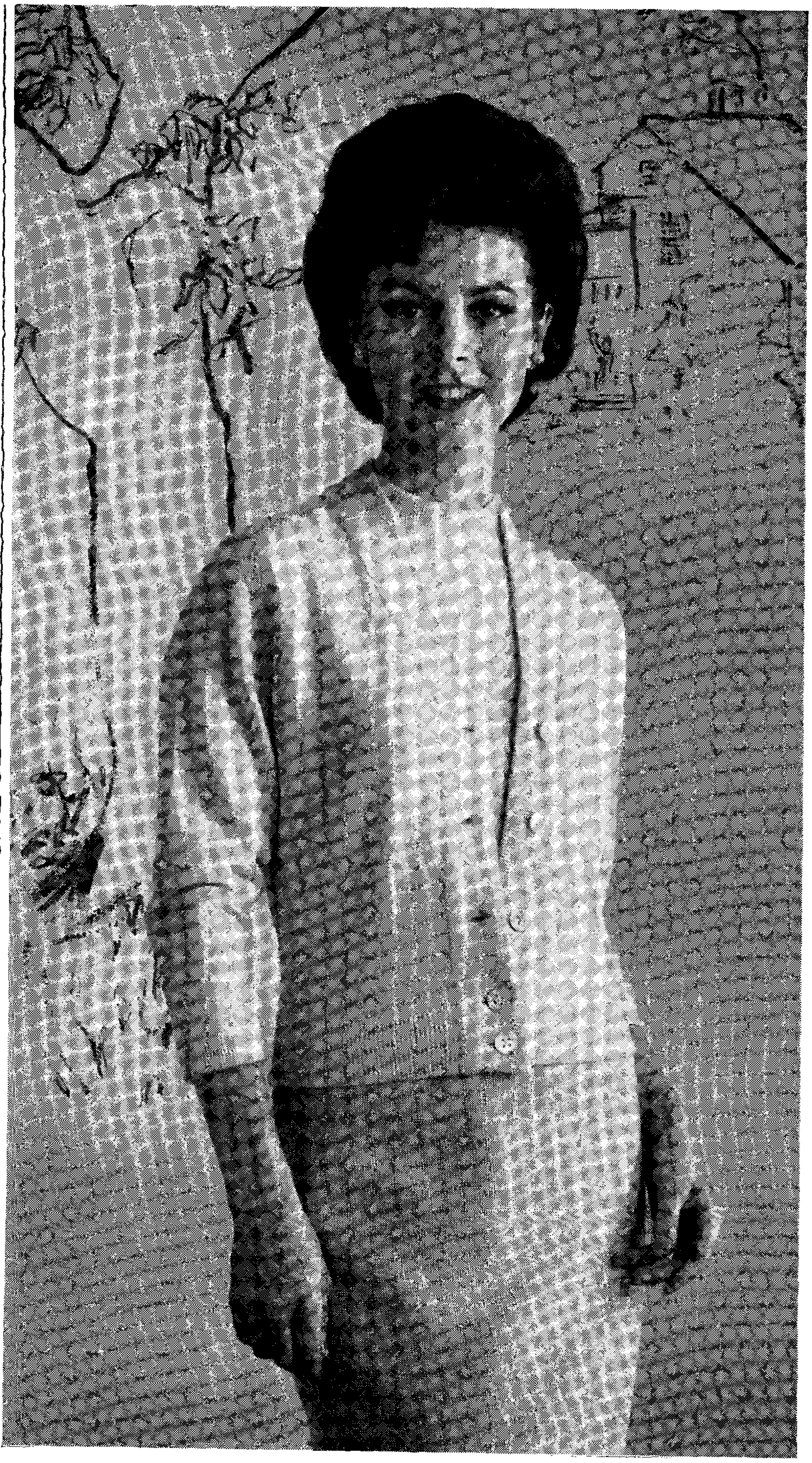
it is quite likely that most of the connections among the neurons in the brain develop at random. This is suggested by a consideration of the amount of information that it would take to specify all the connections that exist among the neurons; some, at least, of the ten billion neurons have several thousand connections, so it would be necessary to "blueprint" about ten thousand billion connections. From what is known about the genes that govern the growth pattern of the newborn individual, it seems very unlikely that the genes themselves can carry this much information.

It is perhaps difficult to understand how such a randomly connected system can learn. (An ordinary computer actually cannot be said to learn, since whenever it tackles a problem, however similar the problem may be to previous ones it has done, it must be programmed all over again.) As it happens, a remarkable electronic model demonstrating some of the learning aspects of randomly organized systems has been constructed. It is called the Perceptron, and it was conceived in 1958 by Professor F. Rosenblatt, of Cornell University. The original, or Mark I, version of the Perceptron was constructed at the Cornell Aeronautical Laboratories in 1959, and it and its successors have been the subject of intensive study. The Mark I is built in three levels. The first level consists of a grid of photocells—four hundred of them—which correspond to the retina of the eye, and to which light stimuli are presented as they would be to an eye. The photocells are connected with a group of components called associator units, on the second level, which collect electrical impulses that have been transmitted from the photocells. The wiring that connects the photocells to the associator units is set up at random; in the Mark I there are five hundred and twelve associator units, and each one can have as many as forty random connections with the photocells. The third level consists of eight response units—components that respond to signals from the associator units. A given associator unit will signal to the response units only if the signal it itself receives is above a certain threshold. (Neurons, too, appear to be activated only if the signals they receive are above a certain threshold.) Hence, when the Perceptron is shown a pattern, a connection is made with the associators; there is no way of predicting in advance what this connection will be, but in any event some of the associator units are activated and, in turn, trigger the response units. The Perceptron learns to recognize shapes. When it is shown an illuminated "A,"



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it responds in a certain manner. Then if it is shown another "A," shaped somewhat differently or in a different part of its visual field, it may or may not respond in the same way. If it responds in the same way, it has recognized the "A." If not, then the signals from those associators that have been activated are modified, and it is shown the "A" once again, and so on. In practice, the Mark I learns to identify letters perfectly after about forty exposures. The Perceptron's process of learning is an evolutionary one. At the first exposure to the changed "A," some aspects of its response will be "right"—appropriate to the recognition of an "A"—and some will be "wrong." If the wrong responses are suppressed, eventually all surviving responses will be correct, and the system will have learned to recognize the "A." If the random system is complex enough so that some of its responses to the new "A" are right, the Perceptron can be made to learn to recognize it by sufficient reinforcement of these responses.

The fact that we are born with instincts that we apparently inherit from our parents—that not everything is learned from scratch—indicates that not all of the organization of the brain can be random. Some of it must be "deterministic"—must be included in the information carried by the genes we receive from our parents. Dr. Rosenblatt and his group have also developed models that combine a partly random and partly deterministic organization. For example, if one restricts oneself to deforming the letters presented to the Perceptron *in a particular way*, such as expanding them or rotating them, then it is possible to alter the electronics of the Perceptron so as to take advantage of this restriction and thus to enable the Perceptron to learn more efficiently than if it were only randomly wired. In other words, by anticipating the shapes of the objects that the Perceptron will be shown one may alter its design so as to enable it to recognize them better. It seems likely that the brain has some such combination of "deterministic" organization, dictated by what the experience of the race indicates that the newborn child is likely to find in its environment, and a "random" component that enables it to learn in a wide variety of unanticipated situations.

Since the brain, when damaged, has a tendency to repair itself, its organization is clearly such that the defective parts become as inconspicuous as possible. On the other hand, the computer, which must be repaired when it breaks down, is designed so that defects show

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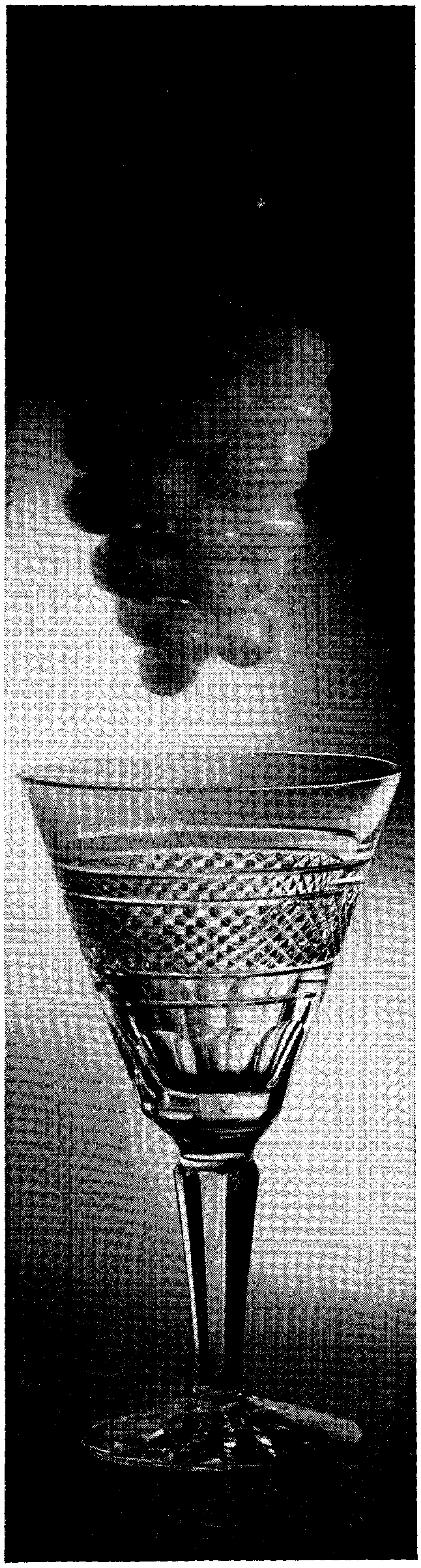

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up as conspicuously as possible—so that they can be tracked down and corrected. Von Neumann noted:

> The basic principle of dealing with malfunctions in nature is to make their effect as unimportant as possible and to apply correctives, if they are necessary at all, at leisure. In our dealings with artificial automata, on the other hand, we require an immediate diagnosis. Therefore, we are trying to arrange the automata in such a manner that errors will become as conspicuous as possible, and intervention and correction follow immediately. In other words, natural organisms are constructed to make errors as inconspicuous, as harmless as possible. Artificial automata are designed to make errors as conspicuous, as disastrous, as possible. The rationale of this difference is not far to seek. Natural organisms are sufficiently well conceived to be able to operate even when malfunctions have set in. They can operate in spite of malfunctions, and their subsequent tendency is to remove these malfunctions. An artificial automaton could certainly be designed so as to be able to operate normally in spite of a limited number of malfunctions in certain limited areas. Any malfunction, however, represents a considerable risk that some generally degenerating process has already set in within the machine. It is, therefore, necessary to intervene immediately, because a machine which has begun to malfunction has only rarely a tendency to restore itself, and will probably go from bad to worse.

Interestingly, the Perceptron can be partly destroyed—some of its associators can be removed—without damage to its learning operation. The machine utilizes new paths among the remaining associators much as a damaged brain does when it begins to recover its functions. The brain and the Perceptron, unlike the computer, are not specialized for doing arithmetic operations, and the computer does not learn. Perhaps future computers, with numbers of components comparable to those in the brain, will be able to combine functions. If a computer is ever built that does involve nearly as many components as the brain, it would probably be very useful if much of its organization could be random. In this case one would not need to blueprint such a vast array of connections and, more importantly, one might rely on the machine to repair or suppress its malfunctions, relieving the user of the formidable job of searching around among, say, a billion component parts to find a few that may have gone bad.

APART from the physical limitations of computers, many people have wondered whether there is some intrinsic difference between human thought and the activity of a computer. This is, to some extent, a continuation of the long-standing argument in biology between the "vitalists" and the "mechanists." The mechanists claim that the

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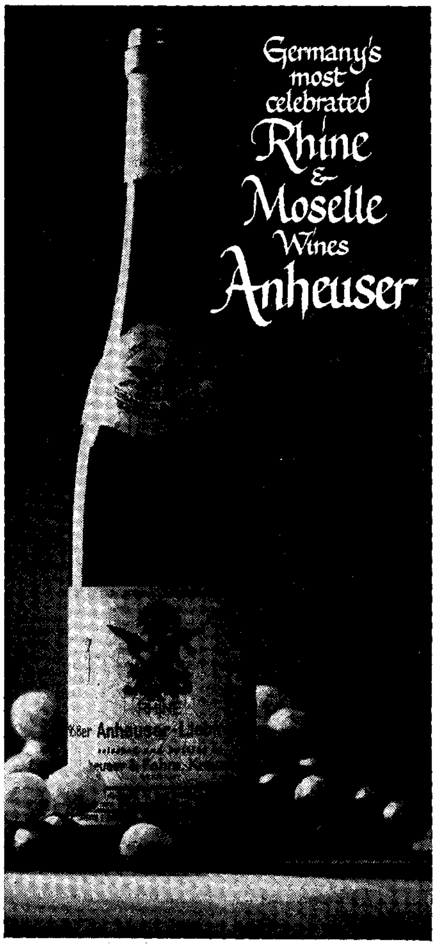

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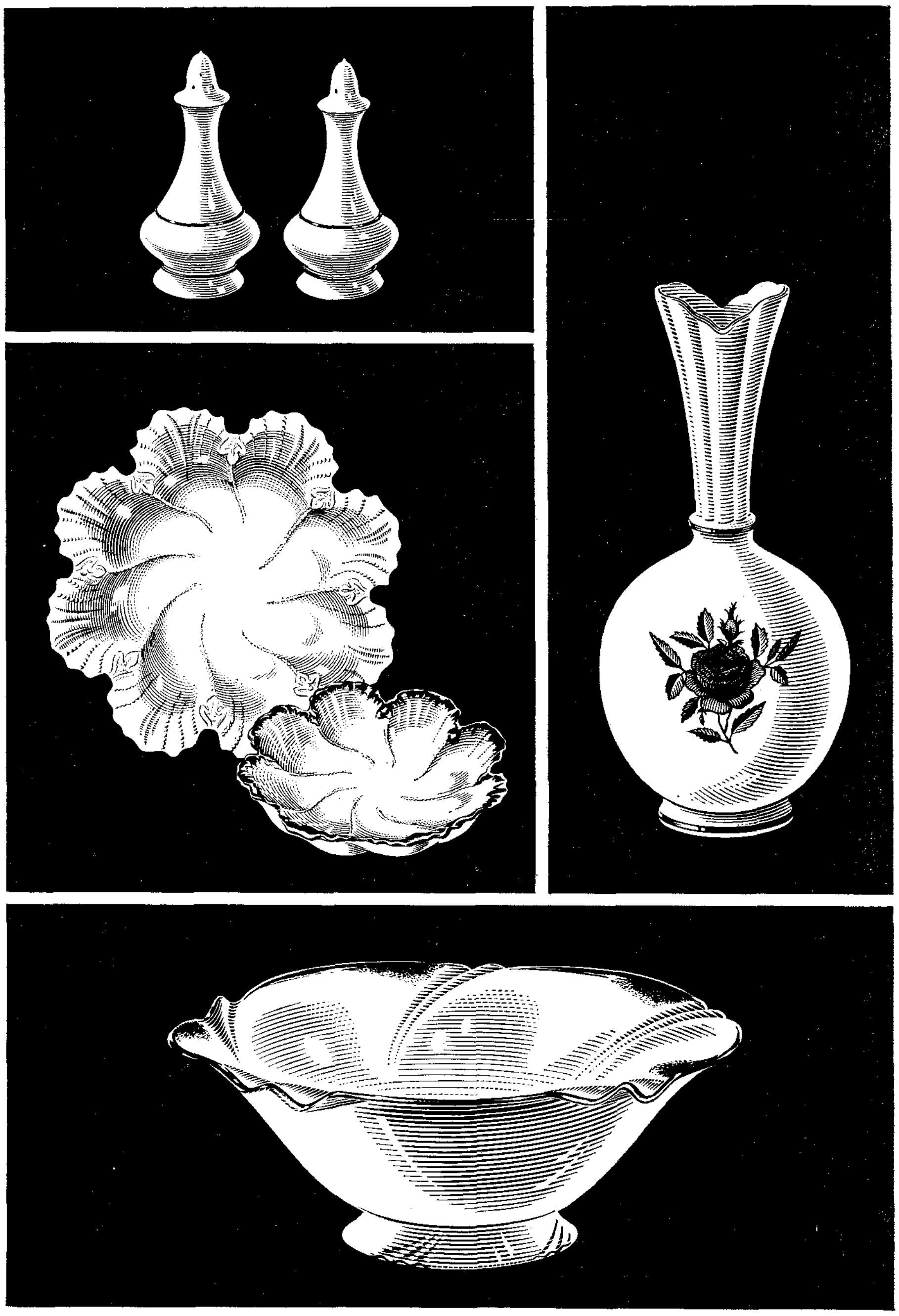
human organism is merely a machine—a very complex one, to be sure—while the vitalists claim that there is an essential vital force possessed by the living human organism and that this cannot be duplicated mechanically. The same controversy arises when people ask, "Do computing machines really think?" So little is understood about the processes of human thought that when the question is formulated in this way, it can hardly be answered. There is, however, another way of putting the question—a way that was suggested by the late Alan Turing, a brilliant English mathematician—that is answerable, in principle: "Are the responses to questions made by a given computing machine indistinguishable from the responses to the same questions made by a given person?" In other words, is it possible to distinguish between a given computer and a given person simply by communicating with them? Turing proposed a game—now known as the Identification Game or the Turing Game—that could be played either with three people or with two people and a computer, and that could be used to settle the question of the distinguishability of people from computers. Three people can play the Turing Game as follows: Assume one of the players to be a woman and another a man. (The sex of the third is irrelevant.) The man and the woman remain in one room and communicate with the third player only by means of typewritten messages. They disguise their identity in the messages by calling themselves, say, X and Y. The third player can ask the two others any questions he likes by sending in a typewritten questionnaire, his object being to find out whether it is X or Y who is the woman. The woman attempts to reveal her identity by giving true answers, while the man attempts to disguise his by giving false answers. The questioner must use a rather sophisticated strategy to learn the truth—for example, if he simply asks, "Do you wear a dress?" both X and Y will say "Yes," and he will be no wiser than before. Now, Turing proposed to let the computer play the role of X or Y and let the third player discover "which of the two, X or Y, is human." If the third player can't decide this, the computer has passed its intelligence test.

Turing even proposed, somewhat facetiously, the lines along which the questioning might go:

Q: Please write me a sonnet on the subject of the Forth Bridge.
A: Count me out on this one. I never could write poetry.
Q: Add 34957 to 70764.



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A: (Pause about 30 seconds and then give as answer) 105621.

Q: Do you play chess?

A: Yes.

Q: I have K at my K1, and no other pieces. You have only K at K6 and R at R1. It is your move. What do you play?

A: (After a pause of 15 seconds) R—R8 mate.

Turing continued:

The question and answer method seems to be suitable for introducing almost any one of the fields of human endeavor that we wish to include. We do not wish to penalize the machine for its inability to shine in beauty competitions, nor to penalize a man for losing in a race against an aeroplane. The conditions of our game make these disabilities irrelevant.

As yet there are no computers that can successfully play Turing's game.

Curiously, Turing's most important work, on the general theory of computers, was done before the war, when no digital computer of the type that he was considering had actually been built. Turing's achievement was to give a completely abstract characterization of a digital computer—a characterization that focusses on the logical organization of computers by freeing the discussion of them from any considerations of hardware. Turing's abstract computer, or "Turing machine," as it is known, is organized this way: There is an arbitrarily long tape that runs through the machine. The tape is divided up into squares, and on each square there may be a 1 or a 0. In other words, information is stored on the tape in binary. The machine, whose internal details are completely unspecified, scans the tape one square at a time. Sometimes, after its scanning, the machine will alter what is on the tape and change a 0 into a 1 or a 1 into a 0. The machine consists of a collection of stored instructions. In a single move, the machine scans a square and chooses its next instruction. It may also move the tape forward or backward by one square. Such a machine can perform a variety of "calculations," and Turing was able to prove several remarkable theorems about them. In the first place, he proved that in the mathematical sense there must exist universal "Turing machines." Universal Turing machines are Turing machines that can be programmed to do any computation or logical operation that any other Turing machine can do. In other words, universal Turing machines can be programmed to imitate any other Turing machine. In a book entitled "Computability and Unsolvability," Dr. Martin Davis, of the Belfer Graduate School of Science of Yeshiva University, who is an

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authority on Turing machines, notes that "the existence of universal Turing machines confirms the belief of those working with digital computers that it is possible to construct a single 'all-purpose' digital computer on which can be programmed (subject of course to limitations of time and memory capacity) any problem that could be programmed for any conceivable deterministic digital computer."

In the second place, Turing was able to show that there were questions that Turing machines cannot answer. Of course, any *actual* computing machine can be asked many questions that it cannot answer, simply because no one has devised a program for it that will answer them, or because a computation designed to answer them would be prohibitively long. But this is not Turing's point. His point is that there must exist problems for which programs cannot be devised in principle. An example is the so-called "Halting Problem." This is the problem of deciding whether a given Turing machine with a given tape will ever stop computing or whether it will continue indefinitely. Turing was able to show that there must exist at least one Turing machine for which this question is, in principle, undecidable. One cannot devise a program to determine whether or not the machine will stop computing. Turing's result is a variation on a remarkable theorem that was proved in 1931 by Professor Kurt Gödel, now of the Institute for Advanced Study. Gödel's Theorem showed that in a logical system as rich as arithmetic there must be at least one proposition whose truth or falsity is undecidable. There simply exists no proof, and there cannot exist any proof, of the truth or falsity of the undecidable statement in the language of the system within which the statement was formulated. Gödel's result can be translated into the language of Turing machines, and if a Turing machine is asked the undecidable question, it will give either no answer or a false one.

Some people have taken Turing's result as a proof that machine intelligence, compared to human intelligence, is definitely limited. Turing himself did not think there was very much depth in this view, and in a marvellous essay entitled "Can a Machine Think?" he wrote:

> Whenever one of these machines is asked the appropriate critical question and gives a definite answer, we know that this answer must be wrong, and this gives us a certain feeling of superiority. Is this feeling illusory? It is no doubt quite genuine, but I do not think too much impor-

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tance should be attached to it. We too often give wrong answers to questions ourselves to be justified in being very pleased at such evidence of fallibility on the part of the machines. Further, our superiority can only be felt on such an occasion in relation to the one machine over which we have scored our petty triumph. There would be no question of triumphing simultaneously over *all* machines. In short then, there might be men cleverer than any given machine, but, then again, there might be other machines cleverer again, and so on.

However one may feel about attributing intelligence to computers, it must be clear that with their rapid development a new force has come into the world. The history of electronic computers is only twenty years old, and they are still sufficiently simple for one to have a sense of understanding in detail how they work, and therefore of being in control. (Someone has remarked, "You can always pull out the plug.") But computers are already being used to design other computers, and it is quite possible that future generations of machines, which have been designed by machines, or which are not organized according to an entirely deterministic plan, may be beyond our complete understanding. Turing, for one, seemed to accept this possibility as a foregone conclusion. Shortly after his tragic death—he died, perhaps by suicide, at the age of forty-two, in 1954—his mother, Sarah Turing, wrote a moving and lovely book about his life. In it, she quotes a letter she received from the wife of one of his closest colleagues, the English mathematician M. H. A. Newman. Mrs. Newman wrote, "I remember sitting in our garden at Bowdon about 1949 while Alan and my husband discussed the machine [Turing had played a leading role in the construction of a large digital computer known as MADAM—for Manchester Automatic Digital Machine—at Manchester University] and its future activities. I couldn't take part in the discussion and it was one of many that had passed over my head, but suddenly my ear picked up a remark which sent a shiver down my back. Alan said reflectively, 'I suppose when it gets to that stage we shan't know how it does it.' "

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

(This is the second of two articles on computers.)

•

Members of both the San Fernando Sons of the Golden West and Native Daughters groups have straightened up the cemetery, including the filling of empty graves.—*Los Angeles Times.*

The heart of the problem, really.

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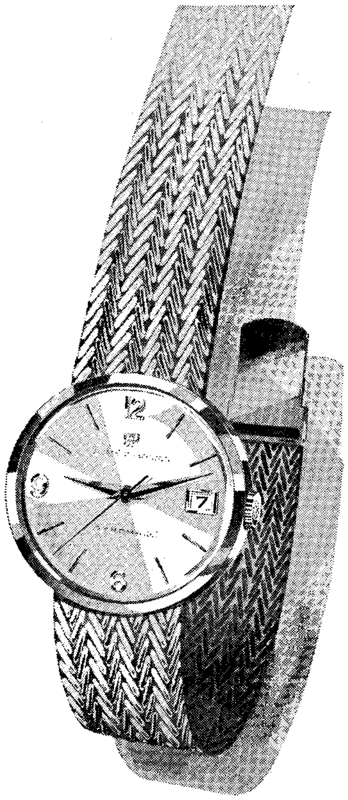

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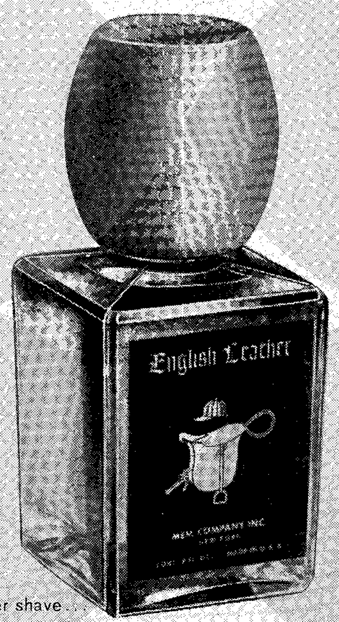

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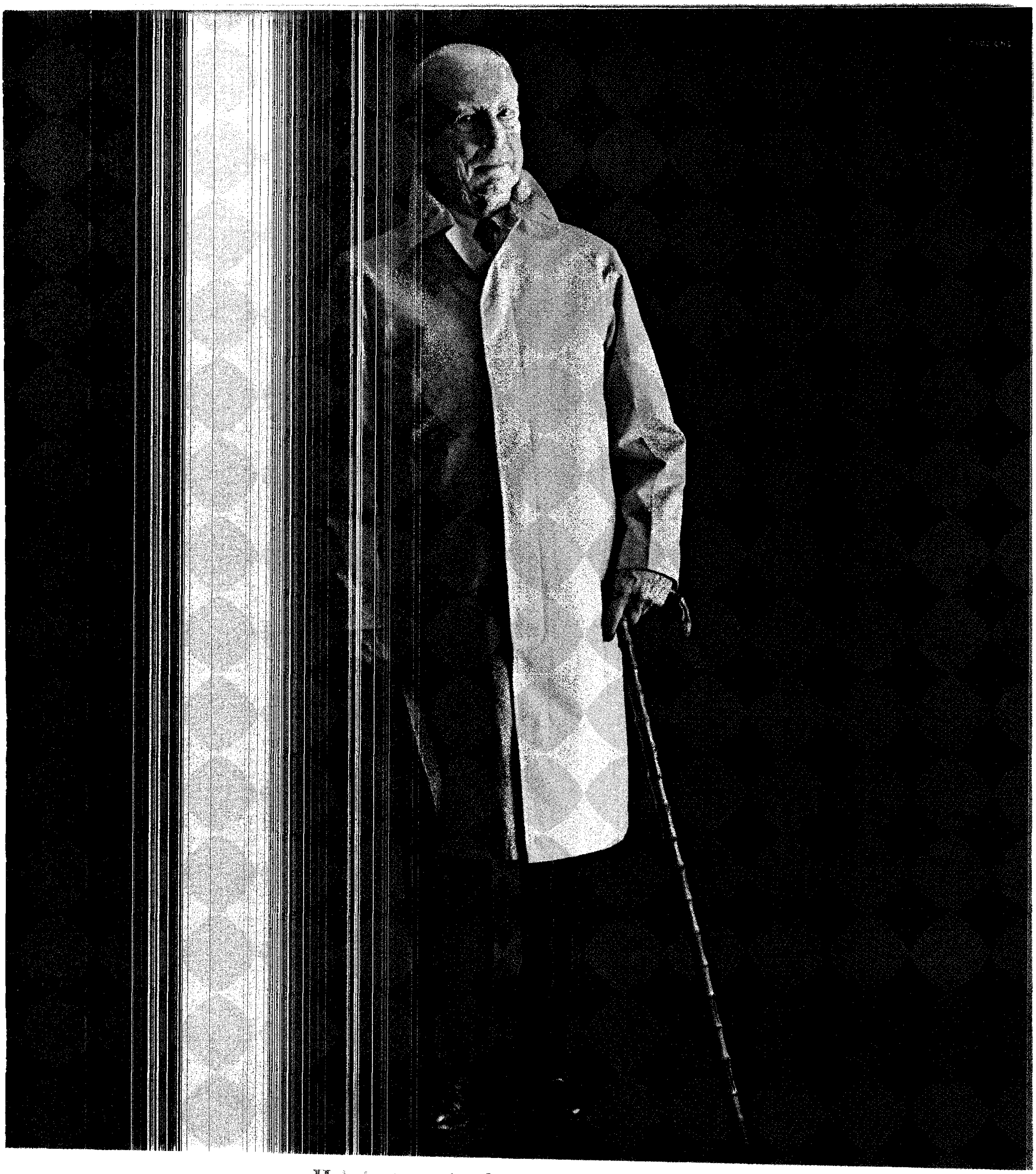

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ever fazed us.

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y Burberry and I made a bit of history at Somaliland. Kenya. Ypres. Gallipoli. We knocked about in almost every corner of the Empire. Then...home again.

I sometimes think the Burberry took it all better than I. My friends at the club began calling me a sentimental old duff. Rightly so, I expect. Because I just couldn't bear to part with my old friend, the Burberry.

After so many years, so many adventures, a part of my life had become woven in that cloth. But, heaven knows, we were both showing our age. Finally I decided it was high time to retire myself and my good old Burberry and get another.

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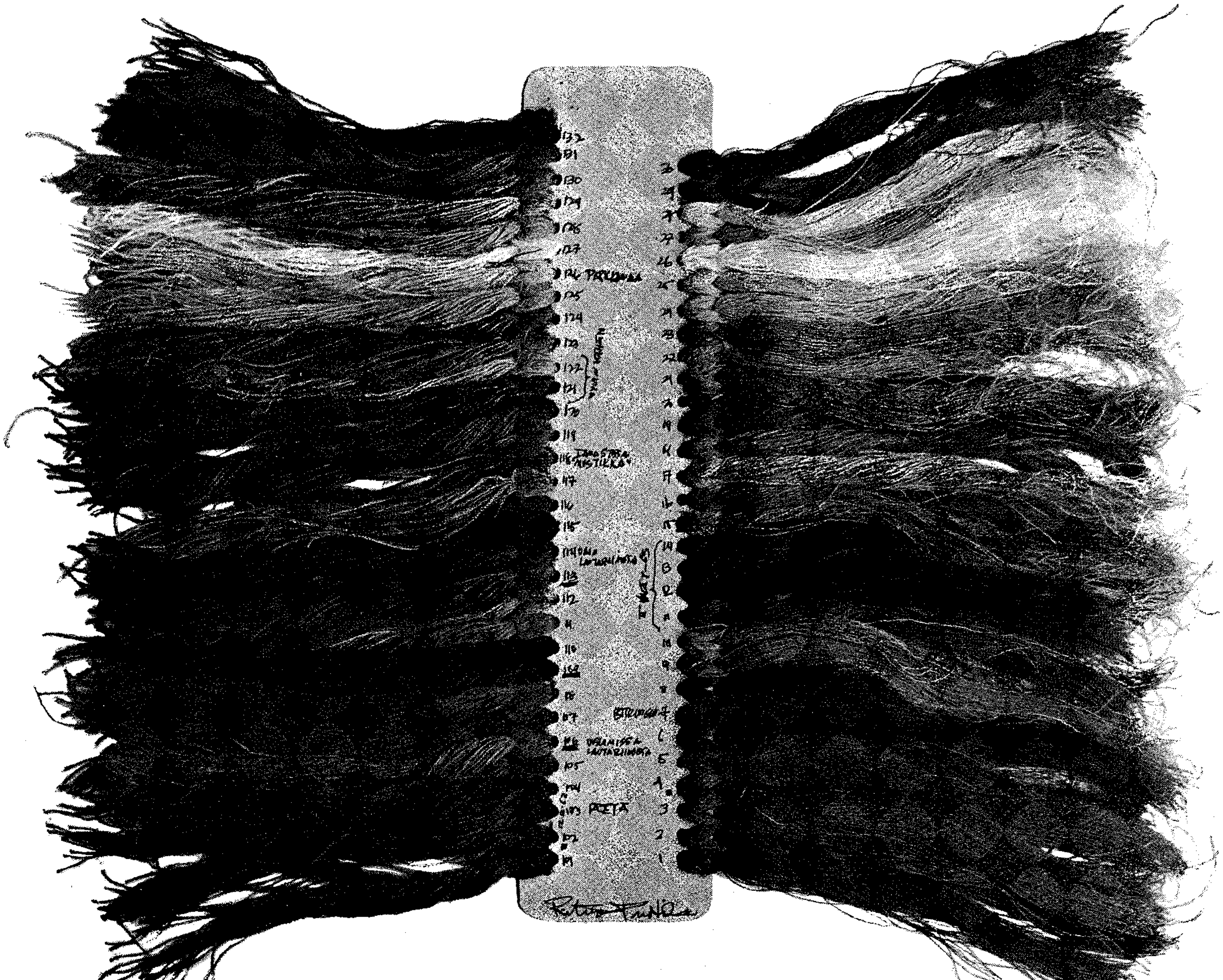


The Extravagance of Ritva Puotila

An unlikely story that happens to be true about a Finnish beauty, an American businessman, some colored damasks, and an impossible task that was finally accomplished after 3200 tries.

She was naive. Anyone with any experience at all could have told Ritva Puotila that what she wanted to do was impossible. After all, people had been weaving linen damask for over eight hundred years. And, if it were possible to weave it with colored warp threads, surely, in all that time, someone would have done it.

But she didn't ask anyone with any experience at all. She had something fixed firmly in her mind. And this young Finnish beauty didn't yet know enough to doubt that she could do it.

She loved the silkiness, and the shimmer, and the good solid feel of the double-damask table linens that she lived with every day. (They'd never gone out of style in Finland, as they had in the United States.) But she was bored to tears with the slim pickings: nothing but white on white or occasionally a washed out pink, or a watered down yellow. She longed to give them some of the throb, and passion, and juice, and wildness that she put into her handwoven rya rugs (one of which, The Zeus, had taken a Gold Medal at the '60 Triennale Di Milano).

Enter American businessman, smiling.

It was these rya rugs which had gotten Ritva involved with the American businessman in the first place. A few years before, he had come to Helsinki looking for six ryas for his home in Great Neck, New York. He had spent two days in one shop looking at the work of fifteen Finnish rya weavers. By the time he was finished, he had culled out six designs. Surprisingly, they all turned out to be the work of one person. (Who else but Ritva Puotila.) And, even more surprisingly, they were her first commercial assignment.

He asked to meet her.

Now it happened that, at this time, the American businessman was sponsoring an all-Scandinavia design competition to find someone fresh and exciting to do the first collection of table linens for Dansk Designs. At their very first meeting, he persuaded Ritva to enter this competition. And, though she had absolutely no experience with table linens, and knew very little about machine production, she won. And he hired her.

Right from the start, Ritva broke all the rules.

Typically, she did 38 napkin colors which harmonized with, accented, heightened, dramatized, fought against—but never matched—her cloths and mats. There were no nice, safe, preassembled sets. You had a chance to stick your chin out, depend on your own good eye, and make your own personal statement. She designed that whole first Finnish Accent collection on the heretical assumption that America was full of people with galloping imaginations and strong independent tastes. She was right. As the sales figures are still proving.

Meanwhile, back at the damask.

As we said before, Ritva was naively unaware of the impossibility of weaving strongly-colored damask. So was the American businessman—so he gave her the go ahead. Thus began The Extravagance of Ritva Puotila.

To get the kind of colors Ritva wanted, she had to dye both the woof and the warp threads. (It was the interplay between warp threads of one color and woof threads of another that was to give her damasks their throb, and passion, and juice, and wildness.) For wan pastels, only the woof threads had to be dyed. What Ritva didn't know was that the moment you dyed the warp threads, you weakened them just enough so that at least a few of them were likely to pop under the yank of the damask loom. And, if just one warp thread per hundred thousand pops, it automatically stops the whole loom cold. And stop it did.

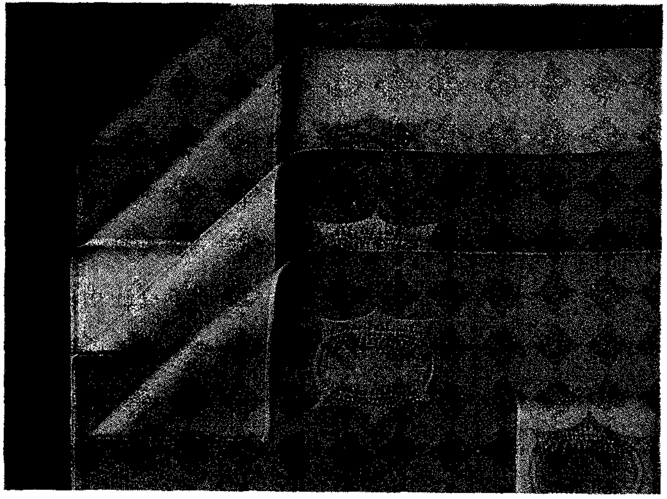
For six months, all sorts of experts tinkered with thread weights, loom tensions and dyeing methods—while Ritva kept prodding. And that other naive optimist, the American businessman, kept paying. Finally the impossible problem was solved. Now they went on to the really difficult one.

Not only did Ritva insist upon throbbing, passionate, juicy, wild colors. She also insisted that they throb differently on each side of her cloths. Each side had to have a character all its own.

One, for example, was to look candlelit on one side, and moonlit on the other. She wove it. The moonlit side looked leaden. The candlelit side turned out to be merely dun. So she wove it again. And again. And again—ad infinitum—until she got it. (Each time varying the dyes, or the thread mix, or both.) And she was just as stubborn about her pointillist red and blue cloth. And the mat that was to flip from morning sun to evening sun.

3200 expensive trial weaves later, Ritva finally got her fourteen color combinations to work. And if you like her throbbing, passionate, juicy, wild damasks as much as we do, Ritva will live happily ever after. And the American businessman will live happily ever after. And, incidentally, Ritva's damasks will live happily ever after, too. (They get even silkier and more shimmering with every wash.)

Epilogue: in spite of Ritva's extravagance, you can buy these damasks without being too extravagant. The mats, which come in seven different reversible combinations of throbbing, passionate, juicy, wild colors, are four for 11.00. Napkins come in nine such reversible combinations, and are four for 10.00. And a 60-by-90 inch tablecloth comes in four combinations, and is just 34.95.



If you've read this far, you must be almost as stubborn as Ritva. So perhaps you're just as insistent as she, that the things you live with be perfect all the way through. There are 493 such things in the catalogue of the Dansk "Top-of-the-Table" collection. Write for it to: Dansk Designs, Inc., Dept. RP, Great Neck, New York.

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THE THEATRE

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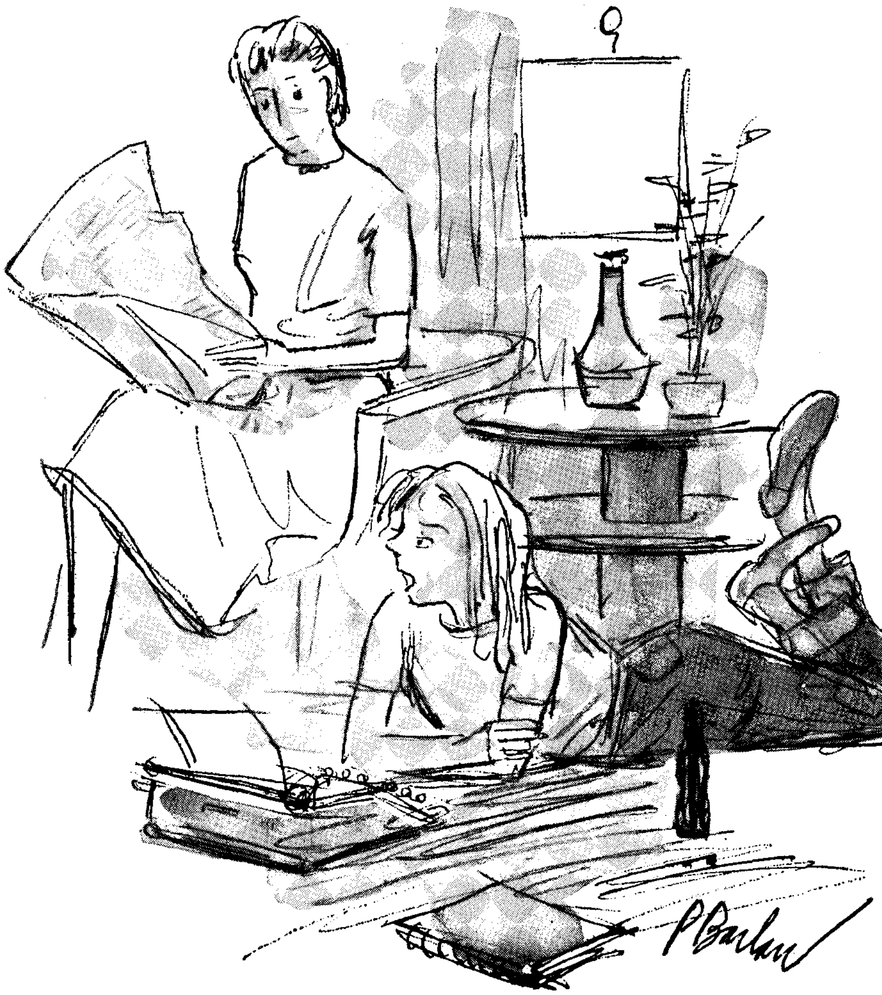
THERE are all kinds of spectacular effects in "Jennie," at the Majestic, but there isn't much in the way of wit, style, or content, and even though the musical has the services of Mary Martin, it is a glum affair. With a book by Arnold Schulman, and lyrics and music by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz, "Jennie" sets out to describe the early life and loves of Laurette Taylor. Miss Taylor, it develops, was married to a boozy philanderer (George Wallace) and languidly admired by a British toff (Robin Bailey). While Miss Martin bounces back and forth between these two—one a stage producer, the other a playwright—we are offered extravagant scenes from old-fashioned melodramas with such titles as "The Mountie Gets His Man, or, Chang Lu, King of the White Slavers." As you can surmise, the humor in the piece is primitive, and I can assure you that the songs are hardly memorable. But "Jennie" does provide a smash-tomato finish with a fire so spectacular and realistic that I headed for the exit at the briskest pace allowed by the Fire Department.

EVER since they were executed, in 1927, Sacco and Vanzetti have been the subject of dramatic experiments. The latest of these was "The Advocate," which had a brief run at the ANTA last week. This drama, by Robert Noah, took a peripheral approach to the case of the New England anarchists, paying more attention to the Boston Brahmin who defended the men than to the men themselves. There isn't anything wrong, I suppose, with attacking the Sacco-Vanzetti theme in this manner, but Mr. Noah, despite his ability to write civilized dialogue, never succeeded in establishing the various dilemmas of his hero as anything more than very minor matters when considered against the background of a major tragedy. It is Mr. Noah's firm conviction that Sacco and Vanzetti were done to death because of their political beliefs and not because of any crime they had committed, and the evidence he adduced to prove his point was pretty overwhelming. It's a good thing, I guess, for us to be reminded every now and then of just how awful man's inhumanity to man can be, and in that respect "The Advocate" was a worthy endeavor. On the other hand, it sorely lacked any element of suspense, and the proper Bostonians who saw to it that Sacco and Vanzetti were destroyed seemed, as presented here, a very pallid lot. In the title role, James Daly was articulate and persuasive, and toward the conclusion of the play he got in some forceful oratorical licks. However, the two most fortunate actors in the large and capable cast were Dolph Sweet and Dino Fazio, who played Sacco and Vanzetti. Mr. Fazio was especially effective in delivering the lines from the conversations, speeches, and letters that proved the fishmonger a brighter man than any of his oppressors. "The Advocate" was directed by Howard Da Silva and had scenery and lighting by Ralph Alswang. Both gentlemen did a good job. —JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Calypso-so

THE company at the Mayfair gives "Ballad for Bimshire" a buoyant performance. Irving Burgie's music, Talley Beatty's dances, Donald Ryder's sets, and Mozelle Forte's costumes are lively, and the performers are exuberant. Moreover, they show considerable aptitude for singing and dancing, and—despite a few lapses into awkwardness or amateurishness, or both—for acting. It is only the words and the ideas that are lame or trite or downright baffling. (Mr. Burgie wrote his own lyrics and



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collaborated with Loften Mitchell on the book.) The setting of the show is Barbados, nicknamed Bimshire by the natives, and except for a rich white landowner who has come to book domestics for his house in Oyster Bay, and his Negro assistant, a New York slicker, all the characters are Barbadians. Most of them, heaven knows, are also familiar types. There is no point in going into the plot; it's the sort of thing in which a throwaway remark that beef is not available for dinner is all that is needed for a lively number in praise of chicken—in which, by the way, a young dancer named Charles Moore does an imitation of a rooster that touches upon greatness. Although words may be the least important element in a musical comedy, they do matter. It is sad to see Ossie Davis, that fine actor and comedian, who plays a loyal son of the mother country, giving "Hail Britannia," a patter song with bum patter, all the wit and finesse demanded by Gilbert and Sullivan. In some of the ballads, though, notably "Have You Got Charm?" and "Yesterday Was Such a Lovely Day," the words don't get in the way. The high point of the show, and the only song with a tune and a lyric that both come off, is "Pardon Me, Sir," a calypso number in which a fat and supple fellow named Clebert Ford, as the town goldbrick, outlines his past attempts at gainful employment. The best of the singing is done by Christine Spencer, a truly ingenuous ingénue; Jimmy Randolph, who plays the slicker from the north; and Alyce Webb, as a street vender. Miriam Burton is funny in the small part of the ingénue's sharp-tongued aunt, and so is Sylvia Moon as the proprietress of the town saloon. "Ballad for Bimshire" could have been a lot better, but I had a good time watching it anyway. —EDITH OLIVER

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Our conversations were confined to monosyllabic "Questo bello's," so not much headway could be made.—*From "Leftover Life to Kill," by Caitlin Thomas.*

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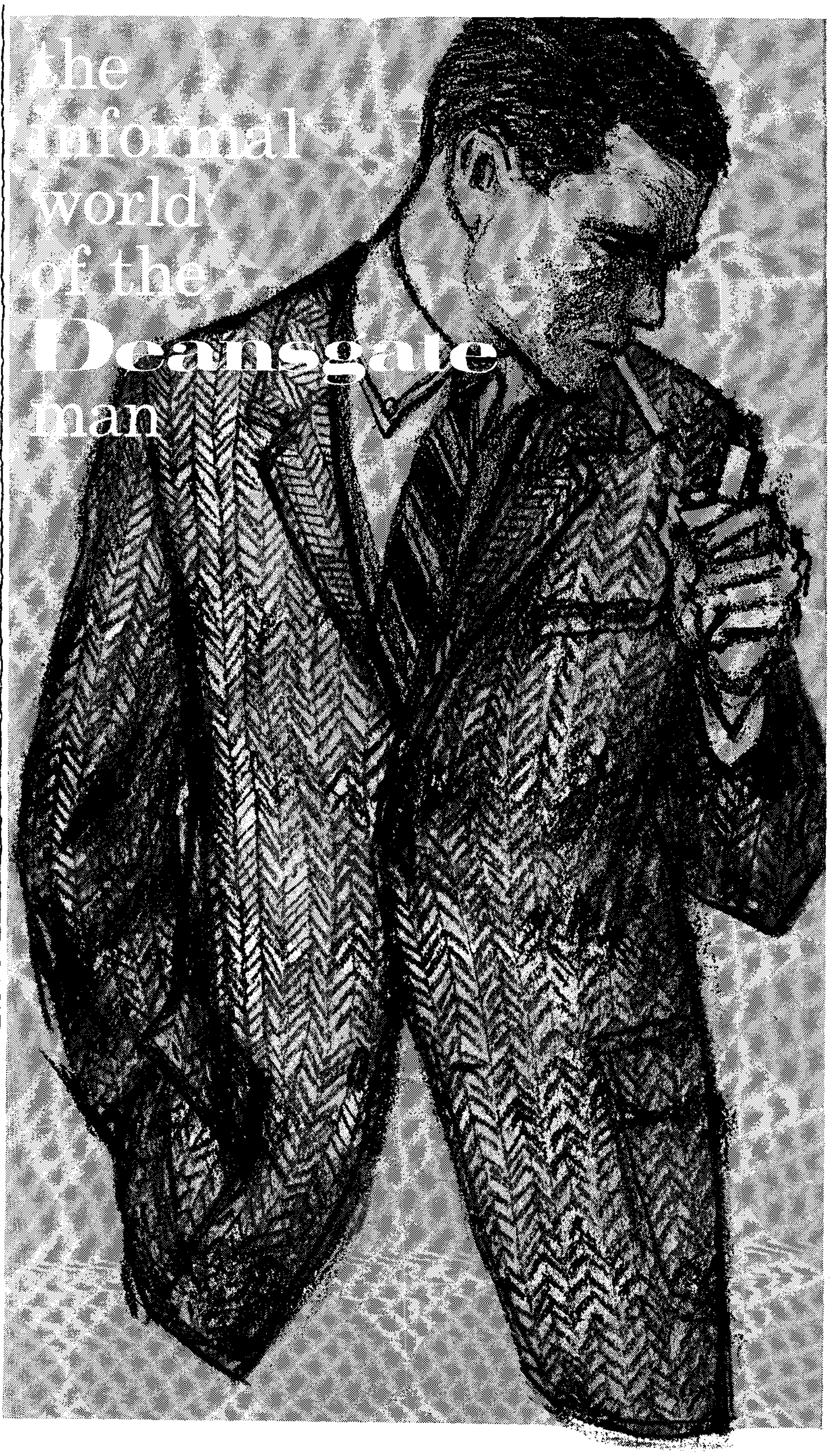
FOOTBALL

Full Stride

SINCE one of the things the American boy is supposed to be is all-round, it is nice to know that when he wants to be that way he can manage it. Last weekend, instead of just throwing the ball whenever he got his hands on it, he was often running with it or kicking field goals with it, too, and the theory that variety is the spice of life (a notion not altogether honored in professional football) enjoyed a lively reprise. Let it be added that the American boy, basically still a very young man, can make mistakes, and mistakes are apt to enhance the variety, to say nothing of the merriment. To cite a single case, let us consider Harvard, which a fortnight ago had made such good use of Cornell's willingness to fumble—a willingness helped along, it must be admitted, by Harvard tackling. This past Saturday, going up against a Columbia that had no chance at all, Harvard was seized by a gaggle of fumbles itself, and the best it could do was to come from behind, with a field goal by Hartranft, to tie Columbia, for whom Malmstrom had already done a field goal. The field goal showed up even in West Virginia, where football is not given to refinements of this sort; Kinder of West Virginia did one against Pittsburgh, but Pittsburgh went on to win, 13–10. As it happens, the art of the field goal, and of all brands of kicking, has acquired a fifth dimension since the two Hungarian soccer-playing Gogolaks arrived in this country, one to settle in at Cornell and the other to settle in at Princeton. Everyone by now must have seen, on field or on camera, the Gogolaks shamble with unbelievable awkwardness in one direction and kick the ball with unbelievable accuracy in another. Saturday, the Cornell Gogolak kicked two goals and also the point after his squad's only touchdown, and Cornell beat Yale, 13–10; the Princeton Gogolak kicked six points after his team's six touchdowns, and Princeton beat Colgate, 42–0.

The weekend's track meet was impressive, too. Army's harriers were home first, running five hundred and one yards with the ball against Wake Forest, but then Army Intelligence can



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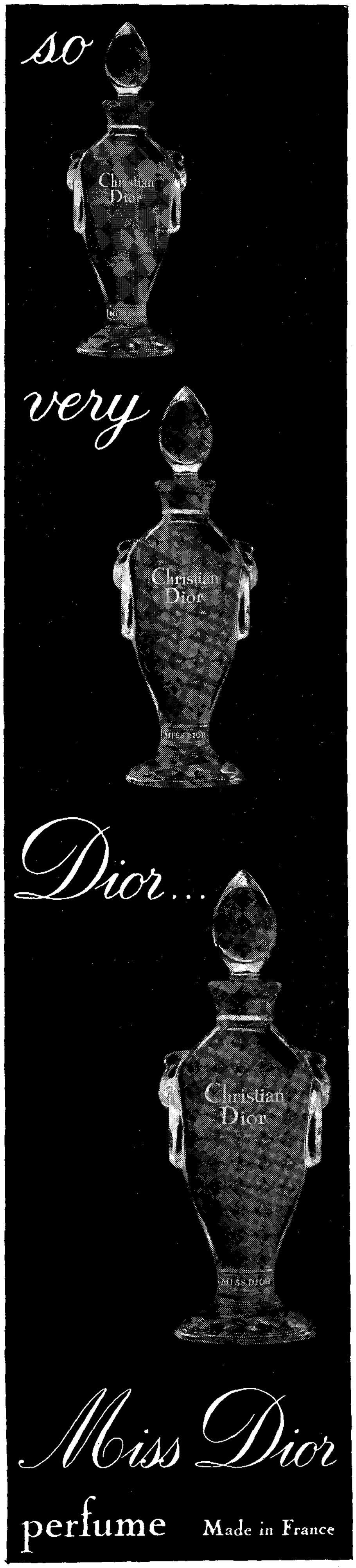

sniff out football teams—Wake Forest, Wake Island, Wake Robin—where no one else ever suspected there were any. Cornell ran two hundred and sixty-one yards, Yale ran two hundred and sixty-eight, Princeton ran two hundred and twenty-two, and Brown ran two hundred and fourteen. (Brown, a resurgent team if there ever was one, beat Pennsylvania, 41–13, just as though Pennsylvania was Wake Forest.) Devils have been known to quote football statistics for their own purpose, and I will therefore now desist—after, that is, pointing out that the published figures never assign credit to punters who can place the ball where the disadvantage for the enemy is greatest, or to men who can run back punts mile after mile. Accordingly, the punter who gets off an awesome kick that can be run back ninety-two yards for a touchdown is counted a better punter than the man who gets off an angle shot that goes out of bounds a mere foot from the opponent's goal. It was MacMillan of Princeton who ran those ninety-two unrecognized yards, and Riley of Princeton who got off the angle shot. Colgate later returned most of this compliment with an angle shot that went out of bounds three feet from the Princeton goal. And Hubbard of Yale pulled the angle-shot trick twice on Cornell.

There are other accolades to be distributed. One is to be issued to Navy, which returned to felicity by beating Virginia Military Institute, 21–12, since V.M.I. would rather win over Navy than win a war. Another accolade is to be issued to Rapp, Yale's principal quarterback, since Yale's passing (a hundred and twenty-nine yards) was well ahead of Cornell's (seventy-two yards), though Cornell's passing is generally in the charge of Wood, a menace to any community. A rosebud goes to Dartmouth, which overcame a notably unreluctant dragon named Holy Cross, 13–8, by employing a great deal of dint and one *un*holy stratagem—a complicated run-and-pass stunt that produced the winning touchdown. A special award is due the Princeton line, a makeshift agglomeration of young men through which a grand total of one touchdown has been scored this season, and which on Saturday overran Colgate's unhappy quarterbacks with the unsparing vigor it has applied to all the other quarterbacks it has come up against; Colgate's six-man line, heavier by a dozen pounds a head than the Princeton five-man line, was rarely a match for it. —J. W. L.

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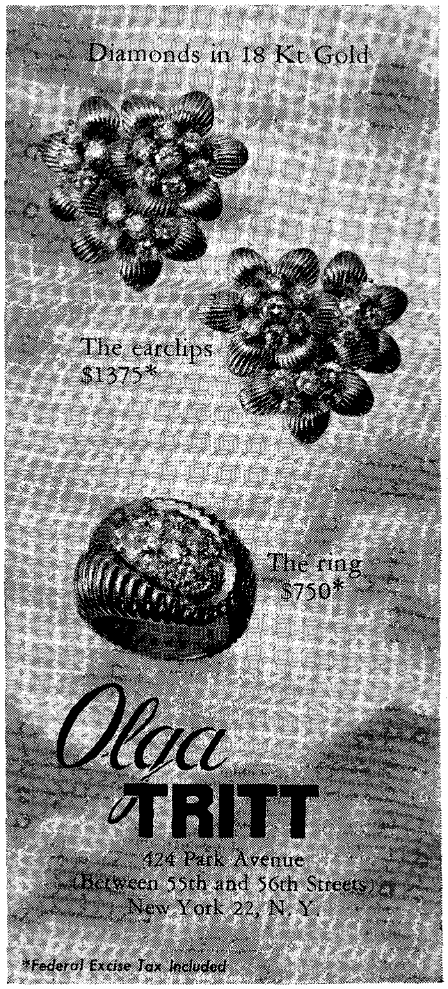

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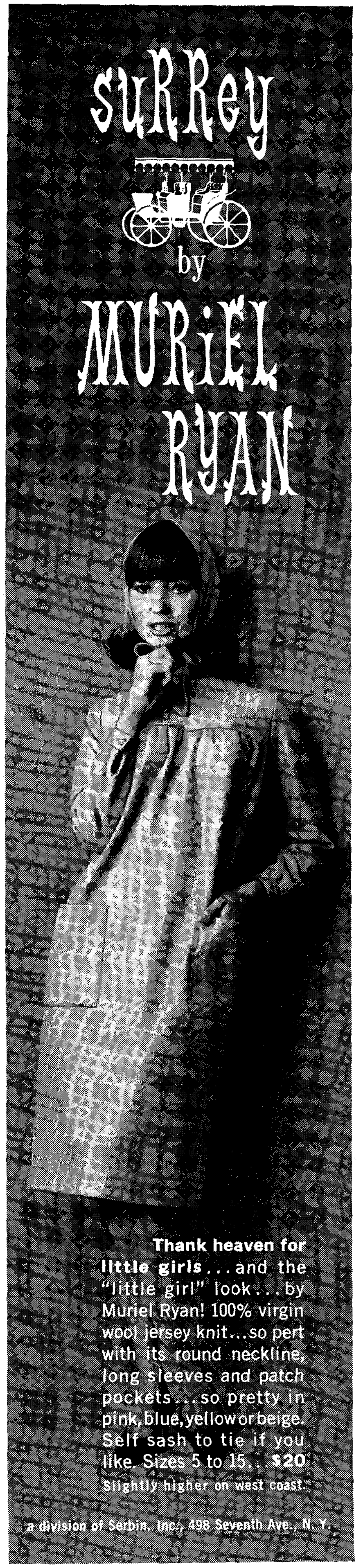

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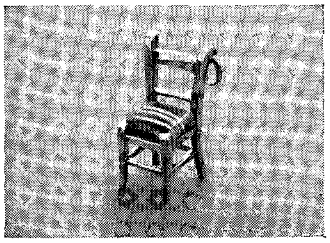
THE RACE TRACK

Kelso Rex

ONE of the pleasures of watching a good horse is the feeling of confidence he inspires. You don't worry about his getting off on the wrong foot, or running out on the turns, or sulking, or having any of the other lapses that make the difference between winning and losing. It is this quality that makes Kelso the darling of racegoers, though he lacks the regal bearing of Man o' War or a long tail like Whirlaway's. His victory in the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Aqueduct last Saturday was his *ninth*—and easiest—this season, and also his fourth in this race. No horse since Exterminator, who won the Saratoga Cup four times and the Pimlico Cup three times in succession in the early twenties, has had such exclusive possession of one of the turf's prizes. And Kelso is going so well that Mrs. Richard du Pont, who owns him, should have at least half a dozen more Gold Cups on her sideboard before he's retired. Indeed, he seems to improve with racing. His general condition on Saturday looked harder than that of the six other starters; he was so eager to run that he took the lead after going only seven furlongs, and he wasn't pressed at any time throughout the two miles. In the last quarter, Guadalcanal made up a lot of ground, to finish second, as he did in the race a year ago. This time, however, he was beaten by only four lengths, instead of ten. Garwol was third, five lengths behind but well ahead of Will I Rule, who tired badly in the stretch after racing closest to Kelso for most of the way. Kelso's share of the purse was $70,785, which brings his total earnings to $1,556,702. And, speaking of rewards, he paid $2.30 to win and $2.40 to place. Don't ask me why.

LIKE the Suburban, the Grand National Steeplechase is always a good show, and the sixty-third running the other day at Aqueduct was up to par. Amber Diver, Tuscarora, and The Sport came to the last fence almost abreast, which is nice going in a jumping race at three miles; then Tuscarora went on to win from Amber Diver. The Sport was third. All three are in the Temple Gwathmey on Friday, which



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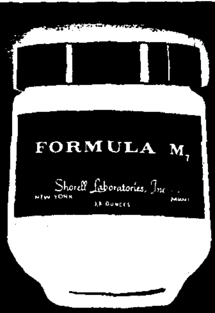

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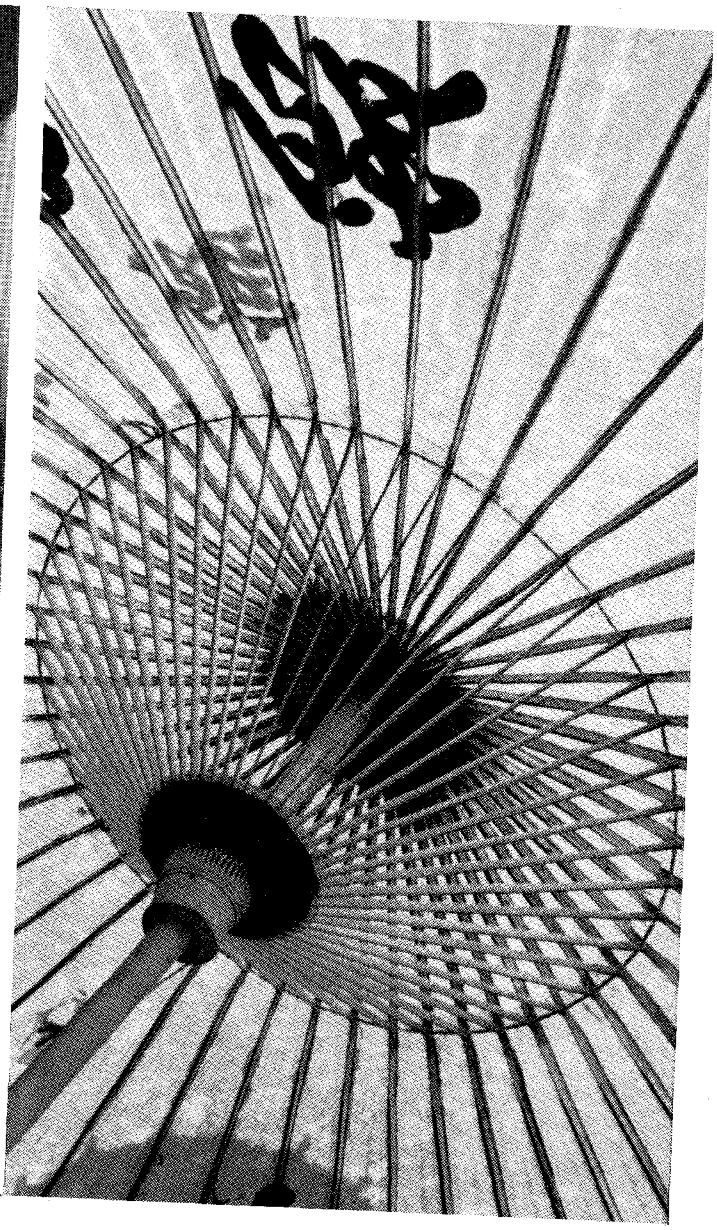

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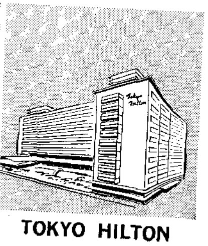

TOKYO HILTON

will wind up the United Hunts session at the Big A. This alone should be worth the price of admission.

NOT long ago, I suggested that Never Bend's best distance was a mile and a furlong. He's never won a longer race, but when he's going that far he can hold his own with anything in training. He proved as much in the Yankee Handicap at Boston's Suffolk Downs last week. Leading from start to finish, he won by four lengths from Dean Carl. Quest Link was third, after a photo finish with Chateaugay. No doubt the pollsters will vote Never Bend the best three-year-old. They usually select the most recent stake winner. If I were making a rating, I'd put Candy Spots top of the list, though he's been out of the picture since he went lame in the Aqueduct Stakes, won by Kelso, on Labor Day. After all, he won six of the most coveted events for racers of his age, among them the Preakness, in which he beat Chateaugay and Never Bend. I'd put Chateaugay next; he won the Kentucky Derby and the Belmont, and finished ahead of Never Bend three times. He's through for the season, too. There's nothing wrong with him—nothing that a long rest won't cure.

EXCEPT for Kelso and The Axe II, who won the Canadian Championship at Toronto, last weekend was hardly one for favorites. Hitherto unbeaten Golden Ruler was slammed at the start of the Breeders' Futurity at Keeneland, and finished fifth to Duel; Crimson Satan, also odds-on, ran sixth in the Hawthorne Gold Cup at Chicago, lengths behind Admiral Vic; Mongo was third to Saidam and Inbalance in the Quaker City at Garden State Park; and Bupers had no luck in the Mayflower at Suffolk Downs, won by Orbiter. By the way, the double double at Suffolk Downs that day (you must pick four winners) paid $68,228.80. That's almost as good as the Irish Sweepstakes.

IT'S official that racing at Aqueduct will continue through December 7th, as everybody expected it would when the extra week was granted some time ago. Colonel Martingale is pricing fur-lined underwear.—AUDAX MINOR

•

Washburn got interested in the subject from talking to his great nieces and nephews, whom he found were learning to read only "in spite of their teachers."—*Saturday Review.*

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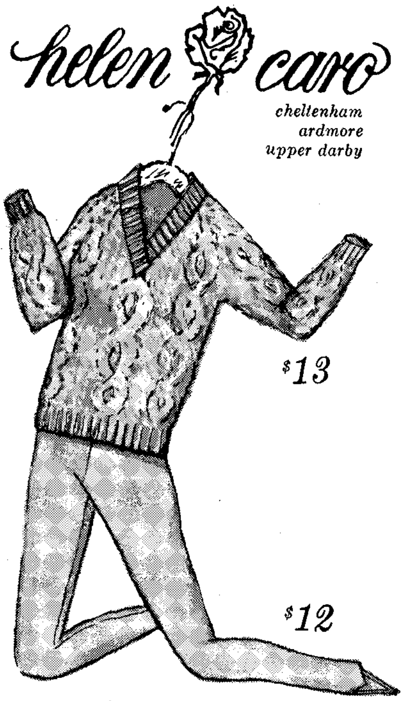

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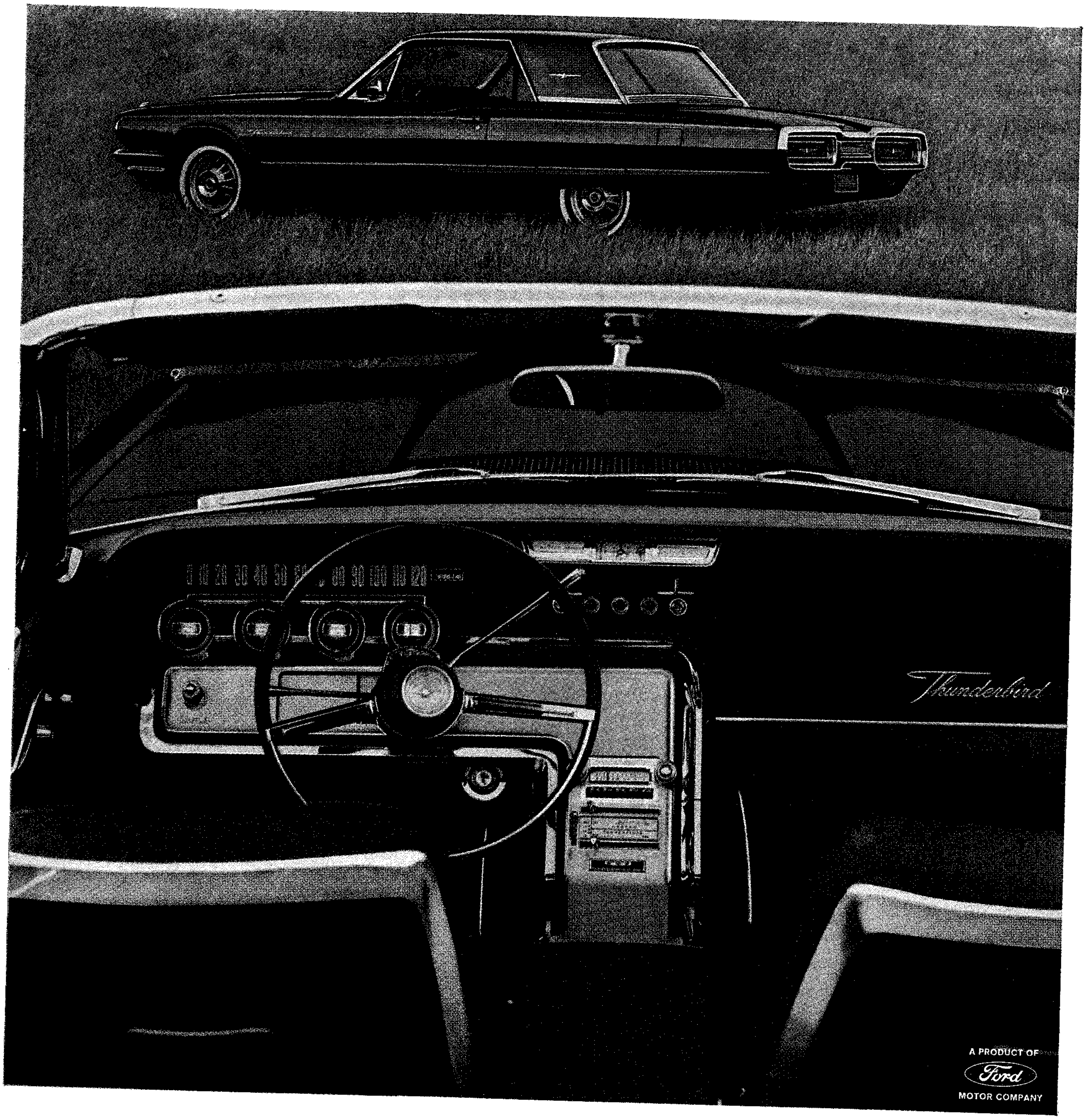

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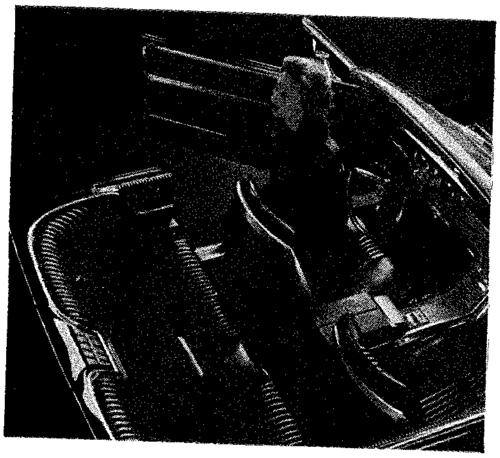

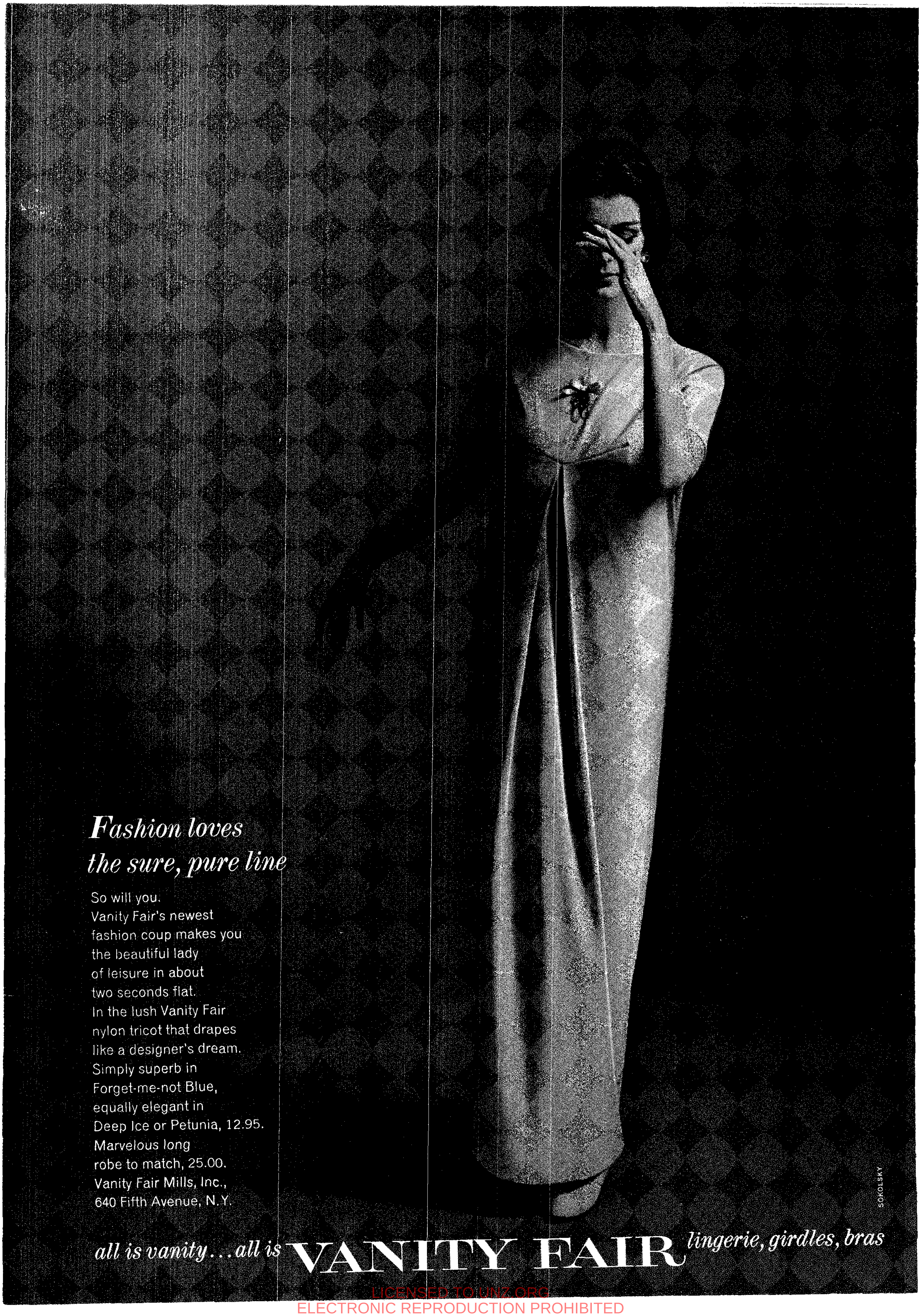

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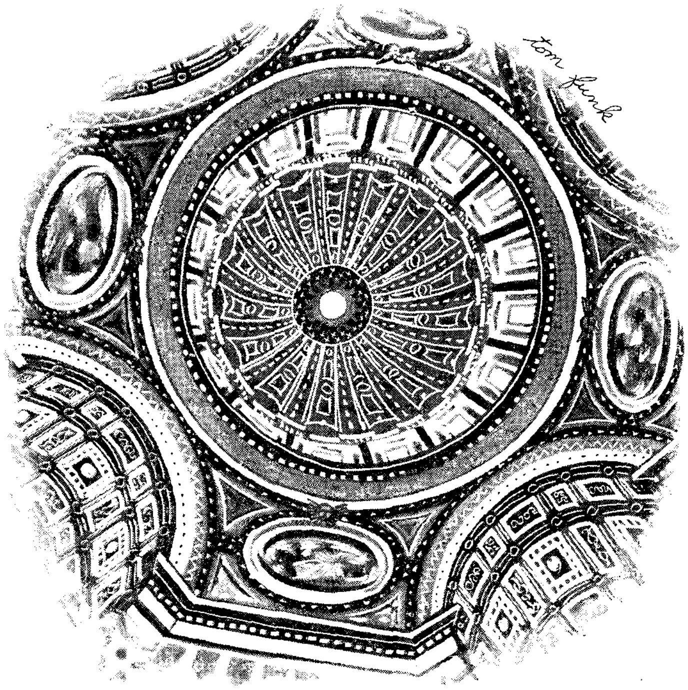

OCTOBER 15

IT is usually taken for granted here that scheduled events never start on time. As a preamble to the opening of the second session of Vatican Council II, the Pope's reception of the Roman Curia—the administrative arm of the Vatican—was scheduled for 10 A.M. on September 21st. To the surprise of some, who had forgotten the Pope's reputation for punctuality, he entered the doorway of the Hall of Benedictions—an enormous room over the porch of St. Peter's Basilica—on the dot of ten, and, a slim figure in white, walked the length of the room, which was already crowded with dozens of cardinals, scores of prelates, and hundreds of clerical and lay officials of the Curia and workers at the Vatican. As he stood near his throne on the dais, a few latecomers of high rank, who had obviously set out for their destination at the usual Roman pace for such occasions, had to trudge toward the front of the hall while the Holy Father waited patiently to begin. Still standing, he told his audience that because the formal talk he had prepared for them might prove to be long, he was declaring the rest of the day a holiday. The crowd broke into pleased applause. He added that in view of the increased cost of living in Rome (rents, for example, have gone up thirty per cent this summer) he was also giving each of them a raise. Louder applause and happy murmurs. The Pope then sat down and began a historic discourse. Though it was somewhat overshadowed by his address at the opening of the Council, eight days later, its importance was evident. That he intended it to be heard by the world, and not only by the Roman Curia, was clear from the fact that he could have arranged an off-the-record reception and not permitted the release of his text. It was obvious that he wanted everyone, especially the twenty-three hundred Council Fathers (many of whom were converging on Rome from various continents at that moment), to hear and understand his words. He used phrases of great tact, courtesy, and praise, yet at the same time he clearly expressed every theme of reform that had been raised last fall at the first session of the Council by spokesmen for the progressive viewpoint. Speaking as one who knew his audience well, he reminded them that he himself had served for thirty years in the ranks of the Curia. He had called this meeting at the beginning of his reign, he told them, in order to greet those present and to express to them his veneration, gratitude, and encouragement. Another reason for the reception, he said, was "the very beautiful and serious moment being lived by the whole Church"—namely, Vatican Council II. He thought that the Curia should take careful stock of this great event—not that it had failed to understand the enormous importance of the Council during the first session. "On the contrary," said the Holy Father, "the Council's extraordinary and complex dimensions were discerned more fully by the Curia than by any other sector of the Church or public opinion, even to the point of at times allowing a certain stupor and apprehension to show." When he spoke of the necessity for accord between the Pope and the Curia, he seemed to be putting some of its members politely on notice: "We are certain that no hesitation regarding the principal wishes of the Pope will ever come from the Curia, and that the Curia will never be suspected of any differences of judgment or feeling with regard to the judgments and feelings of the Pope." To make his message perfectly clear, he referred to himself at this point as "the Pope who today has made the legacy of John XXIII his own, and has also made it a program for the entire Church." He then spoke of the Curia's critics, and said it was understandable that a body whose present form goes back to 1588, and whose most recent reorganization was in 1908, "should have grown ponderous with venerable old age, shown by the disparity between its practices and the needs and usages of modern times." He added that the Curia needs "to be simplified and decentralized, and to adapt itself to new functions," and, after referring to Pope John's word "*aggiornamento*," or "modernizing," he concluded simply, "Various reforms are therefore necessary." He then made one of the most significant statements in the address, foreshadowing a major topic of the Council debates—that of collegiality, or the sharing of the government of the Church by the Pope *and* the bishops—and indicating that the de-Italianization of the Curia is inevitable:

> We will say more: If the Ecumenical Council wishes to see some representatives of the episcopacy, particularly bishops heading dioceses, associated . . . with [the Pope] in the study and responsibility of ecclesiastical government, it will not be the Roman Curia that will oppose it.

Toward the close of his talk, he uttered a fervent message: "People everywhere are watching Catholic Rome, the Roman pontificate, the Roman Curia. The duty of being authentically Christian is especially binding here. We would not remind you of this duty if we did not remind ourself of it every day. Everything in Rome teaches the letter and the spirit—the way we think, study, speak, feel, act, pray, serve, love." He ended with the prayer that "this old and ever new Roman Curia" might shine like a light in the Church of God. He had carried his audience with him completely, and after he concluded, the applause was so great and prolonged that he had to intone the words of the papal blessing to stop it. All over Rome, in the days that followed, many members of the Curia expressed their joy at the talk and their gratitude that the Pope had defended them and shown such appreciation of their work. It apparently did not cross their minds that, as Michael Novak later wrote in *Commonweal*, "the talk was a two-edged sword." *Il Tempo*, the ultraconservative paper here, gave its

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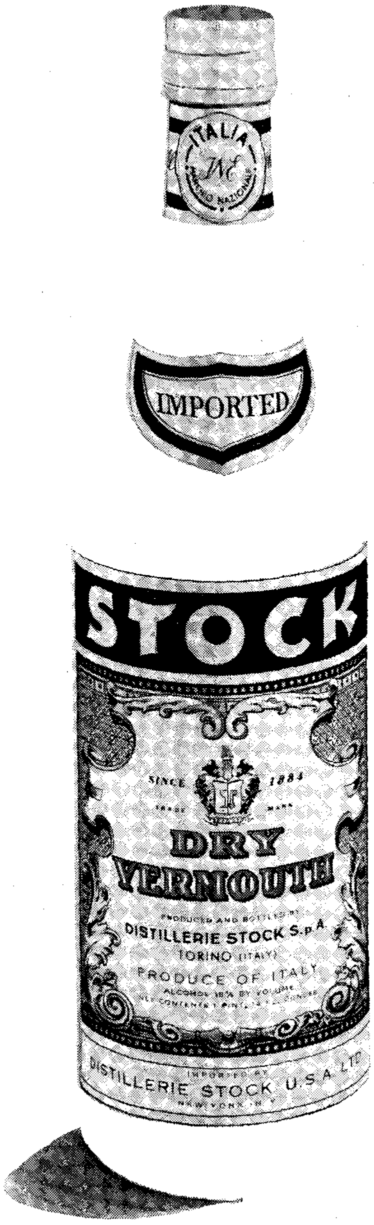

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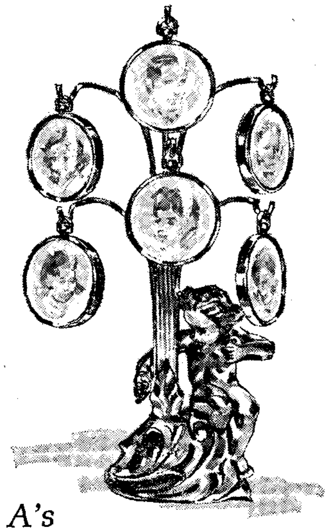
readers what was probably the most peculiar printed report of the talk. Its headline read, "POPE ANNOUNCES RAISE FOR ALL VATICAN WORKERS," and under this was quoted the Pope's praise of the Curia. There was not a word about reform.

Despite Pope Paul's historic appeal to the Curia, the intransigence of certain of its members became evident soon after the Council opened. At the urging of Archbishop Pietro Parente, Assessor of the Holy Office, the Catholic bookstores in Rome were shown, but not given, a letter from the Vicariate, or diocesan office, of Rome asking them not to display or sell the published works of Fathers Teilhard de Chardin and Hans Küng; of Robert Kaiser, of *Time;* and of this correspondent. Not all the bookstores received the same instructions, however. Henri Fesquet, whose reports on the Council are considered among the best informed, wrote in the French newspaper *Le Monde*, "The action of the Holy Office against the books of Hans Küng and others once more reveals the tortuous mentality of that dicastery. Several Catholic bookstores today were selling the books in question. In defiance? Not exactly, because all the stores did not receive the same instructions. Some were simply phoned; others had the letter in their hands for a few seconds. It is difficult to attack Father Küng, a Council *peritus* [advisory theologian], head on; therefore he has been attacked obliquely and in a way that leaves no written evidence. In any event, Archbishop Parente, of the Holy Office—No. 2 man of this dicastery after Cardinal Ottaviani—himself visited some of the bookstores with which he has connections and appealed to them not to sell these books, 'for doctrinal reasons.' Archbishop Parente is a strange personality who has few friends and sees heresy everywhere." According to the correspondent of the Kansas City (Missouri) diocesan paper, the *Catholic Reporter*, several journalists and priests at the Council press office were discussing the bookstore banning when

Dale Francis, a columnist for *Our Sunday Visitor* magazine, rushed in and breathlessly exclaimed that all of this was untrue. Francis said he had just had a long interview with Alfredo Cardinal Ottaviani, head of the Holy Office, who had branded the whole story as false. A priest observed privately that they—meaning the Roman Curia, no doubt—realized that they had made a tactical error and now were trying to cover up.

After hearing of this contretemps, an English prelate who, as he put it, had "got a whiff of the atmosphere in which the Holy Father is obliged to conduct the



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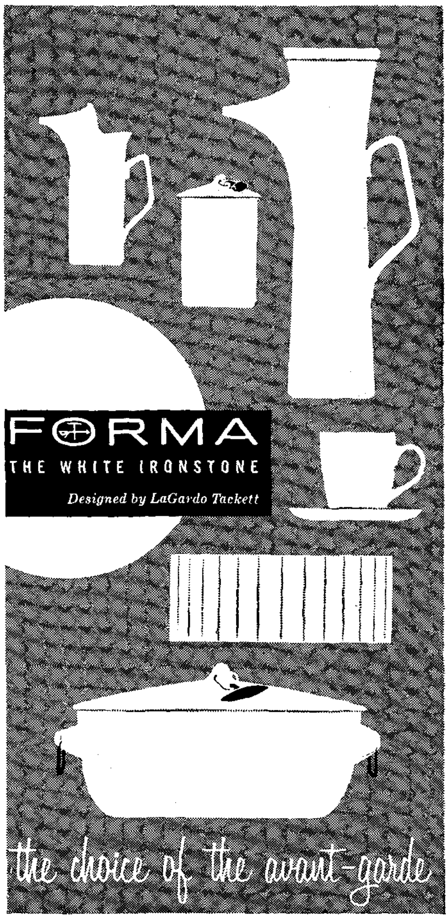

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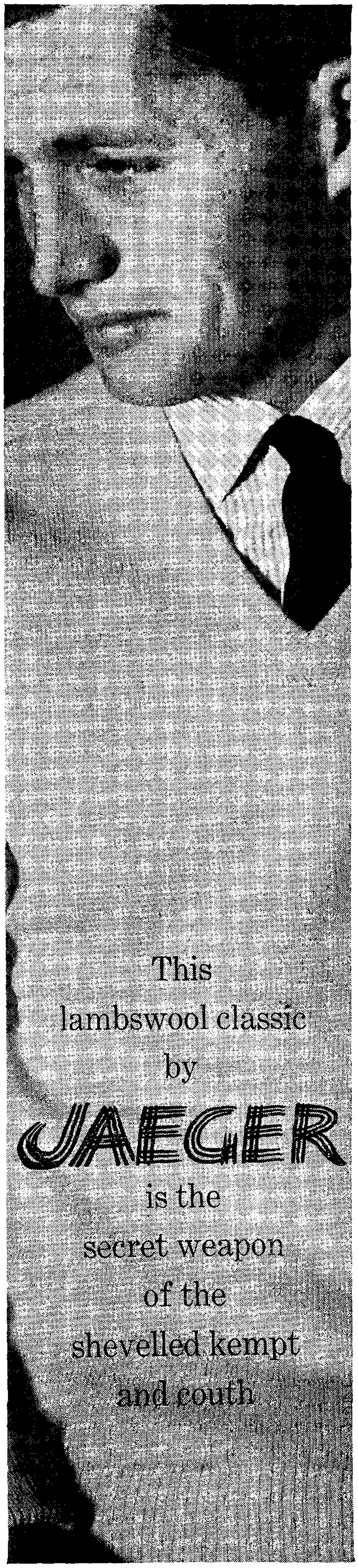

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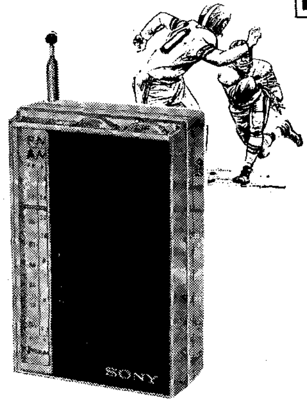
Church's affairs" said thoughtfully, "By George, now I understand the meaning of the Church's prayer for the Pope: '*Dominus conservet eum . . . et non tradat eum in manus inimicorum eius*'—'May the Lord preserve him, and deliver him not into the hands of his enemies'!"

It was at this juncture that announcement was made of the Pope's appointment of Cardinal Bea to the Holy Office—an announcement that seemed more dramatic, in a sense, than it was, since the decision itself is known to have been reached several weeks earlier. Yet the importance of this move, bringing one of the leading figures in the movement for the Church's renewal into the "supreme" congregation of the Roman Curia, was recognized by M. Fesquet in *Le Monde* in these words: "*Le Cardinal Béa au Saint-Office? C'est une révolution, une de plus, à mettre au compte de Paul VI.*" (One of the ironies of this appointment is that last spring Loyola University, in Chicago, was reportedly forbidden, in a *monitum* from the Holy Office, to give Cardinal Bea an honorary degree.)

THE main subject of the second session of Vatican Council II, now entering its third week of meetings, is the schema "De Ecclesia"—"On the Nature of the Church." Rather surprisingly, after almost two thousand years of history, it is something new for the Church to describe herself formally. Never before has she made the attempt in Council assembled; in fact, there has never been a final, dogmatic definition of the Church's nature. Last year, in the closing days of the first Council session, Cardinal Suenens, the Primate of Belgium, urged a radical redrafting of the original schema on this subject. He said that as Vatican Council I, in 1869-70, was the Council of the Papal Primacy, in that it postulated the infallibility of the Pope, so Vatican Council II should be the Council of the Church of Christ. He proposed that the subject of the Church should be considered under two aspects—*ad intra*, or concerning her interior spiritual nature, and *ad extra*, or concerning her external mission to preach the Gospel to all nations. "This involves us," he said at that time, "in a triple dialogue—with the faithful, with our separated brethren, and with the world outside the Church." It is interesting that this view was supported by Cardinal Montini in a speech on the floor of the Council the next day, and was seconded in the final days of the session by Cardinals Döpfner and Lercaro. Cardinal Montini is now the Pope,



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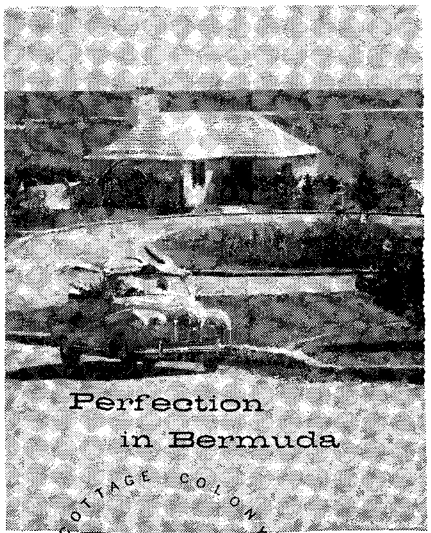

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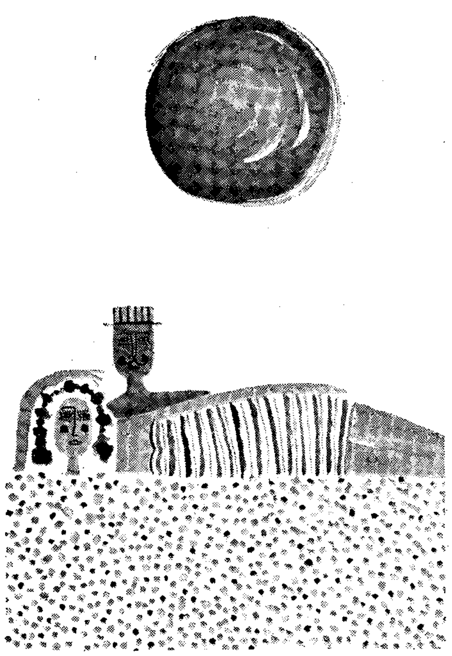
and the three other cardinals are moderators of the second session of the Council—that is, they are members of the important four-man steering committee (Cardinal Agagianian is the fourth member) that now directs the Council's affairs. Thus, the Council, among other changes, has experienced a kind of parliamentary revolution.

During the first two weeks of the present session, which began debate on September 30th, one could sense a new spirit among the Council Fathers. The great majority are apparently heeding Pope John XXIII's call for renewal as it is being implemented by Pope Paul VI. The split along conservative and progressive lines that was so characteristic of the first session seems to have largely been healed, leaving only a small bloc of integralists, or resisters, among the bishops and theologians. (The "siege mentality" of these resisters was aptly described by the Jesuit magazine *America* as "wishing to save the papacy from the Pope, the Church from the bishops, and the Truth from the theologians.") In his recent remarks to the journalists in Rome, Pope Paul dwelt on this change of attitude, pointing out that it would be a mistake for the press to report the Council as if it were a political assembly, dominated by motives of national self-interest or partisan politics. The Council Fathers, said the Pope, "try to avoid divisions of this kind in order to keep themselves open to guidance by the divine, objective truth they profess, and by their sense of fraternal charity." Although he admitted that the Fathers' opinions may be colored by their origins and backgrounds, he still insisted that the discussions in the Council were not characterized by closed-mind or *parti-pris* attitudes. This is true, but observers here have noted that some of the Fathers still seem confused about the real significance of the "*balzo in avanti*"—Pope John's phrase for the leap forward into modernity that the Council has inspired—though they seem to accept it all with a spirit of humility and a sense of humor. One French prelate was overheard to say in Bar Jonah—the coffee bar off the main sacristy of St. Peter's, where the Fathers repair for refreshment—"To be a good Council Father, you need the patience of Job and the wisdom of Solomon, and it also helps if you have a cast-iron bottom, *alors!*" The bishops have been sitting each morning for almost three weeks (they have seven weeks to go, since the Council adjourns on December 4th) through two and a half hours of Latin oratory, delivered in such dissimilar accents as lilting Italian, nasal



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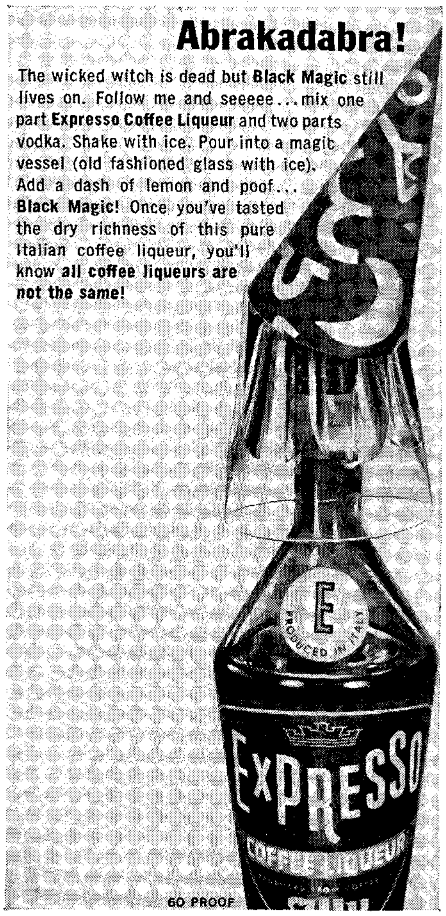

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French, guttural German, broguish Celtic, and rasping American. Most of the Council Fathers sit there silently deploring the lack of a simultaneous-translation system and straining to make something of the speech whenever an interesting speaker takes the microphone. There is little difficulty for anyone with an ear for Latin when Archbishop Pericle Felici, the Secretary General of the Council, has the floor; his clear, loud, and agreeable voice lingers consciously on the vowels, and he commands a flow of Latin that enables him, by an emphasis or a turn of phrase, to indulge in much appreciated pleasantries. The Council's auditors (as the Catholic lay delegates are called) have been assigned an interpreter, Monsignor Achille Glorieux, but the one American auditor here—James J. Norris, assistant to the executive director of the Catholic Relief Services, which are run by the American bishops—has no need for his translations. Norris has been proficient in Latin ever since he was an undergraduate at Catholic University, in Washington, and he often takes along a book of Latin verse when commuting from his home in Rumson, New Jersey, to his office in New York. He is a personal friend of Pope Paul, who was heard to say to him on his arrival here, "Well, Jim, we have made you a Council Father." As far back as 1946, Norris worked with the then Monsignor Montini, who was in the Vatican Secretariat of State, setting up the International Catholic Migration Committee. Though the Council auditors may not speak in the debates at St. Peter's, they have been given copies of all the Council documents and have already been asked for technical advice by the commission in charge of drawing up the schema on the apostolate of the laity.

On the sidelines of the Council, one of the greatest single differences between the first session and the second is the change in press relations. On Monday, September 30th, Secretary General Felici announced to the Council, in a complicated Latin sentence before which Cicero would have paused, that for all practical purposes the secrecy of the debates was no more—though he advised supreme prudence and caution in quoting speeches. Secrecy must still be observed, however, with regard to the texts of the schemata before they are voted on by the Council Fathers. In the press committee, set up for seven different language groups, Bishop Albert Zuroweste, of Belleville, Illinois, heads the English-language group, and Father Edward Heston, C.S.C., of the Holy Cross generalate in Rome and a former

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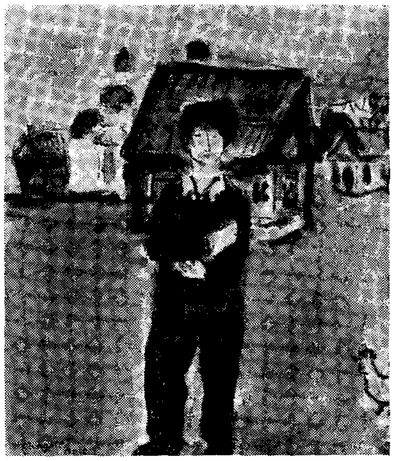
professor at Notre Dame, is the working secretary who issues the releases covering the day's debates. Every afternoon, at the close of the Council meeting, a board of *periti* meets with reporters to answer their questions.

THE Council's opening ceremony, on Sunday, September 29th, was impressive, if less formal than the rites last year. Instead of marching in procession through St. Peter's Square, the bishops strolled casually, with mitres in hand, to their seats in the nave of the Basilica. Though Pope Paul, preceded by the Palace Guard and the College of Cardinals, was borne on the *sedia gestatoria* from the bronze doors of the Papal Palace to St. Peter's, he dismounted inside the Basilica. In place of the papal triple tiara, he wore a mitre, like the other bishops, and instead of giving the bishops the customary papal blessing, he contented himself with greeting his colleagues in the episcopate with waves of the hand as he walked the length of the central aisle to the Confession of St. Peter, where his throne was placed. After the Solemn Pontifical Mass, the Pope made his profession of faith and received the homage of the cardinals. Then the Council Fathers professed their faith, viva voce, and Pope Paul began his opening address. While unusually long—an hour and four minutes—it was a magnificent discourse, reasserting the purpose of the Council as inaugurated by Pope John XXIII and indicating the concrete steps by which *aggiornamento* will proceed. Pope Paul's voice was somewhat hoarse, but his enunciation was clear and his diction precise, and the Council Fathers, the observer-delegates from non-Roman religious communions, the lay auditors, and the invited guests all knew that they were participating in one of the great moments in Church history. Pope Paul expressed the joy he felt at the regathering of the Fathers, who, by the time the Council finally concludes its business, "with one voice alone will give their message to the whole world." He explained that he had first intended to send the bishops the customary encyclical letter of a new pope; instead, he said, "let this address be a prelude not only to the Council but to our pontificate." He assured them that, as Pope, he had "no idea in mind of human domination, nor are we jealous of exclusive power," and that "our sole desire is to exercise the divine mandate, beloved brethren, that through you and by you has made us Supreme Pastor." He said that Pope John had called this Council "doubtless under divine inspira-



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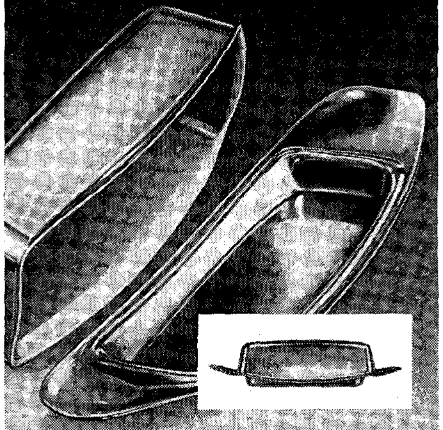

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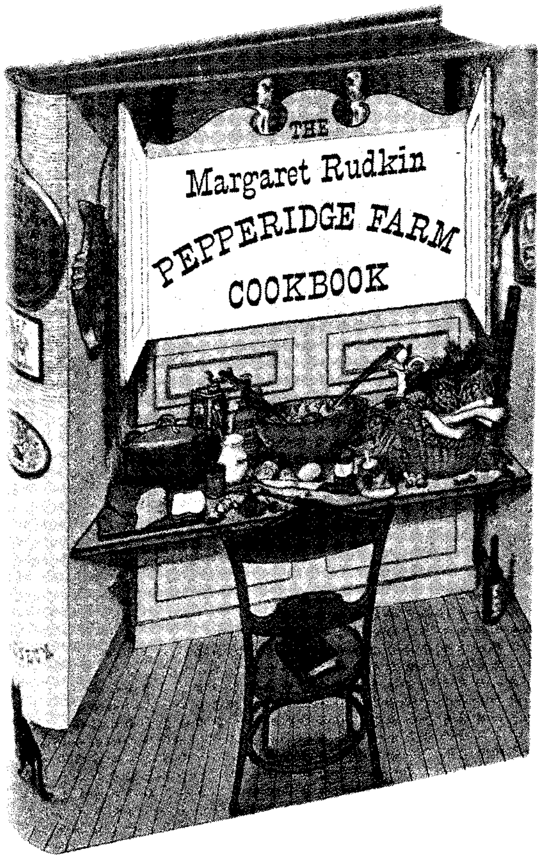

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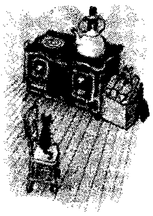

Main courses, plain and fancy

"A good pattern for eating and living," Mrs. Rudkin proposes, "is something for fun, something for special times, and something plain for quiet days with just the family."

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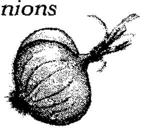
"A shin of beef and bones
Pepper and salt and onions
Carrots and celery
Bay leaf and parsley
Leeks and potatoes
A can of tomatoes
And a handful of oatmeal to stick to your ribs."



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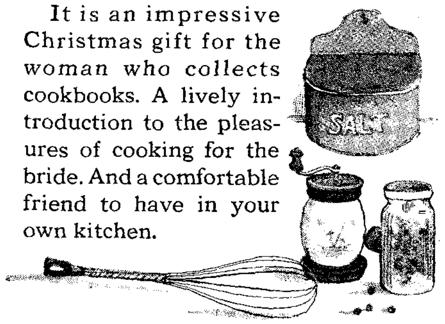

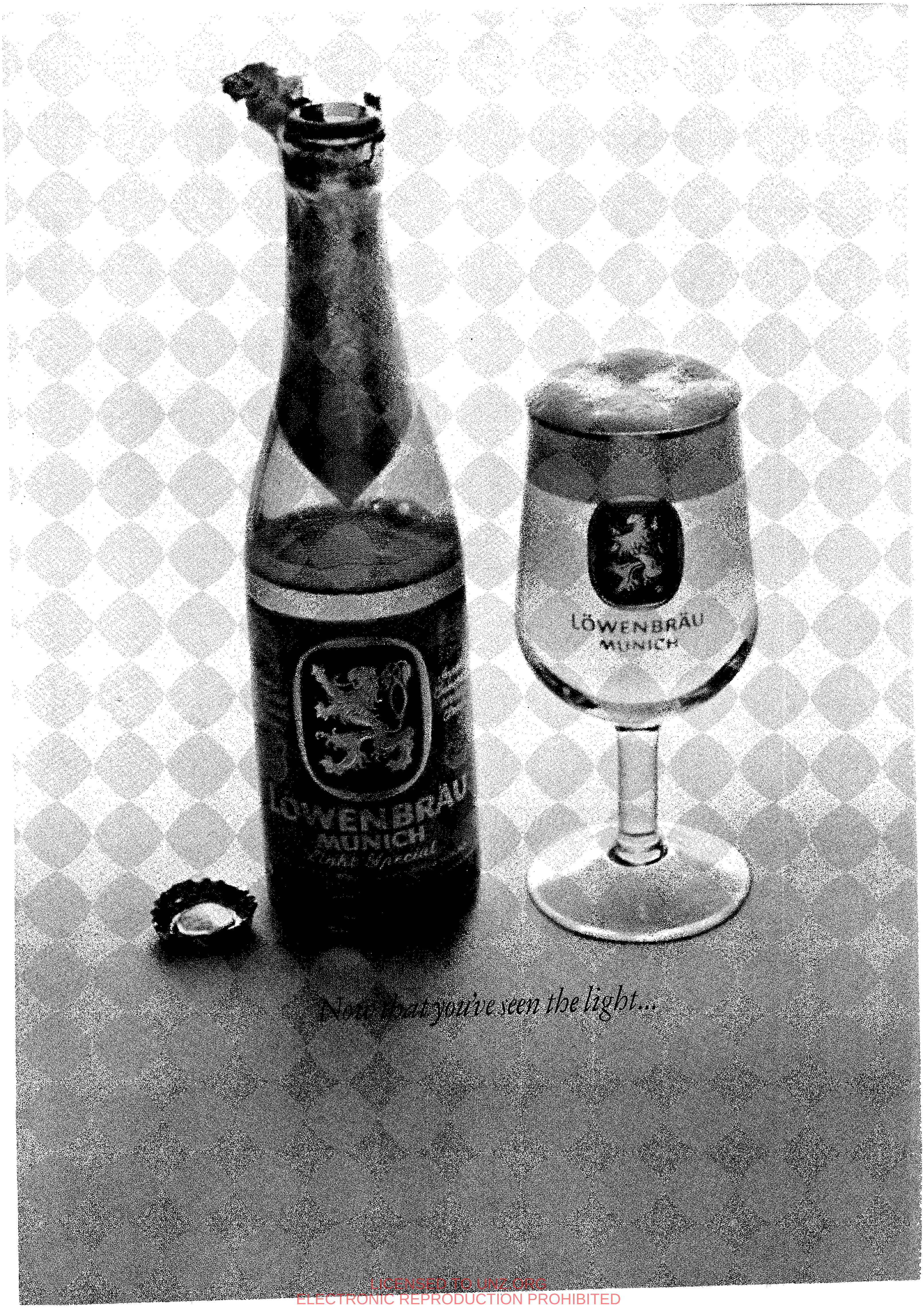
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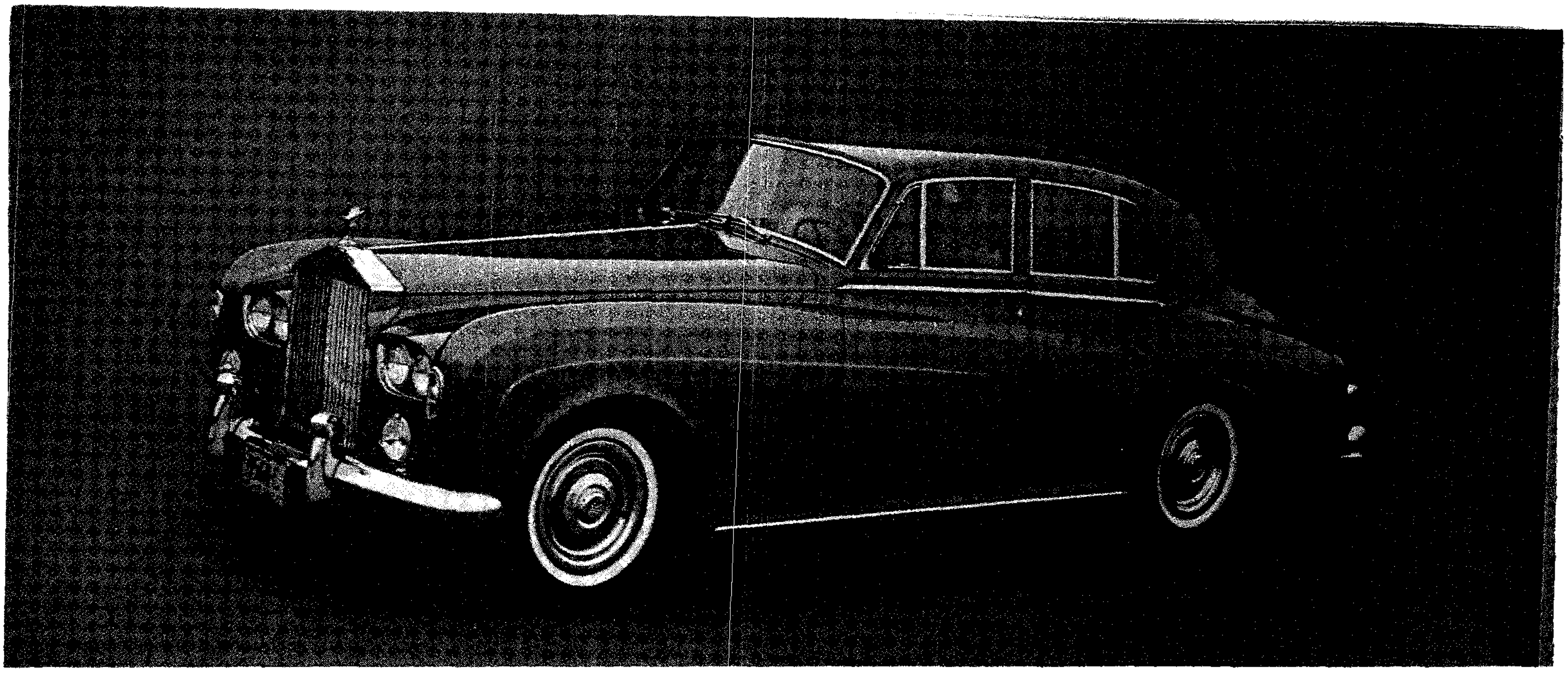

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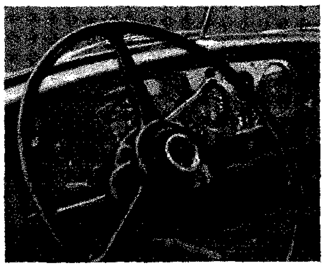

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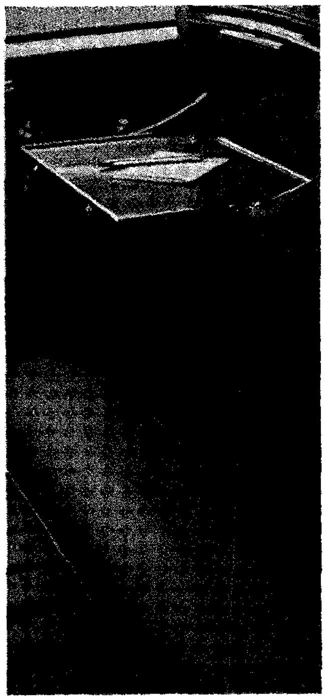

Three picnic-tables of matched walnut grace the interior, and there are two illuminated vanity mirrors, too. Perfect for the last dab of lipstick before you get to the theater.

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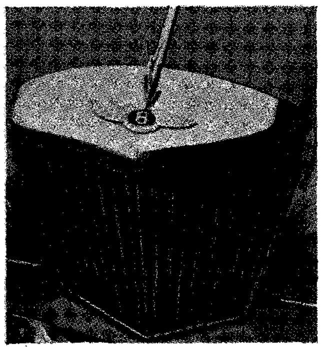

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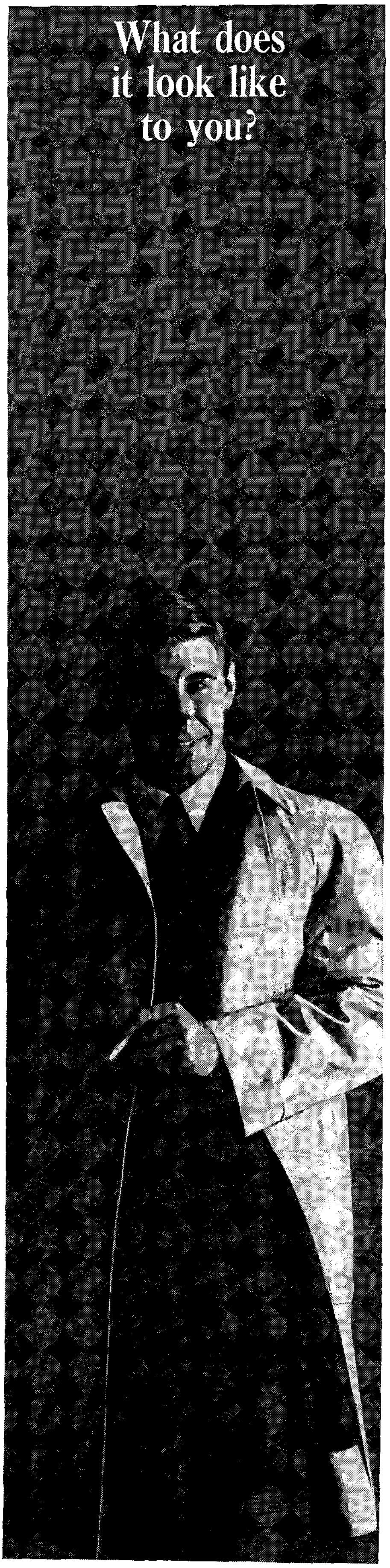
tion," thereby mending "the broken thread of Vatican Council I" and banishing the fear, "wrongly deduced from that Council, that the supreme powers conferred by Christ on the Roman Pontiff were sufficient to govern and vivify the Church without the assistance of Ecumenical Councils."

He then announced four points as the Council's principal aims. First, the Church must impart to herself and to the world a new awareness of her inner nature. Despite great progress in theology since Vatican Council I, the Church still does not have a clear notion of herself that is likely to impress the modern world. This definition need not take the form of dogma, he said, but could be made as an explicit and authoritative declaration. Second, there must be a renewal and reform of the Church—"not by turning upside down the present way of life or breaking with what is essential and worthy in her tradition" but, rather, "by stripping it of what is unworthy or defective." Then, as Pope Paul discussed the third principal aim of the Council—the unity of all Christians—an impressive and moving incident occurred. He turned around to face the tribune to his left, where the observer-delegates from other Christian communions were seated. He said that their presence at the Council stirred great hope in his heart, as well as a feeling of sadness at their separation. "If we are to blame in any way for that separation," he said to them, "we humbly beg God's forgiveness, and ask pardon, too, of our brethren who feel themselves to have been injured by us." This unprecedented and historic utterance no doubt shocked some of the Fathers who have insisted that the Church is without stain or blemish, but to the majority of the Pope's listeners it was a great moment. Before taking up the final theme—the dialogue between the Church and the world today—Pope Paul saw fit to point out the vacant benches of those bishops who are suffering under restraint, and in prisons, for their faith. "We must be realists," he said, "and not hide the savagery that reaches into this Council from many areas. . . . In certain countries, religious liberty, like other fundamental rights of man, is being crushed by principles and methods of political, racial, and anti-religious intolerance. The heart grieves that there are still so many acts of injustice against goodness." He said that "while the light of the science of nature is increasing, darkness is spreading over the science of God" through the destruction of intellectual and moral integrity. "Progress is perfecting, in a wondrous way, every kind



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of instrument that man uses, but his heart is declining toward emptiness, sadness, and despair," he said, and concluded, "The Church today stands ready to aid the oppressed, the poor, and the suffering. Let the world realize that the Church looks on it with profound understanding and sincere admiration, with the frank desire not to conquer but to serve, not to despise but to appreciate, not to condemn but to comfort and save."

THE Council quickly got down to business, voting 2,234 to 43 to take up the schema "De Ecclesia." During the first day's debate, Cardinal Agagianian, who presided as moderator, had occasion to call one bishop to order for making a proposal that was already contained in the text of the schema, and to stop Archbishop Ngo Dinh Thuc, of Hué, South Vietnam, twice for suggesting emendations of single words or sentences and not keeping to a general discussion of the schema. Council Fathers are allotted ten minutes each in which to speak, and none has yet been cut off in full spate, but several times Secretary General Archbishop Felici has reminded the speakers that a buzzer will be sounded after eight minutes, "to allow time to launch into an appropriately sonorous peroration." On the second day of the session, Cardinal Frings, of Cologne, who last year regularly dissented from the original draft of "De Ecclesia," startled everyone in St. Peter's by admitting that the redrafted schema, generally speaking, pleased him. He was happy that it began with the statement that the Church is a mystery, and welcomed the scriptural language in which it was expressed, in contrast to the juridical terms of the original version. Cardinal Siri, of Genoa, then took the floor to state that while the schema afforded a good basis for discussion, the rather loose terminology describing the inner nature of the Church would raise problems of interpretation later on. The Archbishop of Hué posed questions regarding the adequacy of the section dealing with non-Christians, and seemed to suggest that observer-delegates from non-Christian religions should be invited to the Council. Two Italian bishops felt unhappy because the Virgin Mary was not given more consideration in the schema. Devotion to Mary is a time-honored and popular practice in the Catholic Church—though it is a source of criticism from other Christian bodies—and it is given credit for preserving the faith of the Latin countries. For this reason, prelates from these countries will not

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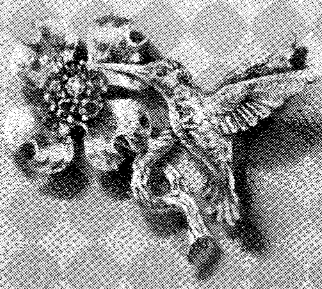

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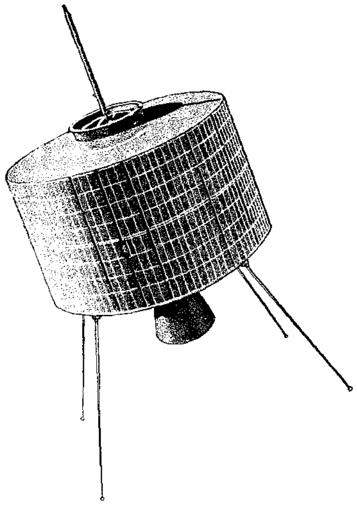

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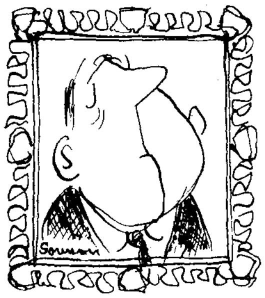

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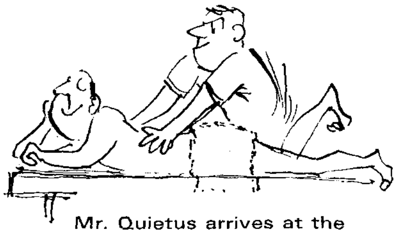

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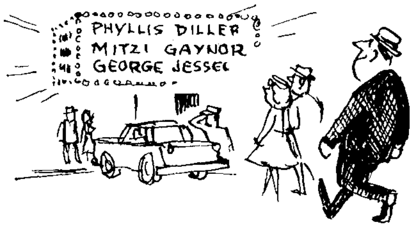

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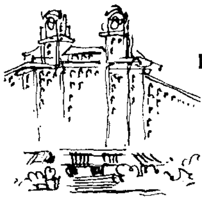

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tolerate any minimizing of the subject. Cardinal Ruffini, of Palermo, a Biblical exegete of the conservative school, attacked the excessive use of scriptural phrases in the new schema, and said that many of the quotations were misused. Two days later, Cardinal Bea, who is closely identified with modern Biblical scholarship, spoke on the same theme. He indicated that some of the Biblical quotations had been introduced by way of compromise; apparently, the members of the mixed commission to which the schema had been remanded for revision at the end of the last session had had considerable difficulty coördinating their views in the text. Several of the quotations, Cardinal Bea said, were indeed totally unrelated to the opinions they were supposed to support, and he left the implication that this was because they had not been interpreted in the light of modern knowledge. "Let us not deceive ourselves," he said. "The Protestant and the other Christian bodies have the same Scriptures and patristic texts that we have. The cause of ecumenism will only be harmed if we do not, as they do, use the fruits of recent scholarship in dealing with so sacred and important a matter as the Word of God." Later, Cardinal Lercaro, as moderator, spoke in an effort to accelerate the debates by eliminating the discussion of fine points and the meaning of single words, which some of the prelates from Latin countries were inclined to engage in, and suggested that, in accordance with a new rule governing procedure in this session, the group of Fathers who had thus far spoken so eloquently on the nature of the Church should be encouraged to form a committee of fifty and rewrite the schema in keeping with the spirit and desires of the majority. Among the speakers Cardinal Lercaro mentioned were Cardinal Ritter, of St. Louis; Cardinal Gracias, of India; and Cardinal Alfrink, of Utrecht; Archbishop Garrone, of Toulouse; Bishops van Dodewaard, of Haarlem, and Brasseur, of Baguio, the Philippines; and Alfred Ancel, Auxiliary Bishop of Lyon. The Americans who have spoken include, in addition to Cardinals Meyer, Ritter, and Spellman, Archbishop Lawrence J. Shehan, of Baltimore, and Bishops Joseph Marling, of Jefferson City, Missouri, and Ernest Primeau, of Manchester, New Hampshire. The latter, inadvertently introduced as the Bishop of Manchester, England, amused the Council Fathers by stating that he could not claim to be "his separated brother the Anglican bishop."

The possibility that a Council Father who is considered conservative on one

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subject might be progressive on another was demonstrated when Cardinal Siri spoke favorably of the collegial role of bishops, which he described as a unifying force and a source of edification to the faithful. Such support was not counted on from any of the Italian prelates. Collegiality had been on the agenda of Vatican Council I but had not yet come up for discussion when the Franco-Prussian War and its attendant upheavals forced the Council's adjournment in 1870. Now Cardinal Meyer, of Chicago, a recognized Scripture scholar and the pastor of the largest archdiocese in the world, noted that when the Apostles were faced with the choice of a successor to Judas they acted as a college; here and elsewhere in Scripture, he said, the collegiality of the bishops is stated as clearly as is the foundation of the Church on Peter. The next day, Cardinal Lefebvre, of Bourges, called the fear that collegiality is opposed to the primacy of the Pope perhaps laudable in itself but baseless. "This fear," he said, "can prevent the peaceful search for truth, and it is a source of sorrow for those who are suspected of disloyalty to the Holy See. Do not think that we are less convinced than anyone else of the primacy of Peter but, rather, that we wish to speak of it as Christ did." He then quoted Pope Gregory the Great's remark, "My honor is nothing else than the solidarity of my brethren the bishops." This topic also brought to the microphone for the first time this session His Beatitude Maximos IV Saigh, the Melchite Patriarch of Antioch. During the first session, last fall, he refused to follow the rules requiring him to speak in Latin, and instead spoke in French. On this occasion, he was again asked to speak in Latin, and again refused. He was then asked if he would make a Latin translation of the text that could be read by someone else after his French one. This he agreed to do. As usual, His Beatitude brought a very fresh viewpoint to the subject, remarking, "It is an error to say that the Pope is the head of the Church. The Church has only one head—Jesus Christ. The Pope is the head of the College of Apostles. The primacy of Peter does not detract in any way from the power of the episcopate. Take heed: A dialogue with the Oriental Church will be impossible if we speak of the primacy of Peter incorrectly. The power of the Supreme Pontiffs must always be expressed as a ministry, never as a domination. . . . The personal power of the Pope cannot be delegated in any way. It can best be said that the primacy of

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—XAVIER RYNNE

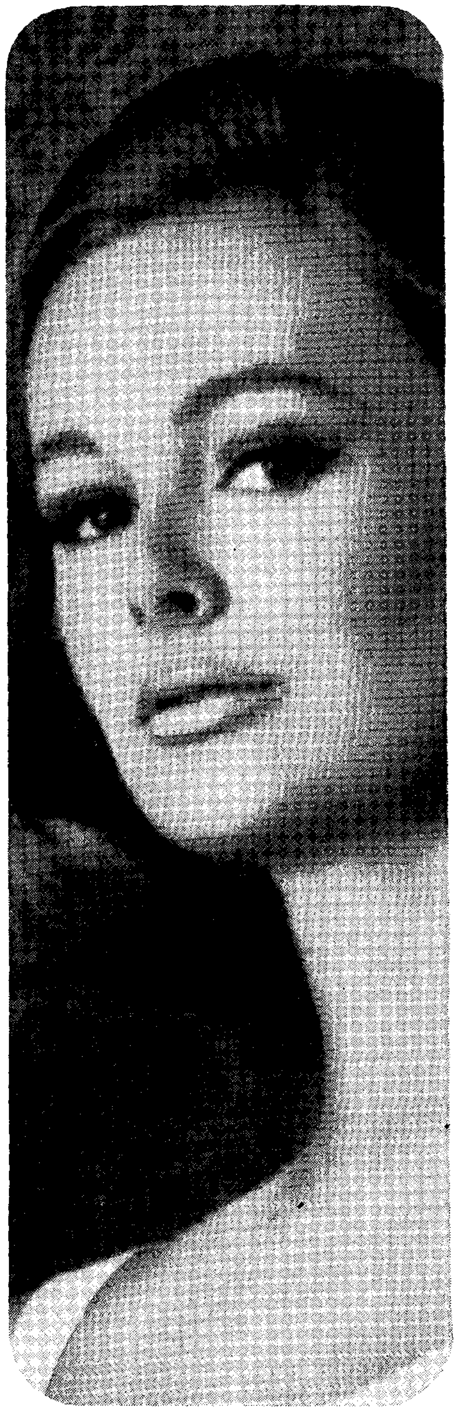
•

HOW TUESDAY BEGAN

Don't let me lose you,
lady. We're jogging up
First Avenue in the sun,
nursing morning with
our habits.
I must have boarded before
you, where the bus stops
and the dusty nightgowns
beckon from Orchard St.
I must have pulled out
my book, peeled off my gloves,
and settled among the fumes
for a poem or two,
my habit.
I didn't see you,
black, filling the aisle
with your green housedress,
lowering each part of you
gently, in front of me,
maybe heaving a sigh, your
sorrow and habit.

Still, my eyes pulled
sideways. Someone old
moved without moving,
veins, vague eyes resisting
the aisle in front
of her, a journey
to be mastered upright,
seat by seat.
We rolled with the bus,
easy as rubber lifeboats
on troubled water.
But she hung to the same
space, sensing the movement
around her, sinking
in her own flesh.
Then you reached out, lady,
and pulled her in
beside you.
You were fading
and full of troubles, lady,
and you saw her drowning
and you reached out
and said, "I don't see
so good myself."

—KATHLEEN FRASER



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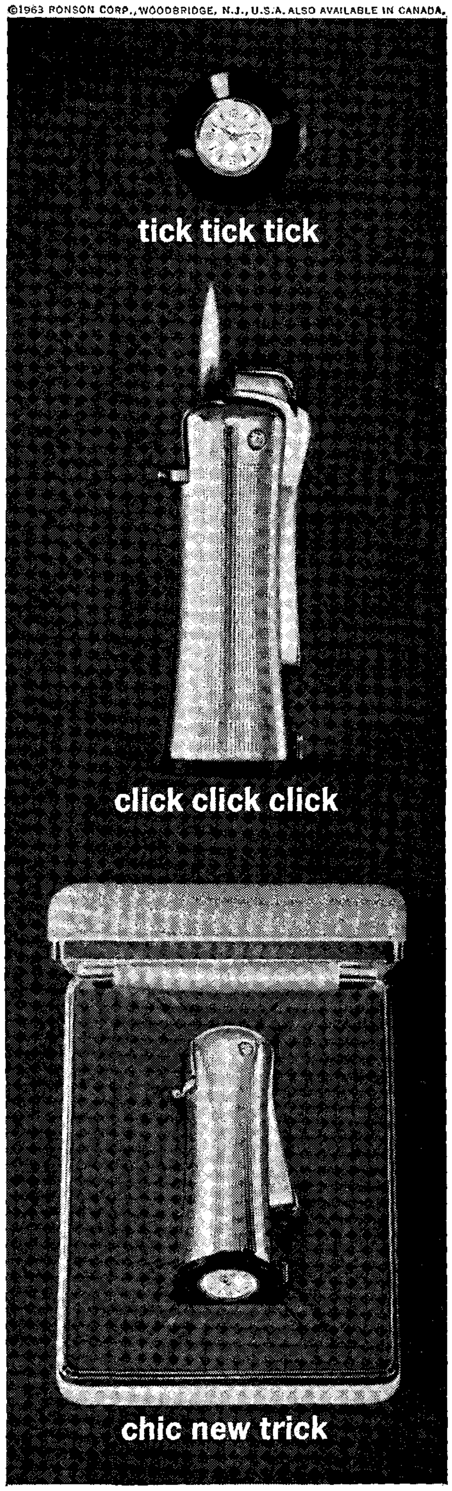

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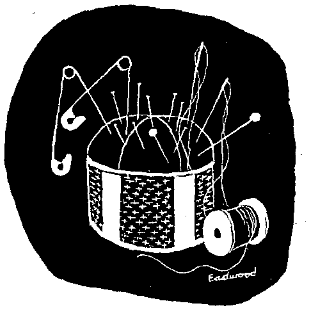

ALL too often, in the line of duty, I find myself reporting on such prosaic matters as tables and chairs, letting my own enthusiasm run on about clever repairers of teacups and frayed carpets, and discussing the relative merits of hemmed, as against scalloped, dish towels, haunted all the while by the suspicion that householders already have all the chairs and tables they need, that their teacups aren't broken or their carpets frayed, and that they don't much care whether their dish towels are hemmed or scalloped. This week, however, there is no occasion for such misgivings, since I propose to report on an exhaustive study I have recently made of how to get to sleep—a matter in which I believe there is a good deal of general interest.

In pursuing my investigation, I got off on exactly the right foot by paying a visit to the Sleep Shop, presided over by Mr. Norman Dine, at 9 East 54th Street, where, besides all the standard equipment conducive to sleep, and numerous gadgets of debatable value, I found enough new sleep-inducing paraphernalia to warrant throwing what remains of the Seconal right out the window. Actually, my visit to the shop was to have been pure research, rather than a shopping expedition, but, having been invited by Mr. Dine to try what he assured me was the last word in mattresses, and having kicked off my shoes and stretched out, I knew that I was a gone goose and that nothing could save me from writing out a check then and there for this treasure. I should explain that I belong to the hard-mattress school and have an especial aversion to the squushiness of foam rubber, so I was somewhat embarrassed to find that the deliciously firm yet satisfactorily resilient article with which I fell in love was made of a synthetic foam rubber—one that was first produced several years ago under the name of polyurethane and has recently been improved so that it has both an altogether desirable lightness and a total freedom from the objectionable bounce that I had been convinced was a characteristic of all foam, whether natural or laboratory-made. In the twin-bed size, the polyurethane mattress is as light as a feather—a fifteen-pound feather, that is—and whether *turning* a mattress is part of your household chores or you simply have a humane interest in your housemaid's back, this is no small advantage. Even turning the double-bed mattress presents no difficulty, because the Sleep Shop zippers together two of the twin-bed mattresses, each weighing no more than a fine Christmas turkey, and they have only to be unzippered to make the turning child's play. The polyurethane comes in three degrees of firmness, the one I chose for my own delighted use being the firmest.

To make the hard-mattress devotees completely happy, the Sleep Shop has imported platform springs of recent Swedish invention, in which interlocking steel rings—something like highly magnified chain mail—that are perfectly flat and so strong as to be incapable of sagging are set in a handmade walnut frame reinforced by arched walnut supports and standing on brass-tipped walnut legs ten and a half inches high. Maybe these springs alone aren't a surefire sedative, but I can testify that the combination of the springs and the synthetic-foam mattress induces the sort of ineffable relaxation that is a big step in the right direction.

For sleepers who hold out for a slightly more yielding substance than the polyurethane, the Sleep Shop provides three mattresses of pure foam rubber, which are, in varying degrees, more elastic than the synthetic article, but which nevertheless provide comforting support. This doesn't mean that I have suddenly lined up on the side of those who want to sink into, or bounce on, their mattresses—far from it. It merely indicates that Mr. Norman Dine and his Sleep Shop have taught me a thing or two about foam rubber, and, at the all too likely risk of telling you more about it than you want to know, I pass along the information that first-run sap from the rubber tree makes a firmer and at the same time more durable foam rubber than the sap of subsequent tappings. It is of this superior first-run sap that the Sleep Shop's three pure-foam-rubber mattresses are made. In the twin size they weigh anywhere from twenty-five to forty pounds and cost $79.50. The polyurethane mattress in the same

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size is $45, and the platform springs are $69.95; a plain walnut headboard is $40.

Up to this point, I have of my own knowledge known what I was talking about, but in the case of some soft-as-a-cloud bedclothing—bottom sheets made of sheepskin, furry side up, which are said to be wonderfully comforting to sensitive skins or to sufferers from various skin ailments—I am obliged to depend on other people's say-so, being unable myself to produce the afflictions required for testing. Anyway, I am told that a certain porous and airy quality in the pile of the sheep's wool makes it not only more soothing but actually cooler to lie on than a percale sheet. Hmm. I am assured, too, that the skins can be laundered as often as one wishes—every day, if need be—without losing any of their comforting quality. A sheet made up and tailored to fit a twin-size bed costs $110, and a single skin, which is quite large enough for a man to lie on without spilling over, can be had for $19.95, complete with a suède backing that provides sufficient traction to keep it in place.

HAVING so lovingly presented the advantages of the bed, I rather hesitate to bring up the bleak necessity of getting out of it. If arise from our sheepskin nests we must, however, there is absolutely nothing that eases the pain of the process like sinking one's toes into the thrilling depths of a luxurious fur rug. I am not sure that there isn't something not quite respectable in the enjoyment I feel in setting my bare feet on soft fur, but I know that for supreme enjoyment the fur must be long and, preferably, expensive; tiger skins, American bear, leopard, and similar short-haired pelts won't do. In case there are those who share my sybaritic taste, I would like to direct attention to some fur rugs that I would call fabulous if that poor old adjective hadn't grown shoddy with indiscriminate use (there ought to be some way of dry-cleaning such words, to rid them of accumulated grime), which are to be seen at Georges Kaplan, 730 Fifth Avenue (56th)—a firm better known for the elegance of the furs it sells to well-turned-out ladies than for this sideline. Among these splendid rugs, which, by the way, are suitable for any room in the house (it's only my whim that has them placed alongside the bed), I particularly admired one of South American kit fox, a gray-and-tan fur of great beauty and incredible softness, which measured thirty-eight inches by fifty-five (all the rugs I saw here were of the

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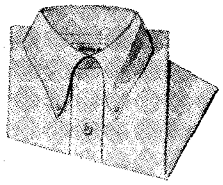

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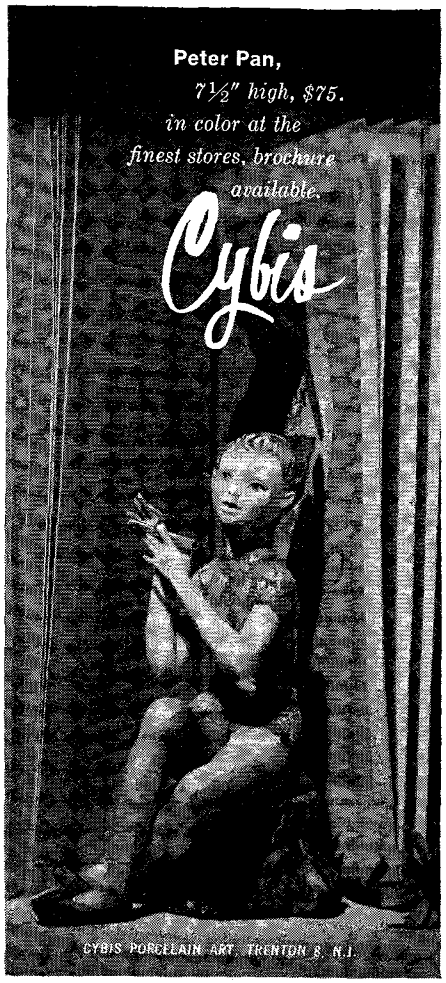

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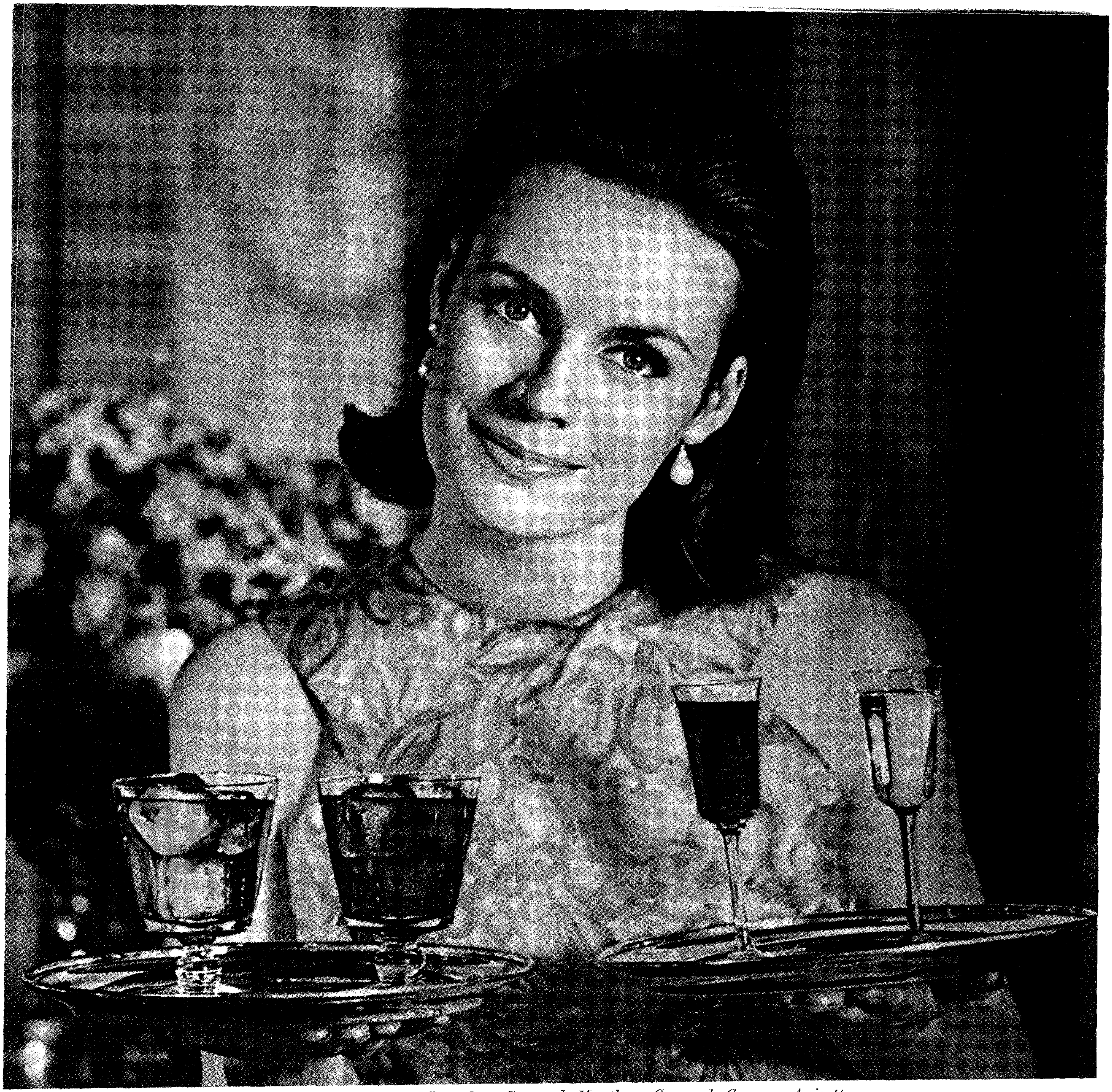

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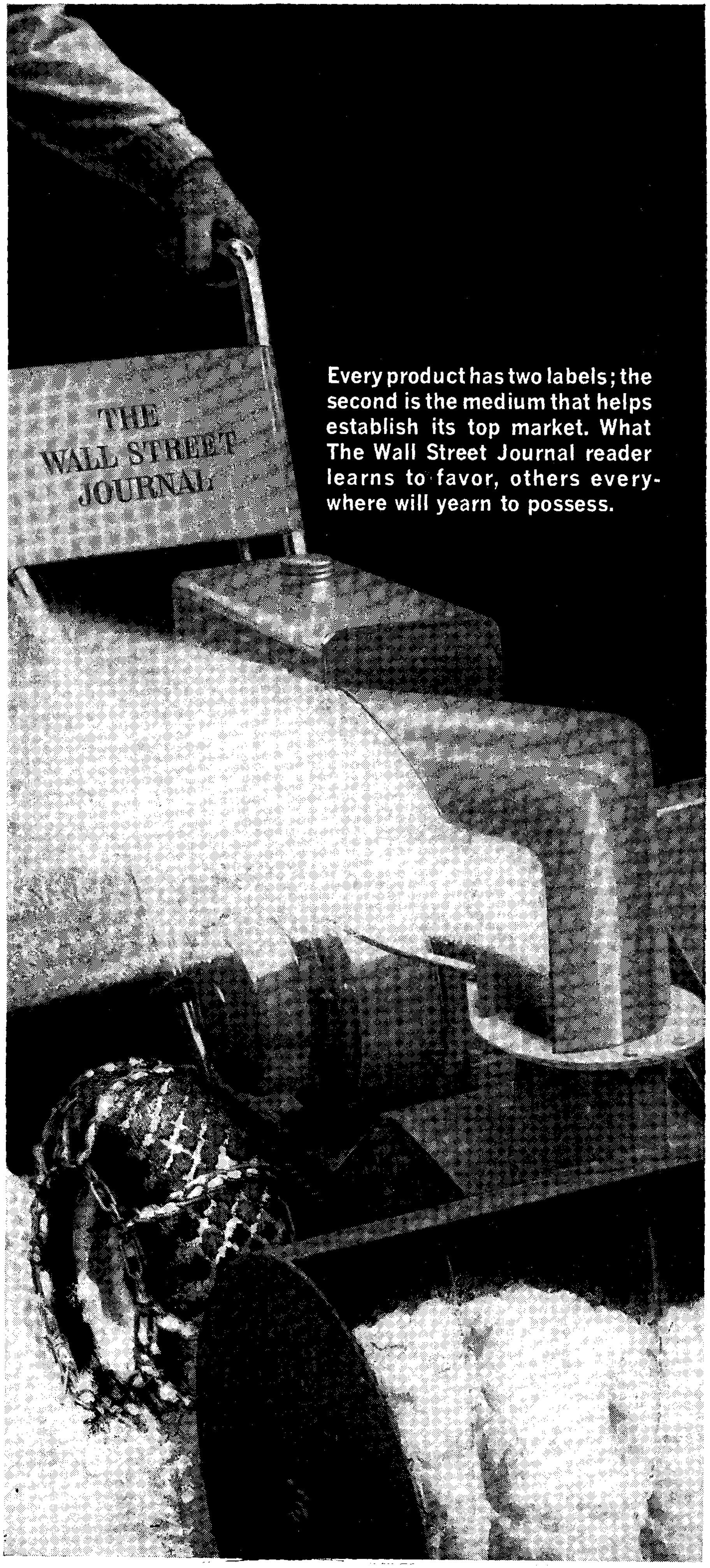
same dimensions, but they can be ordered in any size that is wanted), and cost $395; a hardly less attractive one of black fox, which would make a brilliant note in a bedroom done in pale colors, at $200; one of an extravagantly long and silky-haired Mongolian lamb, which had been dyed a decorative golden beige to match the bedroom draperies of a client (the same fur can be had in any color, I was assured), at $250; one of a stunning brown-and-white guanaco, which is a close relative of the vicuña, at $495; and one of exquisitely soft white Iceland lamb (it, too, can be dyed to match any fabric), at $100.

MY own taste in bedspreads is so lamentably behind the stylish times that I can hardly bring myself to admit that what I really like is the prim white embroidered-muslin counterpane, so suggestive of tranquil slumber. Since you aren't going to get prim white counterpanes this season if the decorators can help it (and they certainly can), you'd do well to visit the unique collection of bedspreads and related bedroom furnishings (curtains, draperies, window shades, pillows, and table covers) to be seen at the very handsome showrooms of Nettle Creek, at 4 East 53rd Street. I say "unique" advisedly, because I am sure that never before have there been assembled so many bed coverings done in such a variety of radiant colors, interesting designs, and complicated quilting patterns. I was told that these spreads are available in more than twenty-three *thousand* combinations of color, pattern, and stitching. There are a hundred and six solid colors to choose among, ninety-four prints (in three hundred different color combinations), six quilting stitches, eight sizes, and four shapes, not to men-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tion an endless number of fringes and assorted trimmings, and a great variety of weaves and qualities of fabric. Actually, what is even more remarkable than the size of the exhibit is the brilliant use that has been made of colors in the printed spreads—some of them exquisitely subtle and some bold and dashing, but all admirably suited to the style of quilting in which they are presented. Although a number of the quilting patterns are taken from Early American classics, most of them were originated by Nettle Creek. Prices in the twin-bed size run from $29.95, for a lovely pale-green moiré rayon spread quilted in a diamond pattern, to $149.95, for a luxurious cover with an elaborately quilted floral pattern done in avocado, gold, and lilac on cotton velvet. Matching bolsters range from $9.95 to $14.95, and petticoats from $24.95 to $39.95, depending on the material used. In addition to the quilted spreads, Nettle Creek turns out a more severe type of bed covering, suitable for a studio couch, for a boy's room, or for the living-room piece that must occasionally double as a guest bed. These covers are crisply tailored, often of felt or of a heavy synthetic fabric that has the appearance of linen, and the color combinations have the felicitous distinction that seems to stamp all the Nettle Creek creations.

BY now, probably most of you have heard about, if not tested, those extraordinarily effective cellular thermal blankets, which have been around long enough for a brighter shopper than I am to grasp the principle behind them—something about tiny air cells woven into the bedcover to provide insulation against both heat and cold. I have had this principle explained to me at length, but I think I shan't bother to understand it (I'm saving this kind of intellectual effort for the Zip Code), since I am already gratefully aware of its benefits. The blankets come in either wool or cotton, in a big openwork weave that looks exactly like something your clever Aunt Hattie might have crocheted. The wool blankets are perhaps a bit more elegant, being, of course, softer, and bound with matching satin binding, while the cotton ones are merely self-hemmed. Even so, I believe I prefer the cotton ones, perhaps because they dramatize more effectively the mysterious cellular thermal properties; moreover, the cotton blankets can be tossed in the washing machine safely. Both kinds, though, are remarkably pleasant, being so light and so surprisingly warm that I

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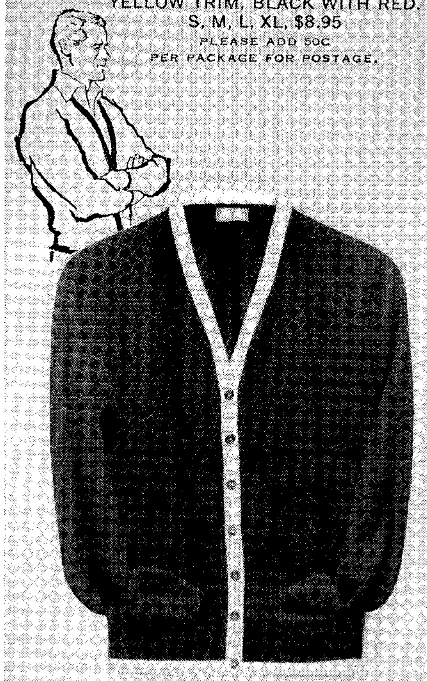

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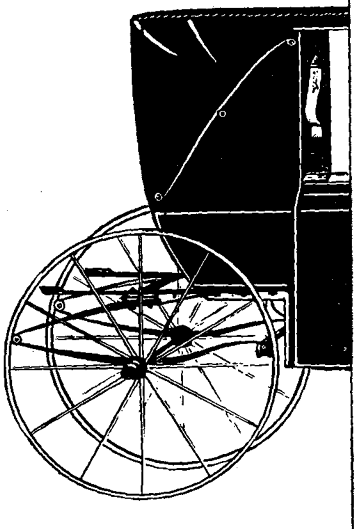

should think there might be some danger of their putting the old electric blanket out of business. The cotton blankets are at Lord & Taylor and at Bloomingdale's in the twin-bed size, at around $9. Altman's has the twin, double, and king-size cotton blankets, at $9, $11, and $16, respectively, and the twin-size English-woven wool article, at $25. The Sleep Shop has both the cotton and the wool blankets, in the same sizes and at around the same prices, and Hammacher Schlemmer has a twin-size wool blanket, this one imported from Scotland, at $27.50. The Lenox Hill Hospital Gift Shop carries seconds of the cotton blankets (in which I wasn't able to detect any flaw), priced at $6.

IF I hadn't met up with Homecrest's contour chaise longue at the Sleep Shop, I might have taken it for a piece of garden furniture—for which purpose I suspect it was made. Mr. Dine, though, demonstrating a sure instinct for the soporific, has hauled it into the bedroom, where it should prove a blessing to a semi-invalid or to anybody who just wants to rest in exquisite comfort without getting into bed. The chair, sixty-five inches long, rests on a steel-drum base, thirty-six inches in diameter, and can be rocked gently back and forth or swivelled in a complete circle. It comes in white enamel upholstered in plastic with a rather too obviously outdoor pattern of flowers, but it can be ordered with a bronze-colored base and solid-color upholstery; either way, the price is $75. —S. H.

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—*Adv. in The New Yorker.*

And that studious fellow at the controls—what was *his* childhood like?

◆

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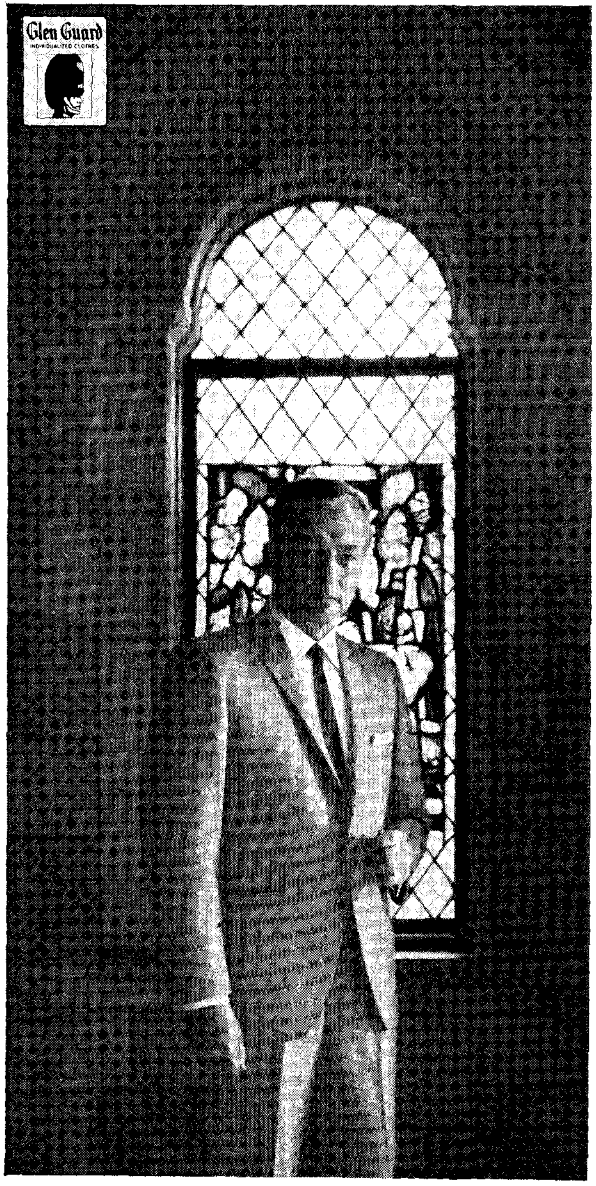

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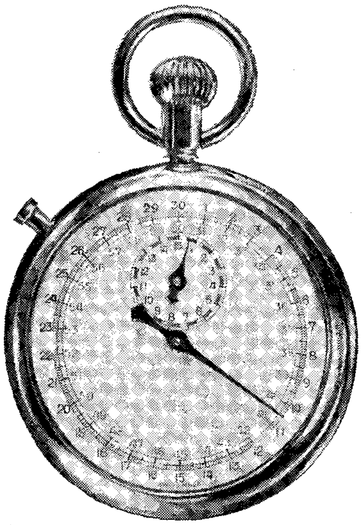

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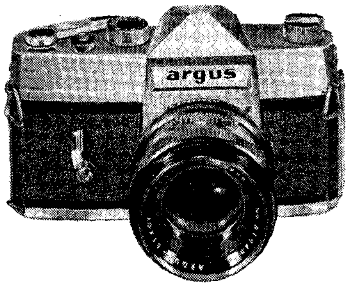

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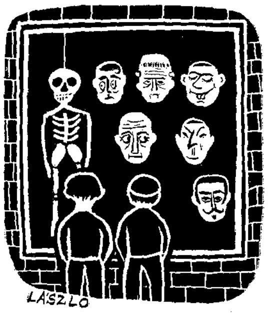
TO CELEBES

AT the top of one of the many houses my family lived in during my childhood was a big empty room, known to us as "the billiard room," or "the ballroom," though it never served as either. I must have been about eight when I chalked on its bare floor a kind of map—a network of lines that to me were roads leading to places to which I journeyed with my dolls: St. Petersburg, Panama, Ceylon, China. There were other places, too, whose names I no longer remember—all of them exotic, all spelled out in colored chalk on the unvarnished boards. "Your child is going to travel," friends of the family would prophesy. As it turned out, they were right. I have spent a good many years catching up with that map. And though I doubt whether Celebes or Corsica appeared on the original map, both are marked on the one I might draw today. Though they lie half a world apart, *my* map would make them near neighbors.

Chronologically, Celebes came first. It dates from an autumn of the late thirties, when the French ship the Altair, on which I was travelling, encountered the tail of a typhoon the night after we left Singapore, heading northeast toward the China Sea. In retrospect, I can see myself crouched none too comfortably beside a very long young man in white on the bottom steps of a staircase, one arm hooked in the railing, whose ornate rods offered a firm hold. While the lights flickered and the old Altair, groaning in every joint, shuddered and heaved in the seas, the two of us played with the idea of chartering a native dhow, at some unspecified date, and making a tour of the island of Celebes. It was a purely hypothetical project, which neither of us took seriously, but it was something to talk about on a night when no one felt like going below to bed. Possibly we selected Celebes for the imaginary tour because it lay due east of us at the time, or just because the name had an alien, exciting sound that appealed to both of us.



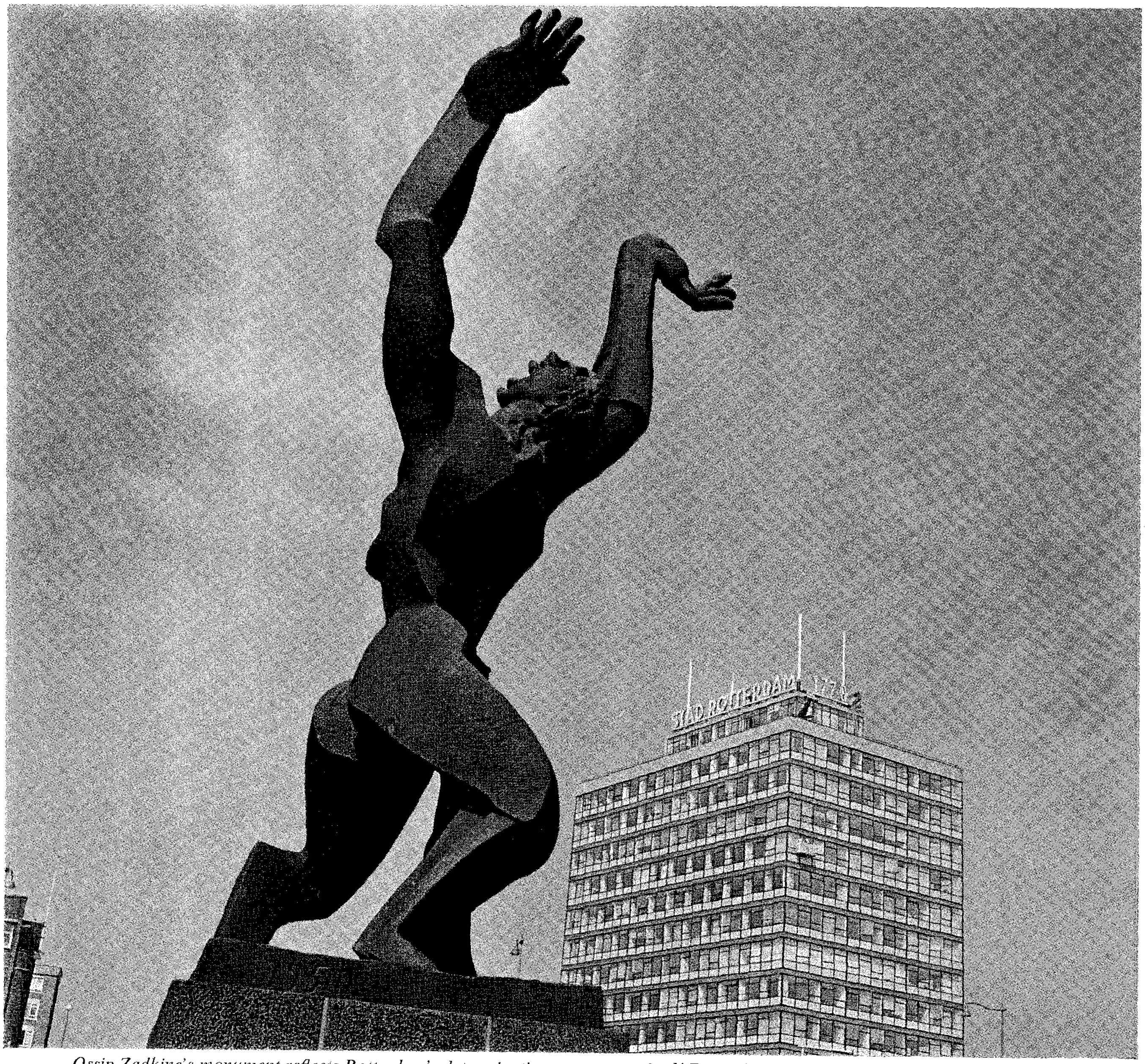
I was on my way to China on a fact-finding assignment for a Paris weekly I worked for at the time, and my companion, Dr. Jean Gabriel, a medical officer of the line that owned the Altair, was on his way to Indo-China, to embark for a year as ship's surgeon on a coastal steamer of the same company, shuttling back and forth between Saigon and Haiphong. We had sailed from Marseille some three weeks earlier, and while the Altair progressed in a leisurely way through the Mediterranean, down the Red Sea, and across the Indian Ocean, we had struck up a friendship that was to prove more lasting than most such sea encounters.

I don't know whether Dr. Gabriel had ever invented road maps in his childhood, but his yearning for distant, out-of-the-way places and his taste for adventurous schemes were like an echo out of my own youth, when my bitterest regret was not having been born a boy. He said he intended to see a lot of Indo-China during his year there, beginning with a flight to Angkor Wat before he embarked on his coastal steamer, the Mekong. He counted on being transferred later on to the China run, or, better still, to one of the company's ships that plied between Saigon and what was then Batavia.

I had noticed Dr. Gabriel at once when I went aboard the Altair in Marseille, because of his height and the fact that his head was bandaged. (I learned later that he had smashed up a racing car the week before.) He was the tallest Frenchman I have ever seen, with the exception of General de Gaulle, and he looked fully eight feet long when he lay in his deck chair. My steward told me that the ship's carpenter had added a three-foot extension to the tall doctor's bed, so he wouldn't have to lie in it like a half-opened jackknife.

I no longer recall how we became acquainted, but by the time we ran into the typhoon we were calling each other by our last names, in the comradely fashion that is current among Frenchmen, though not very usual when they address a woman. But my name—Treat—the Doctor assured me gaily, was an abbreviation of "Amphitrite," the name of the sea goddess. This was flattering, so we let it go at that. He said I could shorten his to "Gab," if I cared to; that was what everyone called him.

By that time, Dr. Gab's well-shaped head was free of bandages; only a few crisscrosses of tape still adhered to his forehead and temples. How old was he then? In his late twenties, I suspected, since I gathered that he had finished his



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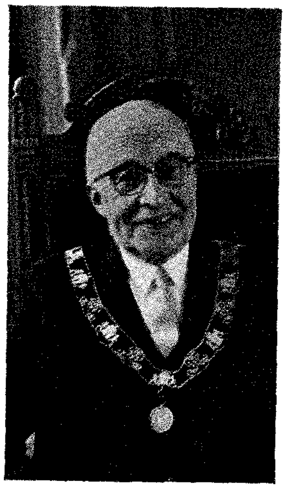
The zeal of these indefatigable people would warm the depths of an American businessman's heart. "Everything is possible," they say —as they do the impossible.

Already, they've made Rotterdam the world's foremost port. They've put a restaurant atop a 340-foot high tower so visitors can view the city rising as they dine. They're floating a subway in the water. They're converting canals into boulevards. And the nation's Delta Plan, world's largest hydraulic scheme, is wresting the land back from the covetous sea. An American frontier town must have bubbled like this when our West was being built.

You'll find the spirit of Rotterdam so refreshing—and feel so *welcome* in this sophisticated metropolis with its small town cordiality. There's lots to do and see in Holland. So come as soon as you can. The Dutch are waiting for you. Particularly Burgemeester van Walsum of Rotterdam.

For literature and information, see your travel agent, or write Netherlands National Tourist Office, 605 5th Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.



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A classic is something good because it endures. The *Camel Coat* is classic on two counts. A wear-with-all color. Style that's always *in*.

Run your hand over the fabric. Positively plush. Rests light and fleecy on your shoulders. Yet it feels snug when a cold wind whips. The tailoring has classic touches, too. Many are behind the seams. Take underbasting. All parts are first joined by a soft white thread. Matched to 1/32 of an inch. Then hundreds of finishing stitches are added. The white thread is pulled out. Presto. Seems like there's no seam at all. Take underpressing. A seam is joined. It's pressed. A lining added. It's pressed. The shoulders are shaped and moulded *during* the tailoring. Not after. Thus the good fit you buy is the one you keep. Endures like a classic.

Perhaps not all men can wear the Camel Coat. But some can't resist and Hart Schaffner & Marx feels that *all* men deserve the chance.

medical studies at an early age. This made me fully ten years his senior—a fact that undoubtedly helped to establish the easy, fraternal pattern of our friendship. "I keep forgetting you're not a man," he remarked to me once, during our last days on shipboard, and added quickly, "I hope you consider that a compliment." (I did and I didn't.) Altogether, he appeared even younger than he was. There was an irrepressible air of youth about him, and he handled his long body as if the muscles were oiled. His eyes were his most striking feature, and the one I best remember, chiefly because of their color—almost a royal blue. When he spoke with animation, he opened them very wide and seemed to view you from a long way off. I was conscious from the first of this curiously detached gaze—Gab's "wise" look, his friends called it—that scrutinized and weighed. It went oddly with his freakish enthusiasms.

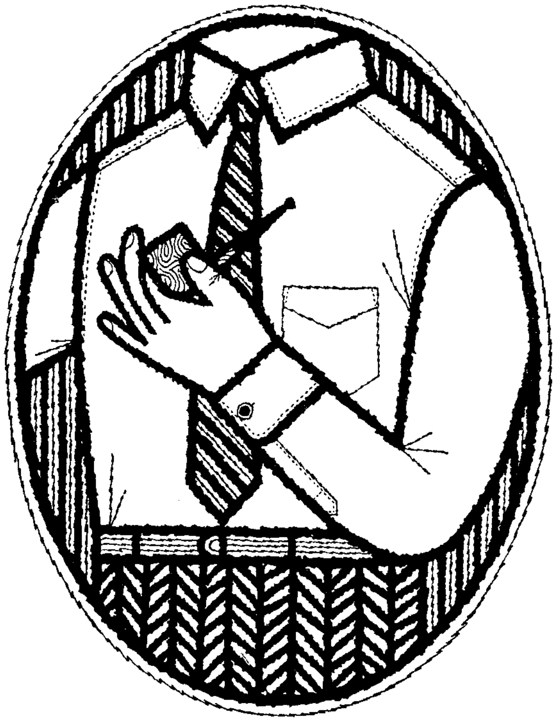
During the trip, he read voraciously in three languages, and, as far as I could discover, there was scarcely a corner of their respective literatures that he had not already explored. I asked him once how he had found time as a medical student to do much outside reading. "Oh, I didn't lack for time," he said briefly, and changed the subject. And that was another thing about him: he would talk about books for hours—in fact, he would talk about almost everything, for he had a Frenchman's love of discussion, and a Frenchman's skill with the spoken word. But he never discussed himself. With his boyish, outgoing manner, his quick, almost compulsive gaiety, went a tremendous inner reserve. When I said goodbye to him at Saigon, I knew little, if anything, about him, beyond the obvious facts—his calling, his present job, his hopes for future ones. Not that he was mysterious about himself; he was simply uncommunicative.

WHEN I next saw Gab, five months later, I was on my way back to France. My ship put in for a few days at Saigon, and he offered to show me the town—from the air, if I chose, since by now he had learned to fly a plane. He had one of those *poux de l'air* (air lice), a contraption so tiny that I marvelled how he got inside it. Remembering the smashed racing car, I declined the invitation with thanks. He said then that he regretted I wouldn't have time for a trip up the coast to Haiphong, as he had rented a small native craft there and spent his free days at that end of his run sail-

How to spot a custom-tailored shirt at one sly glance

The trained eye will immediately observe four unmistakable hallmarks of custom tailoring in our picture. Any man who has bought fine custom-made shirts will know what they are: Single needle sleeving (only one seam shows); plaquet sleeve facings (no wrist gap); ¼-inch width stitching on collar and cuffs (discreet quality touch); large lustrous buttons. Not illustrated—luxury fabric and contour-cut body for tailored fit. Now, thanks to one hundred and six years of Manhattan® shirtmaking skill, these visible symbols of custom-tailoring are available in a modestly-priced group of ready-made shirts known as The Golden Needle® Collection. Sold in better stores. Priced (amazingly!) from just $5.95 to $8.95.

Manhattan®



GOLDEN NEEDLE COLLECTION

for the American Scene:

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& Lady Arrow

What's new in the zoo? This amusing shirt in a jungle print! A beautiful Wamsutta blend of 65% Dacron® polyester and 35% cotton...famous for little-or-no-iron care. Tailored to wear as an inner or outer, in gold, pink or blue. Sizes 10 to 18. About $6.

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WAMSUTTA MILLS, 1430 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N.Y. MAKERS OF FAMOUS SUPERCALE® SHEETS AND WAMSUTTA HERITAGE TOWELS.

ing in the Baie d'Along. It was amusing and tricky, he said, handling a bamboo sail.

He also mentioned, in passing, that he had taken a fling at "smoking"—a word that, in the local context, meant only one thing. He pointed out to me the government shops in Saigon where opium was sold, to "natives only," though Europeans, he said, had little difficulty procuring it; they had only to send a "boy" to buy it. One evening, he and another ship's officer took me to see what I supposed rather nervously would be a "den" but what turned out to be a small farm on the outskirts of the city—a bare little hut bathed in moonlight, with ducks splashing in a pool outside, and a neat old Annamite in lacquered silk pants and straw sandals, who prepared the men's pipes. I watched the proceedings from my mat, as the old man rolled each "bead" of the drug, held it to the flame of a tiny lamp, and inserted it deftly, at the point of a long needle, in the shallow pipe bowl. A sucking gurgle or two, a sweetish whiff, and it was over. The "pipe" had lasted only a few seconds.

"But do you really *like* it?" I asked Gab the next morning. The royal-blue eyes were slightly bloodshot.

"It's an experience," he said lightly, as if that were explanation enough.

Like the racing car and the plane, I thought. He seemed to be checking off "experiences," one by one, with feverish haste. And when I waved him another goodbye—from the deck of the Algol this time—I wondered what further exploits and experiences lay ahead of him, and whether I should ever see him again.

I certainly did not expect him to turn up in Paris, as he did three months later, after an adventure that might well have put an end to his experimenting once for all. Wedged in an armchair and looking distinctly outsize in the small living room of my Paris apartment, he gave me the details. There had been a girl. "She was half Tonkinese and half Malay—an explosive mixture," he said, with a flicker of humor. "Pretty as they come, but a little tigress. Once, in a rage over something, she shot me."

"Oh, she did?" I said.

"Here, in the groin." He tapped the spot. "It wasn't much, really—I seem to be bulletproof—but it stirred up quite a scandal. The company, as perhaps you don't know, is prissy about such things." His eyes danced, but somehow the look in them was as faraway as ever.

"And you're all right now?"

"You see me. The joke was on the

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BERMUDA BLUE

The enchantment of Bermuda is temptingly captured in Bermuda Blue*... a heady scent, yet deliciously light and lasting...spicy, with just a touch of bitter-sweet...prepared by a famed Paris parfumeur and obtainable only from Bermuda.
Let this merry bouquet lend grace and gaiety to happy hours.
Bermuda Blue perfume—1 oz. $7.40, ½ oz. $4.58; the toilet water, 3½ oz. $3.67. Postpaid, plus duty.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

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Soft glove lizard $70

Each shoe handmade from one perfect skin—the finest French butter-soft glove lizard. Processed by a new method for wonderful softness and pliability. Additional skins available for accessories. Eight marvelous colors: Brochure on request.
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IN CALIFORNIA: I. MAGNIN & CO.
San Francisco

(*Advertisement*)

Part 2 of the Rover Advertisement*

ILO-ILO, ZAMBOANGA, AND CEBU

Ken Purdy *(continued)*

Although the Rover Company of Solihull, England, went into business—making the first modern bicycle—in 1878, it is, on the record, one of the most radical automobile manufacturing outfits in the world. The very modern air-cooled engine? Rover made 17,000 air-cooled cars in the early 1920's, and a rear engine air-cooled car in 1931.

Mr. J. K. Starley (co-founder) mounting early Rover.

The gas-turbine engine, which will run on almost anything from aviation gasoline to low-proof moonshine whiskey, may well be the automobile engine of the future, and if you have the impression that the thing was invented in Detroit, you are wrong.

First Gas Turbine

In 1950, *thirteen years ago,* Rover put the first gas-turbine engine car on the road. It produced 200 H.P., did 151 mph, would accelerate to 100 in 13.2 seconds, and was stopped by disc brakes. The present Rover gas-turbine car is the fifth generation model, and is the first successful turbine race car.

00 Emerges Victorious

Running in the 24-hour race at Le Mans, France, in June, this car, chassis by British Racing Motors, engine by Rover, won a 25,000 Franc prize put up for the first gas-turbine car to average 93 mph at Le Mans. Starting 30 seconds behind the field of 48 cars, to emphasize the difference between it and the rest, and carrying the number 00 for the same reason, the Rover came in seventh in total distance covered, *averaging 108 mph* for 24 hours and 2,592 miles.

Hill & Ginther Triumph

Driven by the present champion of the world, Graham Hill, and the American *Grand Prix* driver, Richie Ginther, the Rover came in behind six of the almost-invincible Ferraris, possibly the greatest long distance race cars of all time. In this notoriously car killing race, 48 of the best and fastest automobiles in the world had started. Thirteen finished, and some of them in rough shape. The Rover, rolling down the straights at 149 mph, almost without a sound, apparently would have run another 2,592 miles if the pit crew had stayed around to fill the tank with kerosene now and then.

RECENT AMERICAN ADVERTISING RESEARCH suggests that the perfect combination of words for the ideal headline—eye catching-wise—is not, as was thought, "Amazing New Free Offer!", but the names of three Philippine ports: "Ilo-ilo, Zamboanga, and Cebu."

Apparently it has only one drawback: it is a very hard headline to work into ads for such staples as aspirin, Telly dinners, or Europe. Fortunately we are able to use it, since we have Rover dealers in all three of the cities.

So if you are going to the Philippines, or to any one of 160-odd other countries, you can order a Rover or Land-Rover here and pick it up there, at considerable savings. For details, please write or call Mr. Patrick Savage, Roverseas Delivery Plan 405 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N.Y., YU 6-0220. He will be delighted.

AMAZING NEW FREE OFFER!

As noted elsewhere on this page, this all-time champion headline has probably been deposed by "Ilo-ilo, Zamboanga, and Cebu."

However, we actually do have an amazing new free offer: a subscription to The Rover News, published monthly at our headquarters in England. While you may be but mildly beguiled by the personal items ("Two '21sts' at Acocks Green" and "Best Idea of The Month Prize for Percy Road Men"), there are also many gripping articles of general and historical Rover interest; profusely illustrated. For your free subscription please write: Rover News, 405 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

Also of historical interest, may we suggest Col. 1 at left in which Mr. Ken Purdy, the eminent American writer and car buff, continues his remarks.

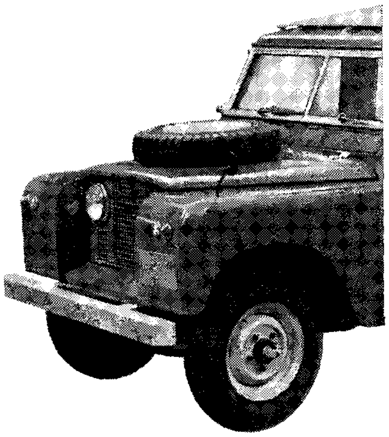
BILLBOARD QUERY INSERTED

The recent Rover advertisement titled "How Do You Feel About Billboards?" has been inserted in the Congressional Record by Senator Maurine B. Neuberger, Pages 11743-4. (If you would like a report on other repercussions of our enquiry, drop us a note.)

NEXT! "THE LAND ROVER AND CRIME"

Due to the increasing popularity of the Land-Rover as a "get-away car" in Britain's larger robberies—possibly because of the capacious rear-door—we are devoting the entirety of Part 3, next, to the subject.

THE LAND-ROVER IS BUILT TO WITHSTAND THE FULL CHARGE OF A BULL RHINOCEROS



THIS ADVERTISEMENT, with what is possibly the world's first to-be-continued photo, shows the front end of a model 88 station wagon. The Land-Rover, the world's most versatile 4-wheel drive vehicle, comes in so many styles and variations—depending on what you want it for—that each one is virtually custom made to your own needs.

---

*©1963 (Part 1 appeared in an earlier issue) Rover Motor Co. of North America Ltd., 405 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

Worrier.

He's called a concierge and he's paid to worry. By Delmonico's. About tickets, reservations, and the million-and-one other details that make a guest's stay more pleasant.

We've a lot of worriers at Delmonico's. (How else can you anticipate the individual desires of a guest—and cater to them.)

There's another word for this sort of worrying. It's called *service*. In the grand tradition. Service of the kind that hasn't been seen in New York since prior to World War I.

We specialize in it. As you would expect from the New York counterpart of the Colony Hotel in Palm Beach.

Your travel agent will make reservations. Or you can write us direct. Either way, we'll be happy to send our chauffeur to meet you at the airport. In our Rolls. (The one with the built-in bar and telephone.)

That way we won't have to worry about you during your trip into town.

S. Joseph Tankoos, Jr., President
V. Alexander Polich, Vice-President & Gen. Mgr.

DELMONICO'S
HOTEL
Park Avenue at 59th Street
Cable Address: Elegance, New York
Represented nationally by Leonard Hicks, Jr. Inc.

doctors. But the company is transferring me to another area."

"Gabriel, why *will* you do it?" I asked in an elder-sisterly tone.

Gab opened his eyes wide and laughed outright. "Don't tell me, 'Trite, that you're shocked," he said. Then his face sobered and he sat up in his chair. "What does a man—a Frenchman—do, when he can't have what he wants?" he asked abruptly, and now he wasn't looking at me at all.

"I'm sure I don't know."

"He varies his pleasures."

"If you call that sort of thing 'pleasure'—" I began. "But what is it you haven't got?"

This time I received a serious answer. "A profession," he said sombrely.

"But you have one."

"So I have," he jeered. "Doctor on a liner, or more often a coastal tub. Babies with heat rash, seasick females, an occasional appendectomy—not even that, on the short runs. Or an attempted suicide." His face brightened. "Did I ever tell you about my Russian woman on the Orion last winter?"

I wasn't at all curious about his Russian, but I got the story anyway.

"The poor fool had swallowed about everything that came to hand, from iodine to razor blades. I'll spare you the details. While I was doing what I could to make her comfortable—and there wasn't much to be done—I couldn't resist asking why she hadn't dropped quietly overboard some dark night, if she was so set on ending it all. Do you know what she told me? 'I was afraid of the screws'!"

"What became of her?" I asked.

"I never heard. We put her ashore at the nearest port. That's how it always is. The hospitals get the serious cases, and I go back to my Epsom salts and aspirins." Gab got up from his chair. "Let's have lunch, and then see something of the town. I have two days in Paris before I embark on the Aldébaran. She sails to Panama and the South Seas."

THAT day in Paris, I was quite unaware that within a few months I, too, would be taking the Aldébaran to the South Pacific. This time, my assignment was New Caledonia. Gab was still the ship's doctor. "We may get that Celebes trip yet. I'm beginning to believe in Fate," he said when he welcomed me on board.

So I had six weeks more of his society, on an ocean that was more than usually pacific and made few demands on his professional skill. Somewhere among my papers is a small collection of snap-

SKI STAR
U S A

A SKI PARKA for your pet, THE LUCKY PUP!

Pampered pooches will begin to wear this Innsbruck wardrobe a year early on the slopes or strolling the parks. Sports a real team ski patch embroidered "Ski Star U.S.A." White quilted nylon, water-repellent, hand washable, with a red/white/navy striped knit turtleneck and a warm red synthetic fleece lining. Coat has chest protector and easy-to-fit trench coat belt. Measure dog from collar to beginning of tail for even sizes 10"-20".

Small (sizes 10-16) **$11.50**
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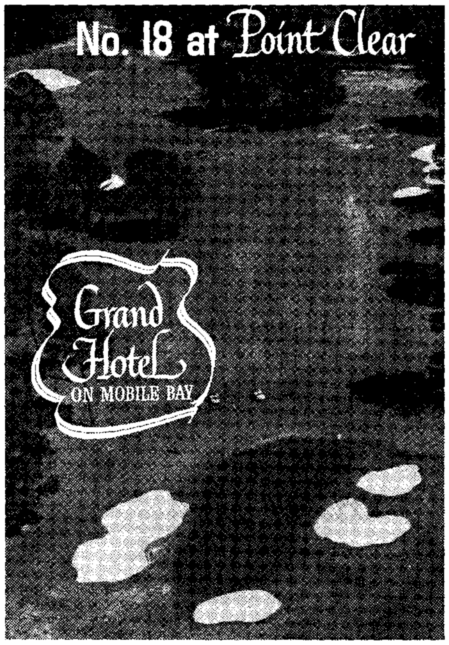

Although only 347 yards long, this dog-leg calls for the best in the golfer who pars it. This and 17 other challenging holes designed by Perry Maxwell make golfers of all handicaps come back again and again. Meticulous care makes it perfect to play at any season. And at "No. 19", relax with an authentic mint julep! The spacious clubhouse is complete with bar, lounges, locker rooms, dining room and pro shop.

A 400-acre pleasure-land for the discriminating, Grand Hotel offers superb cuisine and luxurious comfort. Guests enjoy full privileges at our private golf and swimming club as well as sailing, lawn bowling, tennis, fishing and dancing. Supervised children's activities. Excellent meeting facilities.

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NEW PANTY HOSE OF "ANTRON"® NYLON: A TOUCH MORE ELEGANT FOR EVENING

Now, "Antron" the nylon so aloof it goes by another name, gives new after-dark personality to the popular panty hose. There's more luxury, a subtle glow, a sheerness and softness that pedestrian panty hose can only envy. And the beauty of it? With all this late-day apropos, there are still the boundless comfort and everyday rightness that make panty hose such provident fashion under slacks, casuals, city separates. They're right—at-home and wherever the long leg of fashion should be sheer and beautiful and radiant as only "Antron" can be.*

Du Pont makes fibers, not the fabrics, fashions or stockings shown. *"Antron" is Du Pont's registered trademark shots: Gab, boxing on the top deck with an athletic passenger; at Martinique, in the company of a plump little Creole in a striped turban; in Tahiti, the center of a bevy of Polynesian girls, a string of tiara flowers about his neck and a wreath set crazily on his head; and on the beach at Vila, Gab again, looking rather like a river god, with half a dozen little Kanakas crawling over him. The children were teaching him a song about a visiting warship:

Ah wa ta ma ee feera
Mauto bellay man'war

I don't know what the syllables mean, but they and the air still stick in my memory.

I also remember, though no photographs record it, a lively fishing trip to the reef off Nouméa, and Gab emerging, like Poseidon from the deep, with a speared fish on his harpoon and his free hand holding something that he showed me as he shook the water from his hair and pushed up his wood-rimmed diving glasses. It was an iron ring, about the size of a small curtain ring, which he had found wedged in a coral rock underwater. It must have been there for a long time, for it was worn and irregular and eaten with salt. Catching up my hand, Gab slipped the ring over two fingers. "Now you are wedded to the sea," he said, and splashed off into another dive.

The next morning, Gab called at my hotel for a farewell visit. The Aldébaran was to weigh anchor at noon for the return trip to France. We had exchanged handshakes and good wishes, and he was already halfway down the veranda steps when he paused, dug into a pocket, and turned back. "Almost forgot this. Catch," he said, and tossed me a tiny packet in a twist of paper. "It's more wearable than the other," he said over his shoulder, as he started down the path to the gate.

I stood looking after the tall, white figure until it vanished behind the hibiscus hedge. On my palm lay a fragile Chinese ring of sea-green jade. I had seen others like it, for the pattern was classic. Doubtless he had picked it up in some Cantonese shop on one of the islands.

I slipped the ring on my little finger and considered it thoughtfully. During the long trip, I had ascertained something about Gab that I had already suspected: he was shy of white women. Not of me, obviously, since the difference in our ages put me definitely *hors concours;* I was, so to speak, one of the family. But toward the younger lady

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AFTER THE CURAÇAO SUNSET. Tempt lady fortune at the plush casino at our **Curaçao Intercontinental** or, treat lady fair to dancing and a floor show at the informal Kini Kini cocktail lounge.

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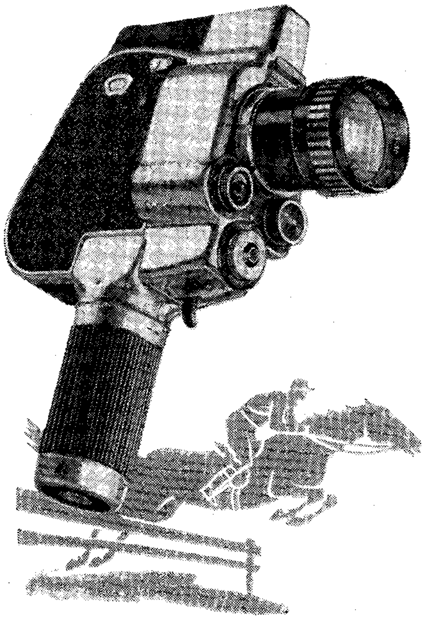
INTERCONTINENTAL HOTELS
Robert Huyot, President

FOR THE THRILL OF HANDLING A THOROUGHBRED...



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passengers his manner was formal, not to say standoffish. Whenever possible, he avoided them. However, with native girls, as I had seen for myself from Martinique to Tahiti—and I remembered the story of the Malay girl in Saigon—he seemed wholly at ease. The day we left Papeete, as we stood by the rail flinging into the water the garlands Gab had been given (tossing them into the water was supposed to insure a prompt return), I had teased him about his preference for women of color. I still remember the almost hostile flash of his eyes and the concentrated bitterness of his tone as he turned on me. "I'm not a marrying man," he said shortly, and strode away.

I went over the incident in my mind that morning in Nouméa. By then I had grown accustomed to his sudden impulses, and I found the gift of the ring particularly touching. I wore it for a good many months; then it developed a crack.

AFTER those weeks on the Pacific, there was a long while before Gab's and my paths crossed again. But cross they did, for at the end of that same year I married a French sea captain, an officer in the same company as Gab. Having spent a good many months at sea together, the two men were devoted friends. Gab was somewhere in the South Pacific, so he missed the wedding, and our next meeting took place in Marseille, after I had settled there with Marc, my sailor husband, in an apartment perched, like a lighthouse, high on the hill of Endoume.

"No more roaming for Amphitrite. I'll have to find a new name for you," Gab announced, when he came to pay his first call, bearing a roll of tree-bark cloth—*tapa*—from the Wallis Islands and a couple of wooden platters from the Marquesas, as wedding gifts.

"You needn't rub it in," I said, for I had already pondered the fact that marrying a sailor was quite another thing from being one.

From then on, every three months or so, when Gab's ship was in, he would turn up at Endoume with another *tapa*, a *tiki*, or a curious shell—as evidence, he declared with a touch of malice, that *the faraway* places still existed. Once, he brought me a tortoise-shell knife of his own making, shaped from the carapace of a beast he had caught in the waters of the New Hebrides. From the way he described the capture, it sounded like a wild game of water polo, with one of the great sea turtles as the ball. The trick, he explained, was to dive

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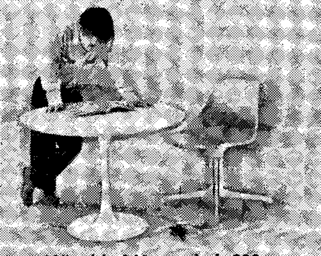
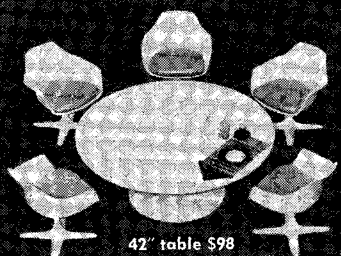


30" table $60 chair $39

GROWN UP?



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under the tortoise, flip it over on its back, and then haul it out on land.

Somewhat to our surprise, Gab did not turn up after his next voyage. His ship had already put out to sea again when Marc returned from the docks one night with a piece of heavy news. "It's Gab," he said as he came in, his face full of concern. "They say it happened during the last trip, on one of those turtle hunts—maybe he dived too deep, or stayed underwater too long. Anyhow, the damn thing has caught up with him, as it was bound to one of these days, at the pace he was going."

"What ever do you mean?" I said.

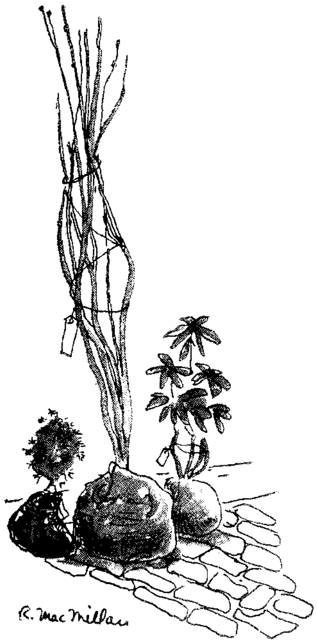
"Don't tell me you didn't know? It's true he was frightfully sensitive about it. His old enemy, t.b. He didn't sail the other day. He's back at Davos."

Marc told me then what he knew of the first onslaught of Gab's enemy. "It seems that he grew too fast and worked too hard. It struck him after his interneship, when he was slated to work with one of the best bone men in Paris. He wanted to be a surgeon." (I thought of Gab's hands—lean, broad-palmed, and muscular; they *were* surgeon's hands.) "He must be in a pretty bad way," my husband went on. "He loathes Davos. He had three years of it, and he swore they'd never get him back there."

"But isn't it odd that he didn't send us word?"

"Not at all," Marc said. "He was always tight as a clam about the whole thing. He wanted to be treated like anybody else. He was trying to crowd everything in, while there was time. And now he has crawled into his hole."

"I can't stand it," I said. A thought came to me. "Has Gab a family?" I



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had always thought of him as an isolated phenomenon.

"A father—professor on some medical faculty," Marc said. "But I think there's a coolness between them. The father is very conventional, I gather. And naturally, as a medical man, he hasn't approved of Gab's goings on. I believe they haven't seen much of each other for the past few years."

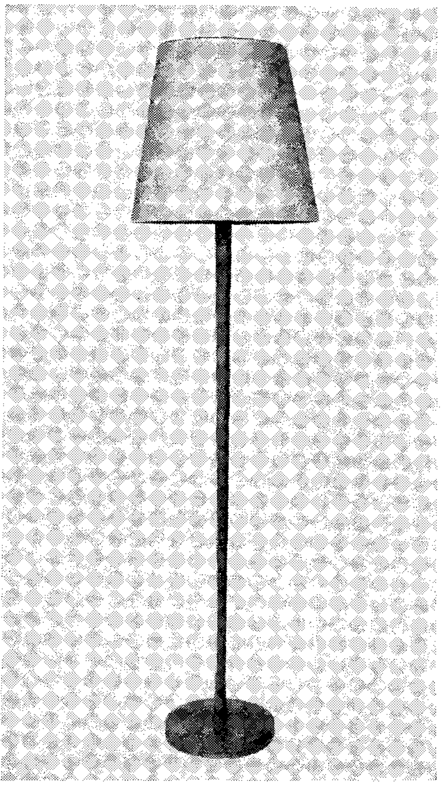
"Well, *we* won't abandon him," I said. "At least we can write him."

I do not recall what I put into the first letter, but I think it was a fairly angry one. Mostly, I reproached Gab for keeping me in the dark about himself. I got back a reply almost at once. Gab apologized for having slipped through Marseille without a word, but said that he had preferred to avoid "social calls." He devoted most of the letter to describing a book he was reading—a contemporary Greek poet I had never heard of. He was amusing himself puzzling out the modern Greek, and he said he might even end by translating the poems, since chances were he would remain where he was for a considerable time.

Quite apart from the bit about "social calls," I didn't like the tone of the letter. It was altogether too serene. So I quickly sent him a second one, as friendly and offhand as I could make it. Marc, busy with his ship, which was undergoing a massive refit, scribbled a brotherly page of encouragement. And for the next few months Gab and I wrote back and forth fairly regularly, chiefly about books. He never mentioned what was keeping him in Davos, and I didn't refer to it either, except to say that I hoped he was getting along all right. But once I did ask him whether he would care to have us drive over to see him on one of Marc's free weekends. The question received no answer.

SO most of the winter passed. Then, late one Sunday afternoon in February, we had a visit. At that hour, it was dark in the entrance hall of the flat, and darker still on the landing. Marc had gone to the door. I was in the living room. "Dr. Gabriel, Senior," said a voice.

Marc led the way to the living room, switching on lights. What struck me first was that Gab's father was a little man, not any taller than I was. I doubt if he wore a frock coat, though my memory puts him in one—probably because everything about our visitor suggested the *professeur à la Faculté:* the bearded, grizzled head, the red rosette in the buttonhole, the gravely formal



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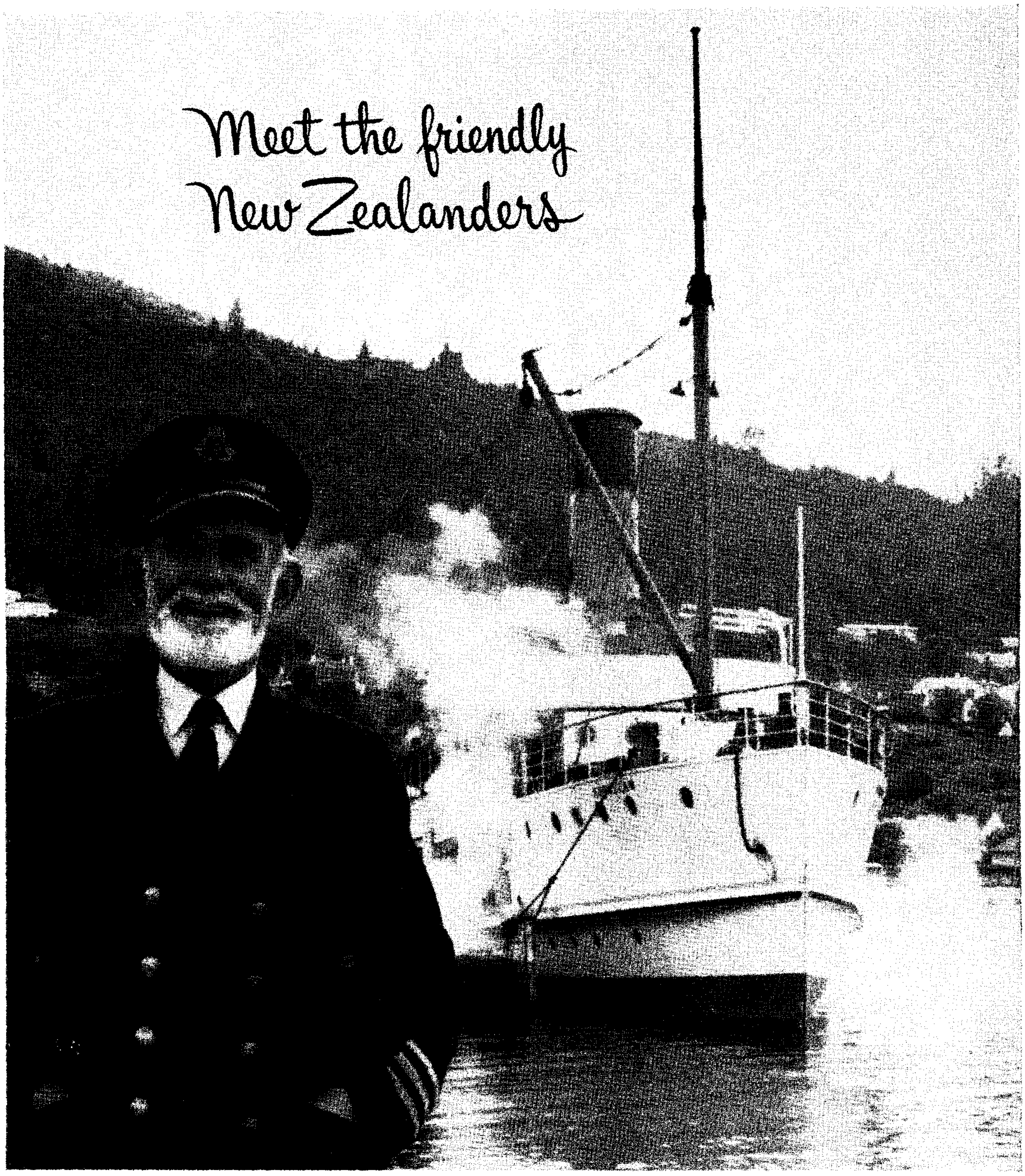

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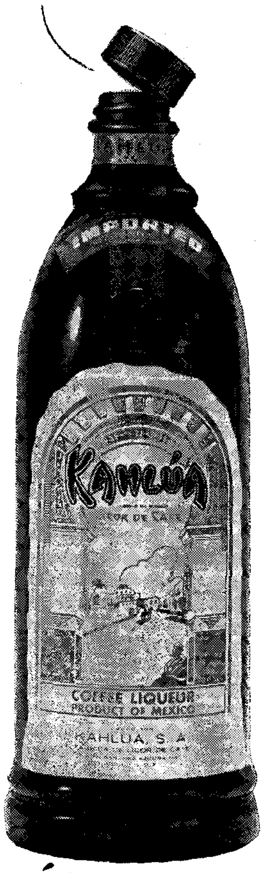

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manner. In the room, with its bright rugs, low Madagascar chairs, and splashy *tapas,* like abstract paintings, on the wall, he looked utterly alien. He eyed it all rather dubiously, I thought.

"I must explain the intrusion," he said, and sat down on the edge of a couch. "On my arrival in Marseille yesterday, I called at the offices of your company," he said to Marc, "to verify an—an address. The chief medical officer, whom I had the good fortune to encounter, mentioned you, Commandant, as one of my son's closest friends." His voice was crisp, dry, and colorless; behind gold-rimmed spectacles, his tired eyes surveyed us narrowly. He had nothing of Gab—nothing—I reflected, except perhaps that look of thoughtful scrutiny.

"Have you seen him recently?" he asked, still speaking to Marc.

"Not since he went to Davos," Marc said.

"Then you are unaware that he is no longer in Davos? That he is here in Marseille?"

"In Marseille?" we both repeated, with amazement.

Dr. Gabriel nodded. "I have just left him," he said, and considered his hands. "This may come as a shock to you," he went on slowly, "but, given your affection for my son, I think it only just to acquaint you with the truth. Jean is—lost." Except for the halt, barely perceptible, between the words, his voice had not changed. "Lost, irretrievably," he said.

"Oh, no!" I said, for my mind refused to take in what he meant. I saw Gab in a blaze of tropical sun, against a background of glittering sea.

"My only child," the old man said again, in the same dry voice. A sigh, a protracted pause, then he went on, crisply professional. "The sanatorium informed me at once of Jean's scandalous departure, in the company of a younger patient, who had received permission to visit his family in Corsica. I need not tell you that in the case of my son there was no such authorization. As I presumed I should find him in Marseille—and I did, after some initial difficulty—I came here with all speed."

He got to his feet, took a few nervous steps, and stood looking down at us. "The boy is mad," he burst out. "I made this long trip south, at some personal inconvenience, given my age and the duties of my calling, because I hoped to persuade him to return home with me. In his present state, home is the proper place for him. But, headstrong as always, he refuses. What is more—can

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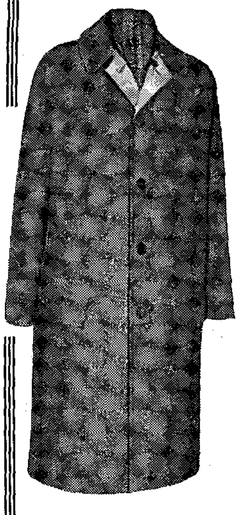

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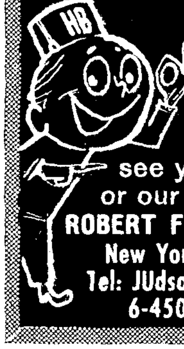

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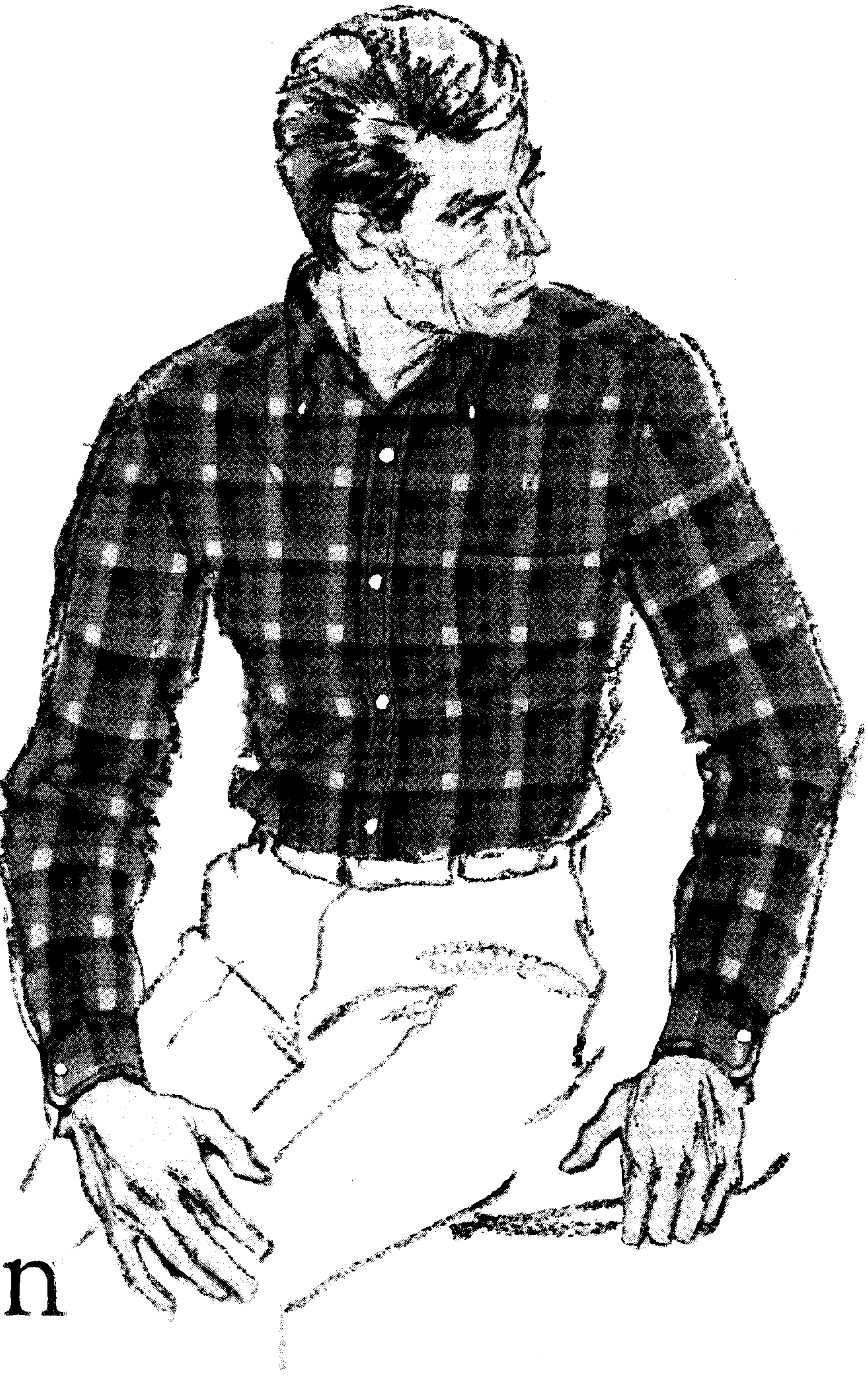

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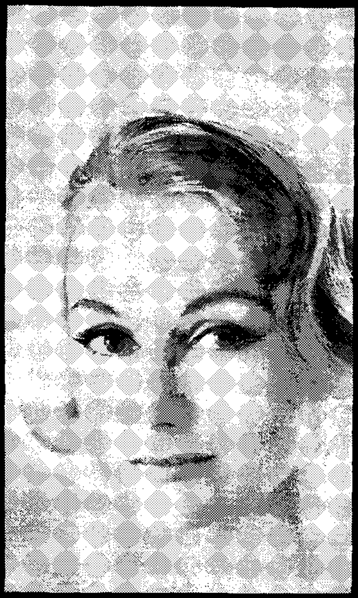

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you imagine it, Monsieur?—he proposes, regardless of his condition, to go on with his young friend to Corsica. To Corsica!" he repeated, and flung out his hands. "It is worse than preposterous. It is sheer insanity."

But so like Gab, I thought.

"You may not be aware"—again it was the physician speaking—"that these final spurts of energy, these last desperate hopes that a change of scene will help, are typical of the disease. My son, of course, understands this perfectly, but sometimes the urge to live is stronger than reason."

He looked, frowning, from Marc to me, and it came to me then that he wanted something of us. Was it our help in dissuading Gab from the trip? If so, I feared in advance that our efforts would be wasted. Marc said as much right away, but he offered to try.

"This young Corsican whom Jean has with him"—the old man said "Corsican" as some ancestor of his might have said "Buonaparte"—"seems to be at the root of their crazy scheme. Frankly, the young man does not inspire confidence. I cannot accompany Jean myself. I have my patients, my lectures at the Faculté. But to let him leave, unattended except for that irresponsible boy, when his life hangs by a thread—" He broke off with a helpless gesture and turned away to the window.

So that was it. In the silence that followed, Marc and I exchanged glances. "I regret, Dr. Gabriel, that this did not happen sooner," Marc said finally. "A few weeks ago, I would have volunteered willingly to go with him. In fact, I should have considered it a duty. But now, with my ship ready for sea, I am no longer free. However"—with a long look at me—"there is my wife. For her, too, Jean is like a younger brother, and, if the need arises, I know she will gladly replace me."

Dr. Gabriel wheeled from the window to study me.

"I can't pretend to be a nurse," I said. "But—"

"But you're an American and accustomed to travel," Marc broke in, as if that disposed of the question. "If Dr. Gabriel agrees, you already have my approval," he concluded somewhat formally, speaking as a Frenchman and the head of the family.

There was a long pause, and then Gab's father voiced *his* approval in even more formal terms. We talked a while longer, and when Dr. Gabriel went away it was understood that if Marc's away it was understood that if Marc's and my combined efforts failed to bring Gab to his senses, I would go along with the travellers to Corsica. And there,

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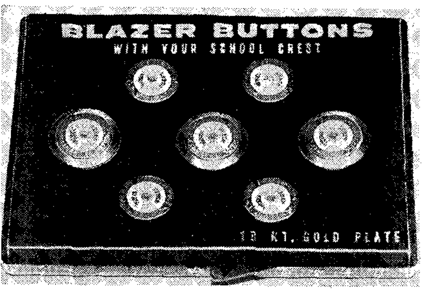

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once the novelty of the change had worn off—as it would in a very few days, Dr. Gabriel assured us—I was to use all my influence to bring Gab back to France, "provided there was still time." I flinched at the phrase.

On the threshold, as he was leaving, the old doctor gripped my hand and held it fast. "This could be a heavy charge," he said. "Are you sure, my dear Madame, that you realize what you may be undertaking?"

I nodded, though I doubt if at the time I realized anything beyond the fact that Gab needed me, and that if I could be helpful in any way, I meant to be.

LIKE Marc, I had little faith in our powers of persuasion; moreover, I was not at all sure that Gab would welcome my company. Marc and I discussed the venture at some length while, later that same evening, we crossed the Promenade de la Corniche and walked down a narrow street on a little peninsula to a house by the water, which Gab shared with another doctor of the company. When we reached the end of the street and stood outside the house, which was lighted, we had not yet agreed on a plan of action.

At Marc's ring, the door was opened by a burly youth in corduroys and a turtleneck sweater. "Marcel Morossi," he said, when Marc had given his own name. He wrung our hands vigorously. Then a tall shape blocked out the light, a familiar voice said gaily, "Why, it's Amphitrite and her sailor," and our hands were wrung a second time. The voice and the handshake were so reassuring that, for the space of a few seconds, I discounted everything I had learned that afternoon.

I went ahead of the men into the lighted living room, and when I turned to face Gab it took all the self-control I possessed not to betray my shock. I am not sure I entirely succeeded. Marc and I skirted a clutter of luggage and found seats by the wall, while Gab, braced on his hands, lowered himself into an easy chair. He lay back, smiling and limp. I looked away.

"I didn't expect to find you here," Marc began—rather awkwardly, I thought.

"That's why you came?" Gab asked amiably.

"Just came on a chance," Marc said. He didn't pursue the subject. "So it's goodbye to Davos?" he asked, indicating the bags.

"As you see. I'm taking a holiday."

"Planning to stay long?"

"A while. I'm not looking for a berth

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yet, unless"—with a smile—"you're short a doctor on the Orion."

"Gab wants to see Corsica," Morossi put in.

"Corsica, at this season?" Marc said. "That's a curious idea."

"Better now than never," Gab said, speaking lightly.

"Don't be an ass, *vieux*," Marc said. "It's not worth the risk, if you ask *me*."

"I'm not asking you. Or anyone," Gab said sharply. Then he relaxed again and inquired lazily, "What's new at the *boîte* (the shop)? And the old Orion—still on the stocks?"

Marc swore under his breath. "Never mind the Orion. I'm here to talk about *you*," he said.

"Has he been like this long?" Gab turned to me, with a shadow of his old grin. "He's due for a change, I'd say. Too many months ashore. I recognize the signs."

"Look, Gab," I said. "Don't be hard on your friends. If you are really set on making this—this trip, give us at least the assurance that you'll be looked after adequately. That's all we're asking."

Gab glanced toward the young Corsican, who was pawing through the contents of a suitcase, and said, "If Marc thinks we need a guardian, he can come along with us. I'd be overjoyed. And that's the truth," he added, a little more graciously.

"Marc can't. He's sailing next week," I said. "But—"

"So that's out. Too bad." Gab gave a husky laugh and looked at me slyly. "Then why not you? You'd be quite adequate."

"It's what I was going to propose," I said.

This time I scored. Gab's startled gaze went from me to Marc, who nodded. Gab waited awhile in silence, thinking. Then, with a sudden movement that brought a flush to his thin cheeks, he sat forward. His face had come alive. "Agreed. To Celebes, then. *Quelle veine*," he said.

THREE days later, we left for Corsica.

Because I later tried for so long to put Corsica out of my mind, I do not recall today the port where we landed, but doubtless it was Ajaccio. I cannot even remember—I prefer not to remember—the name of the town we headed for, high in the mountains, but I have never succeeded in effacing the town itself from my memory. I can still see its one street, like a slit between the walls of shuttered houses, with the wind sweeping dust and litter along it and into

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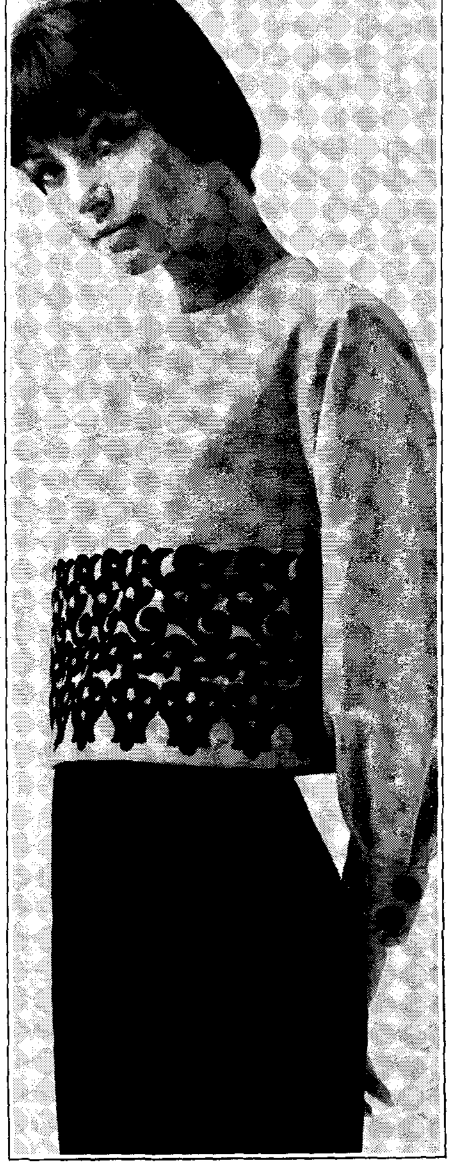

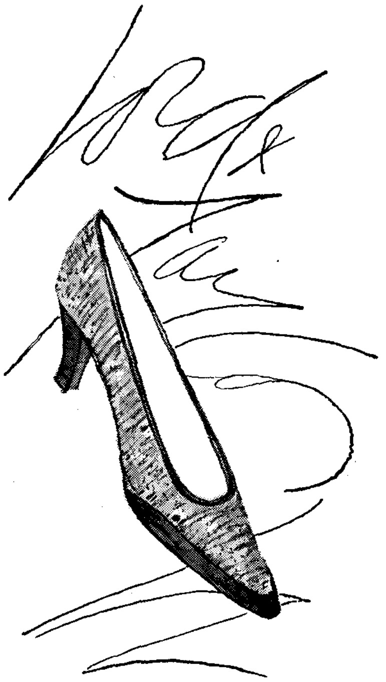

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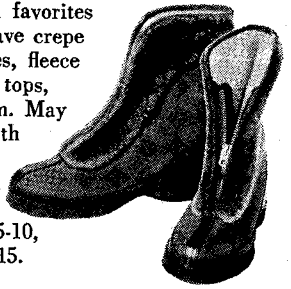

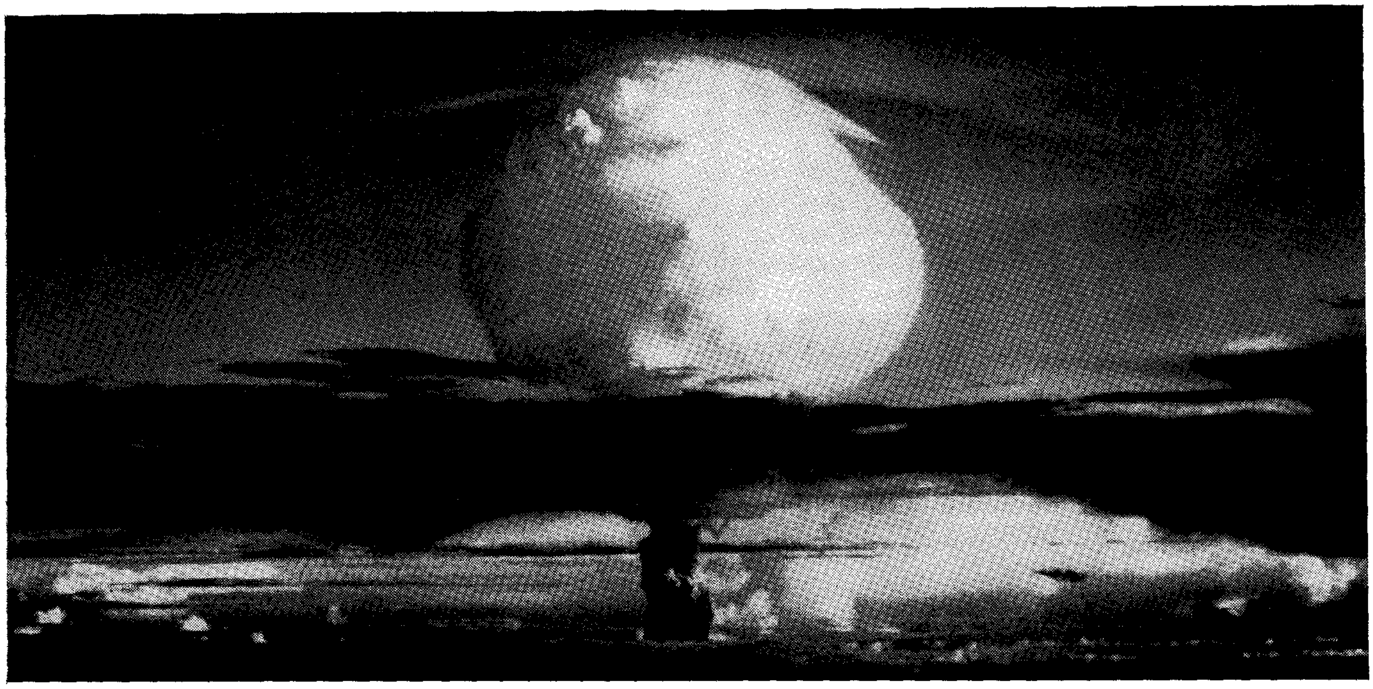

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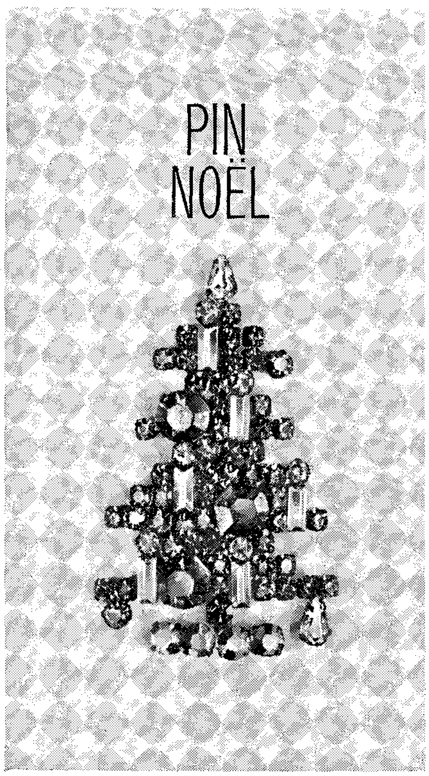
dark doorways. It had the forlorn and unkempt look of so many mountain villages of southern Europe—picturesque only when viewed from a distance. And I am afraid that my feeling about Corsicans—with one exception—has been colored by young Morossi, though it may have been a mistake to take him seriously; after all, he was only a boy of twenty, and a sick one at that, in spite of his athletic exterior. Gab, I am now convinced, saw through him from the first, but Gab had had his own reasons for wanting to believe him—or pretending to himself that he did—when Morossi bragged about his parents' estate in the mountains. It wasn't precisely a château—there were no châteaux in those parts, he told us. It sounded, as Gab said, more like a *gentilhommière*—a word that evoked the pleasant country houses of Périgord or Dordogne, with their peaked *pigeonniers* and clusters of trees, standing among meadows and orchards. The setting, Morossi kept saying, was unbelievably lovely—woods and gorges and torrents. It was real Corsica—*la vraie Corse.*

I remember asking him somewhat uneasily, on our way inland from the coast, if his parents were expecting us, and he remarked in an offhand way that his family now lived in Paris; they only came to Corsica in the summer. A summer place, shut up for months and probably damp, I thought. "I suppose there is a caretaker," I said.

"Lots of caretakers—the whole village," Morossi told me, giggling.

Even so, I wasn't at all prepared to have the *propriété*, or *gentilhommière*, or whatever he chose to call it, turn out to be what it was—just one of those shuttered, three-story houses, welded together in the wall that formed one side of the street. It was right in the center of the village, with a butcher's shop on the ground floor—a flayed carcass, very bloody and clotted with flies, hung in the entrance—and a staircase, steep as a ladder, leading to the upper floors.

Morossi took me through the house, flinging doors open and unlatching shutters, as if he were displaying a palace. Gab stopped off in one of the rooms on the second floor. I don't know what Morossi saw, but I was appallingly conscious of the drabness and dust of the high-ceilinged rooms, the peeling wallpaper and fallen plaster. Three village women, hermetically swathed in black shawls, accompanied us. (Gab at once christened them the Three Fates.) They carried our bags up the two steep flights to the bedrooms, and afterward



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followed us everywhere, silent as shadows.

As I had guessed, the house was damp; the linen sheets in the cupboards might have been packed in ice. Water, I learned, came from a pump in the street—and excellent water it was, our host insisted. You could even drink it, if you cared for so insipid a beverage. As for plumbing—well, there wasn't any, Morossi explained, because of the convenient torrent. You had only to open a back window and heave out everything. He made the gesture of emptying a pail. Leaning over the sill of a back window, I saw that the torrent was there, if a long way down.

At that point, I asked him to tell the three ladies, if they were there to help, to hang out the sheets in the sun before they made up the beds. Then I went in search of Gab. I found him in what Morossi had said was the best bedroom, lying on a not overclean mattress and staring up at a sizable patch of exposed lath on the ceiling, and I exploded. I told Gab what I had seen, and what I thought of his friend for bringing him to such a place. "The boy must be totally mad," I said.

Gab grinned wanly at my vehemence. "Not mad, only Corsican. He believes his own lies," he said.

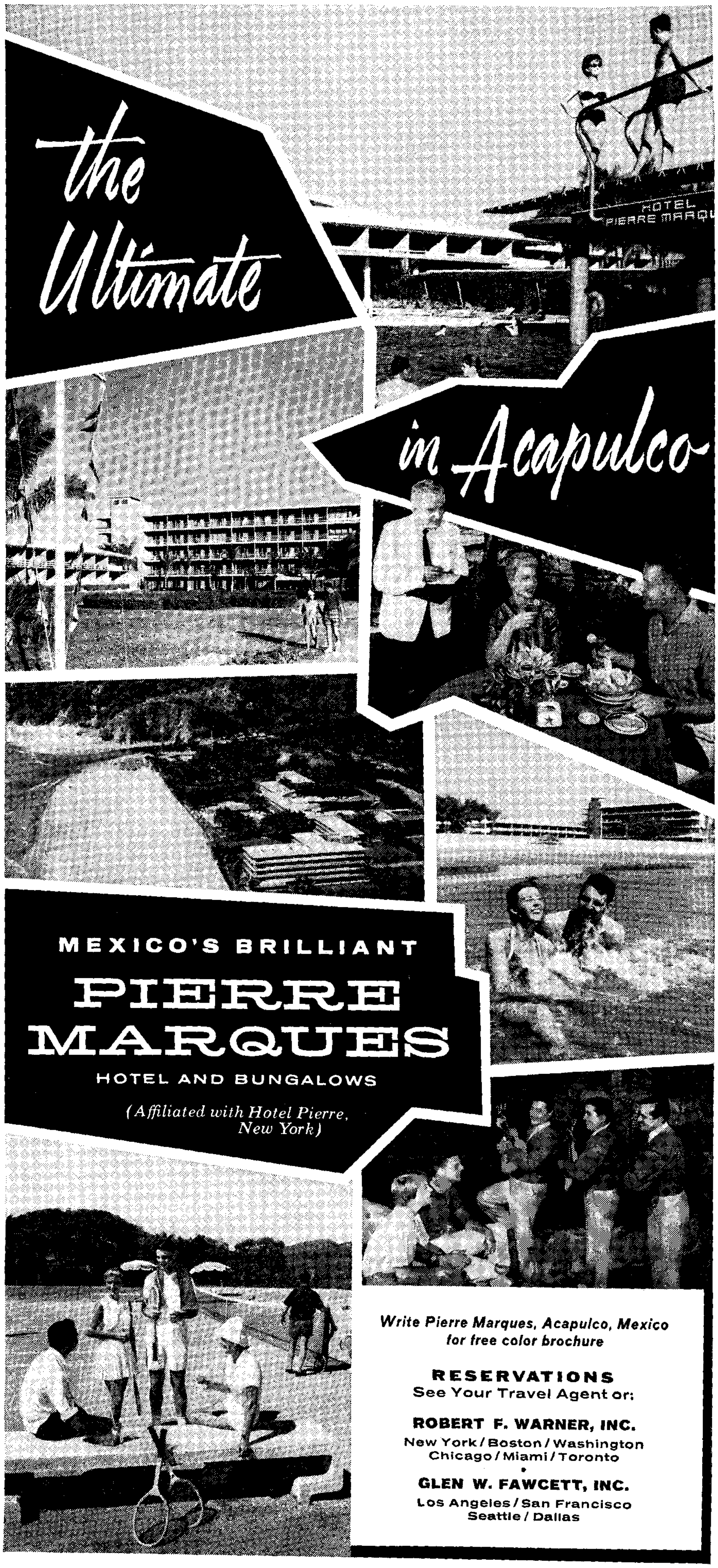
"But, Gab, you can't stay here. It's no place for you, and you know it."

"Then what do you suggest?"

The smile and the tone of light mockery almost provoked me to tears. For what could I suggest? As far as I knew, the fact that he was there at all, after the boat trip from Marseille and the long, dusty ride from the coast, might be nothing short of a miracle. I had no way of knowing. And to risk going back at once . . . "I suppose we can stand it for a few days," I said, temporizing.

"A few more days," Gab said, with a kind of secret emphasis, and again he considered the hole in the plaster overhead. He wasn't smiling now. In fact, his face had grown so stern that it frightened me. I must have shown it ("Your face is as transparent as a lake," he had once told me), for when he glanced at me the sternness vanished and the old mocking, boyish look returned. "Poor 'Trite, I've got you into a nice jam," he said. Then he threw back his head and laughed. I laughed, too, I was so relieved to hear the sound, and we went on laughing until Gab started to choke and I dashed out and got Morossi to send one of the Fates scuttling down to fetch water from the pump.

In a little while, Gab decided he



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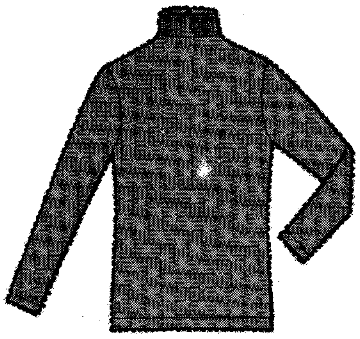

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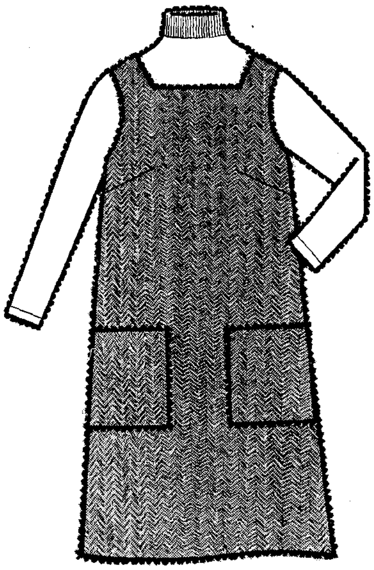

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wanted to see something of the out-of-doors, as the view from his window took in nothing but a house front across the street. He wanted a glimpse of *la vraie Corse* and its woods, gorges, and torrents. We did go out, and down to the end of the street, where the view was everything that Morossi had claimed, but it took us an interminable time, for we had to stop every few yards, and I daresay a good many curious eyes followed our slow progress from behind closed shutters.

"You're not to go out again until you have seen a doctor," I said, when Morossi and I had got Gab up to his room again.

"You forget, *I'm* a doctor," Gab answered.

"At times, one wouldn't think so," I said.

As I might have suspected, the town did not boast a doctor, although Morossi assured us that there were several, and actually went out in search of one. After nearly an hour, he returned with a priest. It gave me quite a shock to see the black-cassocked figure following him up the stairs, and Gab, when he caught sight of it, remarked under his breath that the visit was somewhat premature.

"Here's Father Matteo. He looks after everyone," Morossi announced, as he ushered in the priest. "You should see his house—it's a regular pharmacy."

"I do what I can," the priest said. "A few simple remedies, viper serum, and a first-aid kit—that's all. Fortunately, we have a healthy climate."

"He can set bones, too," Morossi said. "And he knows all about *radiesthésie*—swinging a pendulum over someone that's sick, to find out if he's going to get well."

The priest looked annoyed. "Nonsense," he said. "I admit I dipped into it once, just out of curiosity, and our little Marcel here has never forgotten. But it is false science, and has nothing to recommend it."

"A kind of dowsing for disease. I've heard of it," Gab said. "I'm sorry in a way that you gave it up, *mon père*, or I'd have asked you to try it on me."

"That would be quite superfluous," said the priest, who had been studying Gab intently. "One has only to look at you, Monsieur, to see how well you are progressing." He had a contagious smile, and he spoke with such heartiness that for the moment I almost believed him. He said, too, what a rare treat it was for him to encounter someone like Gab, who had travelled and seen so much of the world. "Our world is a

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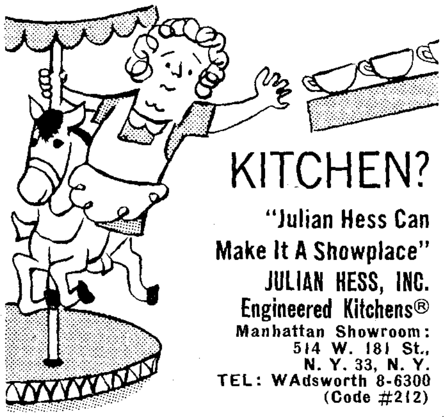

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very small one, here in the mountains," he said.

This set Gab off, and for the next few minutes he talked like his old animated self. "I have a predilection for islands—that's one of the reasons why I'm here," he said, with a glance at me, and he went on to talk of memories of Madagascar and the Marquesas, and Tahiti and the New Hebrides.

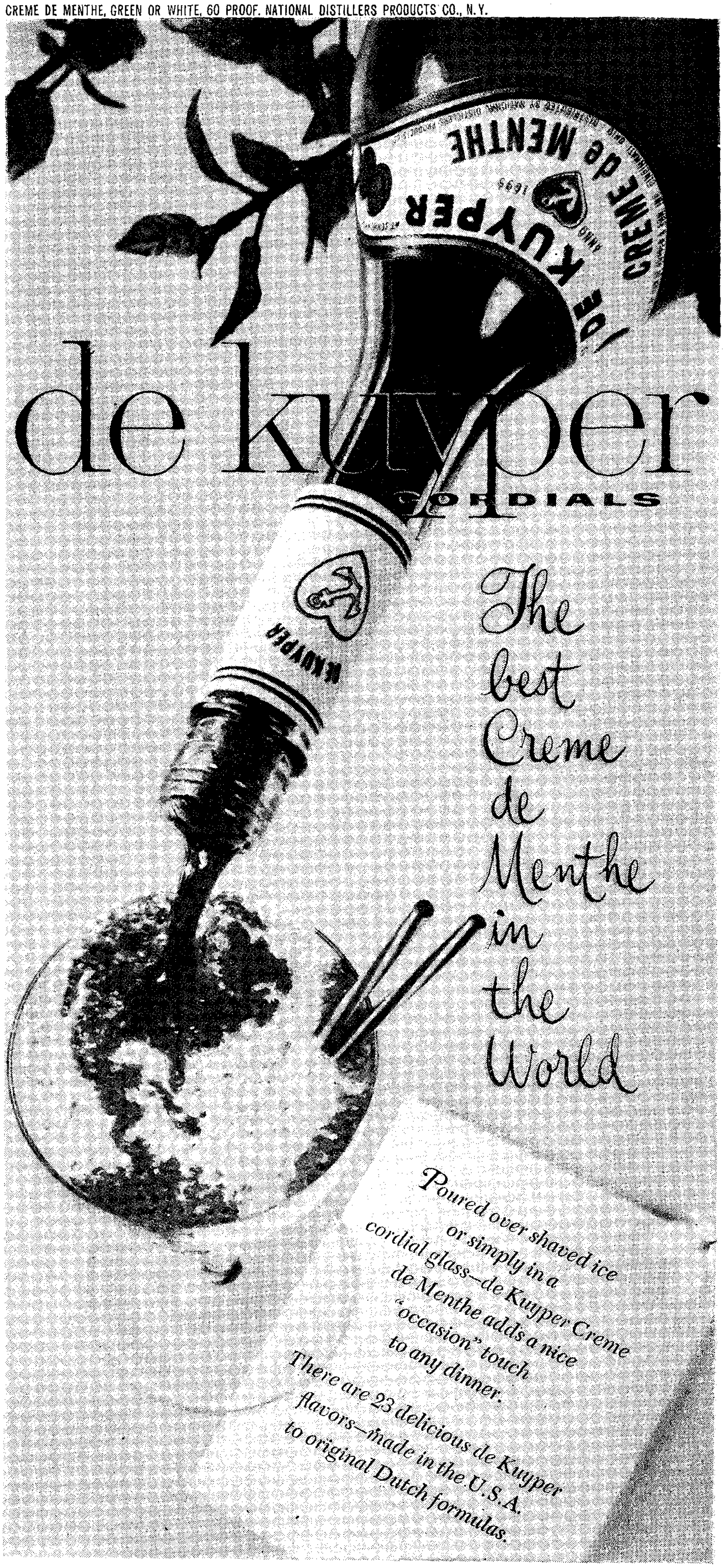
" '*Beatorum insulae*,' " murmured the priest, who was delighted when Gab capped the Latin words with their Greek equivalent, quoting a line from Pindar, a poet whom Father Matteo knew only by name.

The two of them talked for nearly an hour, and parted with warm handshakes.

In Father Matteo, as it turned out, we had really found a friend. I can't imagine what I should have done without him, as that endless week wore on. I can see him now, toiling up the stairs with baskets of food from the town's only restaurant, and helping me bring pails of water from the pump. Morossi, because of his one lung, was not supposed to carry anything heavy, and the old priest soon became our only link with the village, which, so far as we were concerned, might not have existed. After the first day, not a soul came near us; even the black-shawled Fates vanished into thin air. We were quarantined as effectively as if the house had been marked with the sign of the plague. And when Morossi warned me in private, a little shamefacedly, that Gab must remain indoors or risk being greeted with showers of stones, Father Matteo regretfully conceded that the risk might be real. "Our mountain folk are still very backward," he said. "They are like children. The presence of a sick stranger—and such a very *tall* stranger—frightens them. But they are praying for him—and for you," he added.

ALL this, however, came later. On the afternoon of the priest's first visit, I had seen him to the stairway and, having dispatched Morossi to find the three helpers and sheets for our beds, was beginning to lay plans for our prompt departure, when the priest came tiptoeing up the steps again. He put a hand on my arm and, with a glance toward the front room, said in a guarded undertone, "Your friend has a gallant soul, Madame. When you have need of me, I am always here, remember."

The words struck me hard. I lingered awhile in the dark hall, trying to pull myself together, and then I



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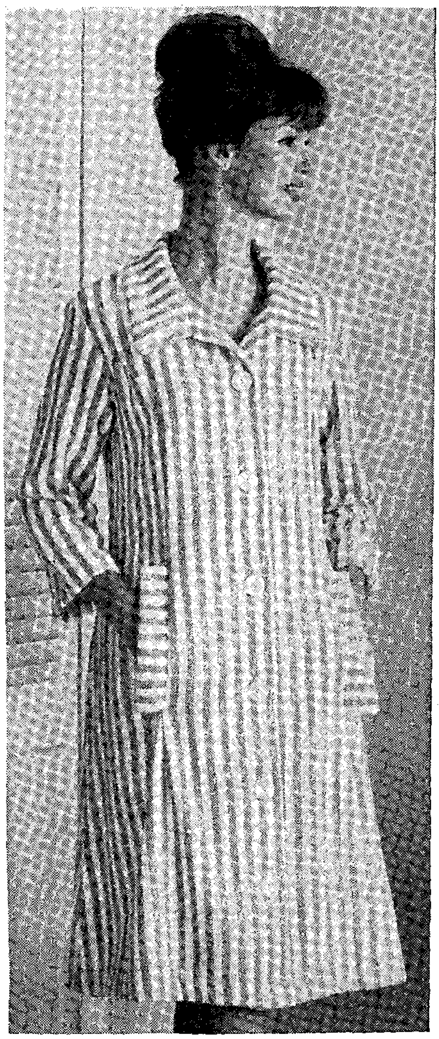

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heard Gab call me, with a note of urgency in his voice, and I went hurrying to him. He was lying as we had left him, half propped against his bare pillows, but I saw right away that something—the visit, I supposed—had given him renewed assurance. He beckoned eagerly as I went in, his face bright with impatience. Whether it was fever or the sunset light from the window, I could not tell, but he appeared amazingly well.

"Look!" he said, pointing to the irregular patch of lath on the ceiling. "There at the left—the Makassar Strait, with Borneo beyond. And off to the right, the Molucca Sea. It's all there"—he traced an outline in the air—"even the three bays whose names I don't remember."

"Gab, Gab," I said, bending over him. So it was fever, after all.

"But can't you see? Use your eyes," he said impatiently. And half joking, half earnest, he added, "Didn't I tell you we would get there? It's Celebes, *ma vieille*—we've made it!" He waited, looking at his map. "Now we can go on," he said, and held out his hand.

I took it in both of mine, and sat on the edge of the mattress. I forgot the sordid room, my resentment of Morossi and of Corsica in general—everything but Gab and the joyous, flaming confidence in his face. The light outside the window faded, and soon I couldn't see his face any more, or the map on the ceiling. But as I sat there in the dusk, the almost animal fear that had gripped me for hours melted away entirely. I knew then that, whatever lay ahead, I could face it.

We had six more days. When the week ended, Gab was dead.

—IDA TREAT

•

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For the Opening Meet, the Hunt were as usual entertained by myself and Lady Forwood at Old House, Burley, but the appalling weather kept *all but a few* enthusiasts at home. A Pricket had been harboured in Stinking Edge and was soon afoot. However, it took time to single him from a number of young deer, and the pack was not laid on till 1.30 p.m. They went away from Oakley with great thrust and pleased the field with their increased cry from last season. A quick dash towards Bushy Brackley and hounds decided they had changed and the majority of the pack threw up. Another encouraging sign for the promise of good sport to come.—*Riding, a London magazine.*

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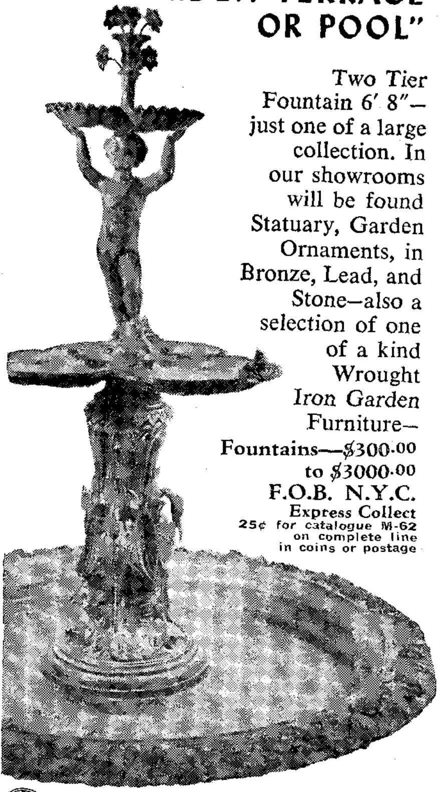

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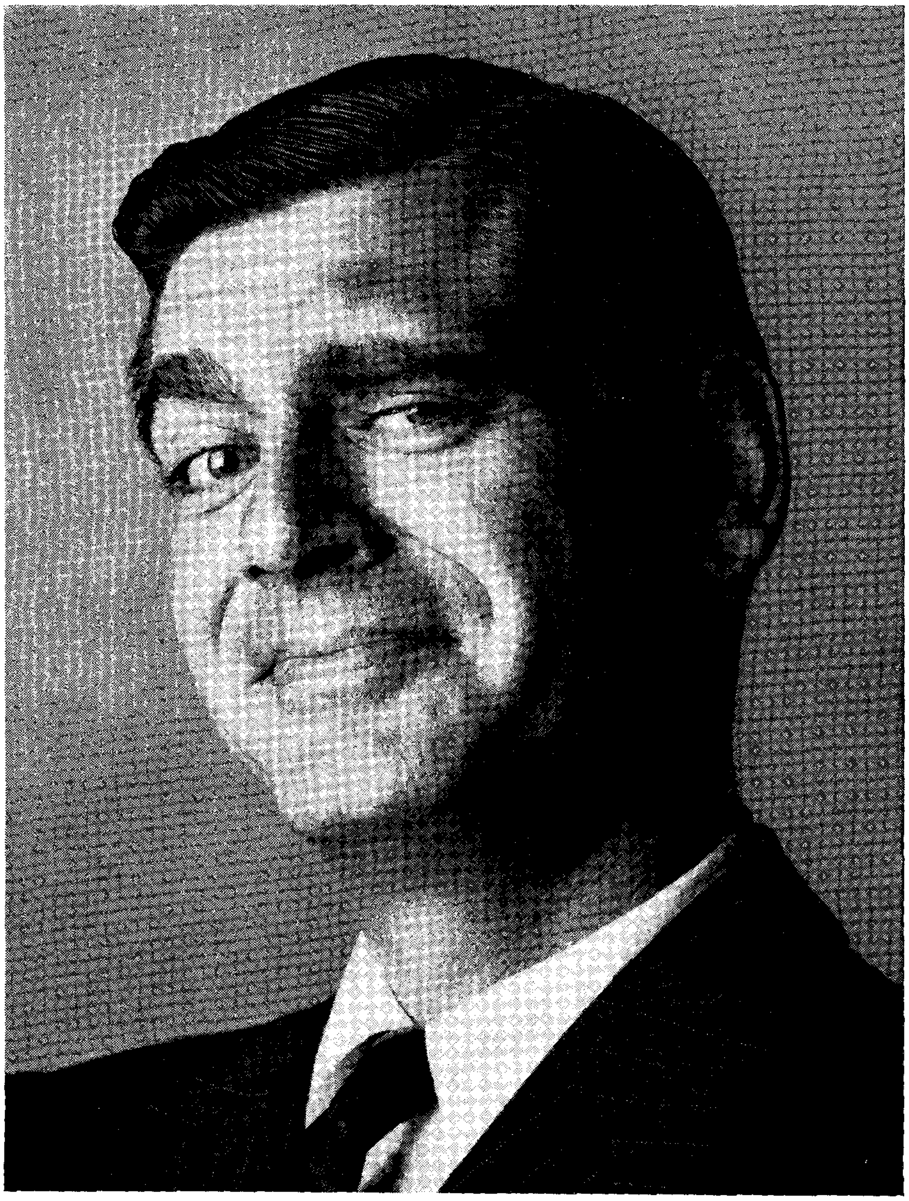
MUSICAL EVENTS

New Aïda

LAST week, amid the usual ceremonial bustle—this time ornamented by numerous African delegates to the United Nations in native costume—the Metropolitan Opera began its season with a generally handsome new production of "Aïda." The production had been paid for by the American Export and Isbrandsen Lines—something worth noting, since corporate sponsorship of operatic performances is a new and encouraging wrinkle at the Met—and Robert O'Hearn had provided scenery that, for the first two acts, at least, was very effective indeed, as were the costumes (by the same designer) throughout the opera. The Nile scene, later on, seemed to me a little cramped, compared to the older set, and in the last act I very much missed the grand monolith on top of which Amneris used to carry on, to stunning effect, while the judgment of Radames was taking place backstage. For this act, Mr. O'Hearn gave us merely a staircase leading to the temple of judgment, and Amneris had to do her big scene in semi-darkness at the bottom of it—not the ideal place for the heart-wringing moment of remorse that is the opera's psychological turning point. Nevertheless, the visual aspect of the show was impressive. The triumphal-scene ballet had been completely redone by Katherine Dunham, who gave it a Central African tribal flavor (no inconsistency here; the dancers might very well have been slaves of the Egyptians), and one could say that at least the episode was less embarrassing than usual, and that at some points—while the tribal warriors held the center of the stage—it was even quite striking. I am not sure about the appropriateness of a bevy of plump little belly dancers who occupied part of the scene—I have always imagined that belly dancing was more characteristic of Farouk's Egypt than of the Pharaohs'—but their presence was comparatively unobtrusive, and they didn't do much dancing.

On the musical side, this was not—considered *sub specie aeternitatis*—a great "Aïda," but it contained many good things. Among the performances that one could praise without equivocation were Giorgio Tozzi's splendid Ramfis, the equal of which I have not

"Me drink sherry?"



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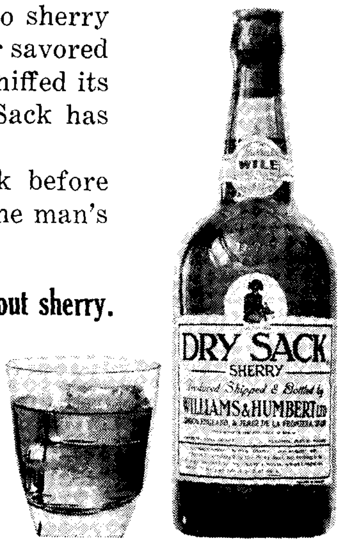

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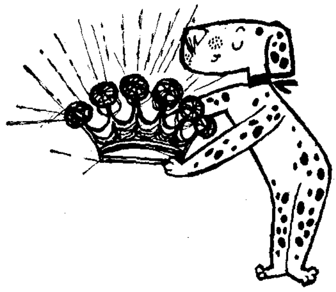

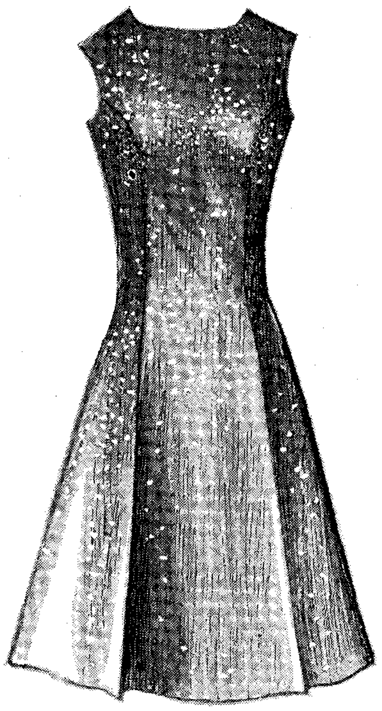

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heard since the days of Ezio Pinza, and John Macurdy's King—a relatively minor part, to be sure, but one that I have rarely heard sung with such clarity and beautiful vocal quality. The handling of the primary roles demands a little more specific comment. Birgit Nilsson, the Aïda, had suffered a severe gall-bladder attack the previous night, and was, understandably, not at her best, coming to grief once or twice during the Nile scene, and doing her finest singing in the final duet of the opera, when, one suspects, the strain on her nerves had lessened because the end was in sight. Miss Nilsson makes a very regal and somewhat aggressive Aïda, and she did so the other night despite her indisposition. Her interpretation of the role had just a shade too much Brünnhilde in it, and this point was made doubly prominent by the fact that Irene Dalis was a comparatively placid Amneris, though she sang the role with magnificent vocal tone. Carlo Bergonzi, through no fault of his own, is not precisely the species of tenor demanded for Radames, having a voice of lyric rather than robust quality. However, true *tenori robusti* are hard to come by these days, and the few we do come by are apt to be coarse singers. Mr. Bergonzi's singing was of the most cultivated and stylish sort, and if it was not terribly forceful, it was at least a continuous pleasure to listen to. Mario Sereni was an admirable, if slightly subdued, Amonasro. Georg Solti, at the conductor's desk, kept things going at a brisk clip—sometimes a little too brisk and mannered for my taste. In any case, he did infuse an agreeable amount of vigor into the score.

THE French are a very special people, not only in the eyes of others but in their own. Their language is a carefully polished method of communication that few non-Frenchmen ever succeed in mastering to the Frenchman's entire satisfaction. Their insistence on exactitude is proverbial. Their sentimentality, which seems in some ways to contradict this passion for exactitude, does not in fact do so. It is, like their language, a cultivated art, and any lapse from its strict conventions or deviation from its peculiar aroma results in something that is not really French. Moreover, it is important that—in French opera, at least—French sentimentality *be* really French. Its degree of *tendresse* may sometimes frighten an Anglo-Saxon out of his wits, but water it down with the emotional reactions of Italians, Germans, or Englishmen and it loses all its authenticity. This is, regrettably, what happened in the Metro-

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politan's new production of Massenet's "Manon," which was presented on Thursday night. The music of this opera is by no means great (that of Puccini's opera on the same subject is much stronger), but, like the little cabaret songs sung by the late Edith Piaf, it can be made eloquent by certain very subtle touches of style, and the other evening these touches were not present. Anna Moffo, an American singer who has no difficulty with Italian opera, was merely pretty, beautifully costumed, and technically agile and accurate as Manon—though her French enunciation left something to be desired. Nicolai Gedda, as Des Grieux, also sang well in the technical sense; his voice was loud and ringing, his diction commendable, and his musicianship extremely good. But their long love duet, which, with some interruptions, constitutes the whole opera, had little of the *tendresse* that it must have to reach its full effect. For the second time in the week, Giorgio Tozzi stood out as the most satisfying singer in the cast—this time as the elder Des Grieux. Frank Guarrera's Lescaut and William Walker's De Bretigny were serviceable enough. The eighteenth-century dances in the *cours-la-reine* scene (choreographed by Alicia Markova) were pleasing. The scenery, designed by Ita Maximowna, was, however, the most timid and ineffectual I have ever seen in an opera house, and did a great deal to dampen the spirit of the production. Thomas Schippers, who conducted the work, suffered from the same inadequacies as the two principals. The orchestral contribution, though reasonably expert in point of timing, was spasmodic rather than smooth—in some places (for example, at the beginning of the gambling scene) so repressed as to be almost inaudible, and in others pretty noisy. I left the auditorium with a rather dispiriting syllogism in mind: Good French opera of the purely sentimental sort (I exclude "Carmen" and "Louise") demands good French-type singers; there are hardly any good French-type singers around today; *ergo*, good French opera of this sort is, at the moment, practically impossible.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ RECORDS

Fortieth

THE lot of the long-lived artist in this country is hazardous. The pitfalls are varied: He is fulsomely praised too soon, and then suffers from the inevitable swing of the pendulum. Or he is ignored during his life, and then guiltily canonized when he is dead. Or he is

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encircled by cultists, and then abruptly seized upon by the public and sentimentalized. Or he is teasingly paid middling compliments, and then, the gears skipping a couple of speeds, is taken for granted. The last of these alternatives has long since been thrust upon Duke Ellington, who, now sixty-four, is celebrating his fortieth anniversary as a composer-orchestrator-bandleader-pianist. There are explanations of this suspended status. Ellington is unique, and he has usually been praised by the wrong people for the wrong reasons. The world of classical music has compared him favorably (and condescendingly) to Ravel and Delius and Debussy, although the two musics cannot be compared. The world of jazz—when it has not downgraded him out of jealousy or ignorance—has deified him solely as a jazz musician, though he is far more. The Broadway musical world has nervously clapped him on the back but has rarely sought him out for a form that, given the chance, he might well revolutionize. And, of course, Ellington is a Negro.

But his originality, grace, durability, and variety demand that he be considered in relation to all American music. When that critical readjustment is made, it is immediately clear that Ellington, in his iconoclastic way, has constructed a musical organism without counterpart. This organism—built sometimes accidentally, sometimes consciously, but always painstakingly over the past four decades—functions something like this: Ellington composes a number, which may be a blues, a capsule concerto, a ballad, a program piece, a tone poem, a sly bit of portraiture, an up-tempo celebration of nothing in particular, or a reworking of a standard. It is tried out by the band, which makes suggestions, and an arrangement is developed. This arrangement is orchestrated and played over and over, and, if it is found not wanting, passes into the band's repertory. Once there, it is far from static, for each time it is performed it is improvised upon, to different degrees, by both the ensemble and the soloists, among them the composer himself. Finally, a kind of composite rendition emerges, and a "Solitude" or "Mood Indigo" or "Never No Lament" takes permanent, though always malleable, shape. Thus Ellington is at once a classical and a popular-music composer, an interpretive classical musician, a conductor, and a jazz improviser.

How beautifully this organism functions at its best! Ellington is an extremely gifted melodist (he *is* comparable, in this respect, to Tchaikovsky). More-

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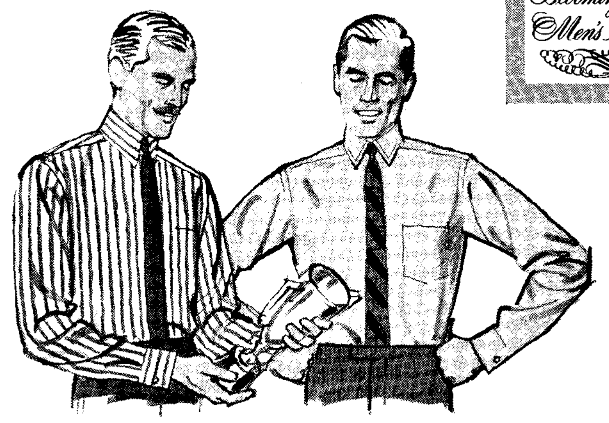
over, unlike Gershwin and Berlin and Kern and Rodgers, whose finest tunes are discreet displays of subjective emotions, Ellington writes numbers that objectively suggest, with wit and poetry and subtlety and great taste, the *only* way to feel about a local train in the South, melancholy, the clatter in a Harlem air shaft, a beautiful woman, racism, a celebrated vaudevillian, a happy party, or a three-cent stamp, the last of which was immortalized in a number written in the forties and titled, naturally, "Three Cent Stomp." But Ellington is also a *composer*, whose miniature concertos are substantial in form and content as well as inimitable, and whose orchestrations, continually ruffled by the individualities of his sidemen, delight the ear and refresh the mind. The Ellington band, as the inseparable second half of this organism, is a remarkable democracy. Each member is a hero, yet each is beholden to the whole. The reason is brilliantly simple: Ellington, in shying away from such one-man bands as Armstrong and Lester Young and Charlie Parker, has chosen musicians whose originality stops at the eccentric rather than the iconoclastic. And yet these eccentrics—consider the varieties of sound and attack of such men as Cootie Williams, Jimmy Blanton, Lawrence Brown, Johnny Hodges, and Tricky Sam Nanton—have become a unit, which is always a degree or two ahead of its marvellous parts.

These fortieth-anniversary thoughts have been provoked by Columbia's fitting release of "The Ellington Era: 1927-40" (C3L 27). Although the album ends on the eve of Ellington's superb 1940-42 period (the property of Victor), it demonstrates, in many of its forty-eight numbers, just how Ellington readied himself and his band for that miraculous musical explosion. This preparation was accomplished in three bursts. The first, and faintest, lasted from 1925, when Ellington made his first records, to around 1928. The band was only on a par with Fletcher Henderson's, and perhaps slightly below Jelly Roll Morton's various groups. It was distinguished by just two things—Ellington's already unmistakable talents as a composer ("Black and Tan Fantasy," "The Mooche," and "East St. Louis Toodleoo"), and the presence of Bubber Miley, Tricky Sam Nanton, Barney Bigard, Harry Carney, and Johnny Hodges. From 1927 to 1932, the band played for dancing and the floor show at the Cotton Club, and these functions are reflected in its sassy fast



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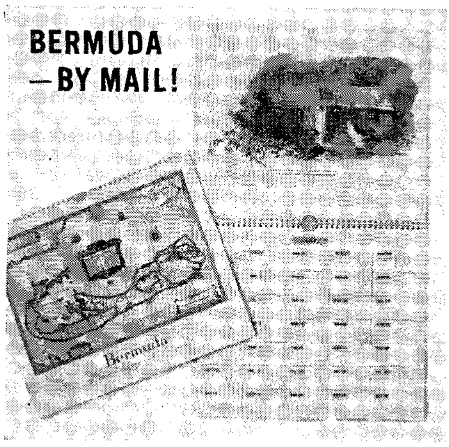

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tempos ("Jubilee Stomp"), its occasionally dudish saxophone-section work, and Ellington's showy ragtime stride piano. Miley and his pupil, Nanton, were already imposing soloists, who, with their plunger mutes and growling, were contributing wholly new musical sounds, and Hodges, Carney, and Bigard forcefully suggested their later selves.

The second period opened in 1929, with the departure of Miley and the arrival of Cootie Williams and Juan Tizol, and it ended in 1935, when the band had swelled to fourteen men, among them Rex Stewart and Lawrence Brown. Ellington's tunes in these years became virtual compositions—such things as "Rockin' in Rhythm," "Mood Indigo," "It Don't Mean a Thing," "Drop Me Off in Harlem," and the astonishingly ambitious twelve-minute "Reminiscing in Tempo," the last of which will be in a second volume of Columbia Ellington reissues. These used varying chorus lengths, simultaneous solos, new harmonies (especially in the background saxophone figures, as in "Blue Tune"), the human voice as an instrument, swelling and subsiding brass-section chords ("Bundle of Blues"), and such rhythmic devices as unexpected breaks, double-time passages, and Afro-Cuban beats. Ellington's soloists developed with remarkable speed, and by 1935 Williams, Brown, Hodges (on soprano and alto saxophones), Nanton, and Stewart were first-rate improvisers, while the band, by virtue of Ellington's scoring and the originality of its ensemble sound, had a brand-new texture and consistency. It could play anything and play it uniquely—a mock-mournful blues ("Saddest Tale"), fast blues, descriptive stomps ("Lightnin'," "Old Man Blues"), mood pieces ("Solitude," "Lazy Rhapsody"), the difficult "Reminiscing in Tempo," and standards ("Sheik of Araby").

In 1936, the band blossomed into the marvel it has been ever since. The rhythm section, long bedevilled by inadequate bassists and a general four-square approach, suddenly started to swing. Ellington began fashioning his perfect concertos around his sidemen ("Clarinet Lament" for Bigard, "Echoes of Harlem" for Williams, "Boy Meets Horn" for Stewart), and, in so doing, developed ensemble passages that were really collective alter-solos, often worthy of being expanded into whole numbers ("The Sergeant Was Shy"). Now and again, the entire band played together, in unison or in harmony—a rending, incredibly rich sound that is one of the delights of Western

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orchestral music. (Here is the nub of Ellington's success. Any proficient musician could transcribe such a passage and any proficient group of musicians could play it. But the results would not be the same, for no musician, regardless of his skill, could reproduce the timbre, tone, and inflections of Ellington's musicians. In short, their styles—massed into a single voice or heard alone—are as important to Ellington's music as his compositions.) In the six minutes of "Diminuendo in Blue" and "Crescendo in Blue," he proved once and for all that jazz can be a composed music, by letting the band roll through almost two dozen medium-tempo ensemble choruses of the blues, each completely different (an ingenious two-note saxophone riff, echoed by Cootie Williams; one chorus; a ripe-on-the-bough clarinet trio pitted against booming trombones; one chorus; and so forth). He went on writing gorgeous melodies—"I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart," "Prelude to a Kiss," "Subtle Lament," "Sophisticated Lady"—and his portraits of people took on an oblique and irresistible wittiness. The band, stimulated by these innovations, surpassed itself individually and collectively, and in turn stimulated Ellington. In 1939, when Billy Strayhorn, Ben Webster, and Jimmy Blanton were hired, the band reached perfection. One looked—and looks—for its match in jazz, on Broadway, and in the music of Copland and Virgil Thomson and Charles Ives. That this achievement—together with Ellington's sporadic echoes of it—should be taken for granted must distress him considerably. But gentlemen of genius never let on; they just keep working.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

* * *

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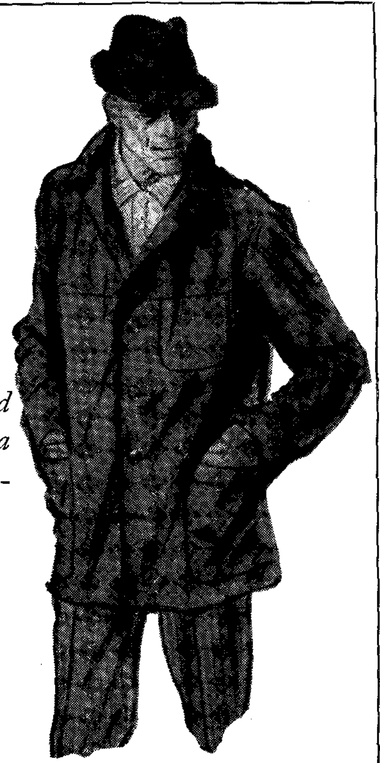
Next question.



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ALREADY, two weeks after the event, it is difficult to remember that there was a World Series played this year. It is like trying to recall an economy display of backyard fireworks. Four small, perfect showers of light in the sky, accompanied by faint plops, and it was over. The spectators, who had happily expected a protracted patriotic bombardment culminating in a grand crescendo of salutes, fireballs, flowerpots, and stomach-jarring explosions, stood almost silent, cricking their necks and staring into the night sky with the image of the last brief rocket burst still pressed on their eyes, and then, realizing at last that there was to be no more, went slowly home, hushing the children who asked, "Is that *all*?" The feeling of letdown, of puzzled astonishment, persists, particularly in this neighborhood, where we have come to expect a more lavish and satisfactory autumnal show from our hosts, the Yankees, the rich family up on the hill. There has been a good deal of unpleasant chatter ("I always knew they were really cheap," "What else can you expect from such stuckups?") about the affair ever since, thus proving again that prolonged success does not beget loyalty.

By choice, I witnessed the Los Angeles Dodgers' four-game sweep at a remove—over television in four different bars here in the city. This notion came to me last year, during the Series games played in Yankee Stadium against the San Francisco Giants, when it became evident to me that my neighbors in the lower grandstand were not, for the most part, the same noisy, casually dressed, partisan, and knowing baseball fans who come to the park during the regular season. As I subsequently reported, a large proportion of the ticket-holders appeared to be well-to-do out-of-towners who came to the games only because they could afford the tickets, who seemed to have only a slipshod knowledge of baseball, and who frequently departed around the sixth or seventh inning, although all of last year's games were close and immensely exciting. This year, then, I decided to seek out the true Yankee fan in his October retreat—what the baseball beer commercials refer to as "your neighborhood tavern." I was especially happy about this plan after the Dodgers clinched the National League pennant, for I well remembered

the exciting autumns here in the late forties and the mid-fifties, when the Dodgers and the Yanks, both home-town teams then, met in six different Series in what seemed to be a brilliant and unending war, and the sounds of baseball fell from every window and doorway in town. Those Series were a fever in the city. Secretaries typed only between innings, with their ears cocked to the office radio down the hall, and if business drew you reluctantly into the street (fingering your pool slip, designating your half inning, in your pocket), you followed the ribbon of news via elevator men's rumors, snatches of broadcasts from passing taxi radios, and the portable clutched to a delivery boy's ear, until a sudden burst of shouting and laughter sucked you into a bar you were passing, where you learned that Campy or Duke had parked one, or that Vic Raschi had struck out Furillo with two on.

EVEN before Stan Musial had thrown out the honorary first ball to open the first game this year, I discovered that there would be no such attendant melodrama in the city. Just before game time, I walked west in the mid-Forties and turned up Eighth Avenue, searching for the properly athletic saloon in which I could, in Jimmy Durante's words, "mix wit' de *hoi pollew*" who had not felt inclined to plunk down thirty-two dollars for a block of four home-game tickets at the Stadium. I stuck my nose in three or four likely-looking bars, only to find no more than a handful of fans who had staked out bar stools and were watching Whitey Ford and Sandy Koufax complete their warmups. Finally, exactly at game time, I walked into O'Leary's Bar, on the northwest corner of Fifty-third Street and Eighth Avenue, and found an audience of sufficient size and expectancy to convince me that it was not about to watch an afternoon quiz program. There wasn't a woman in the place, and the bar stools and nearly all the standing slots along the bar were taken. It was mostly a young crowd—men in their twenties, in sports shirts and with carefully combed hair. There were some off-duty postmen in uniform up front, with their empty canvas mailbags under their feet. I ordered a beer and took up a stand beside the shuffle alley, near the front door, from where I could see the television screen just above the head of the bar. It was a color set, and I was appalled to discover that Whitey Ford had turned blue since I last saw him; he and all the other ballplayers were haloed in rabbit's-eye pink, like deities in early Biblical color films. There was a black-and-white set at the back of the bar, and from time to time during the afternoon I turned around and watched that, just to reassure myself that Victor Mature was not likely to come in as a pinch-hitter.

It was a Yankee crowd at O'Leary's. There were winks and happy nudges when Whitey struck out Maury Wills, the lead-off man, and silence when Koufax fanned the side in the first. Frank Howard's double off the center-field screen in the next inning won an astonished "Oooh!," and a moment later, when Skowron and then Tracewski singled, a man to my left shook his head and said, "Whitey ain't got it today." I wasn't sure yet, but I had to agree when Roseboro homered into the right-field stands, to make the score 4–0; left-handed hitters do not hit homers off Ford when he is pitching low and to the corners. Koufax stepped up to the plate, and several watchers suggested to Ford that he would do well to hit him in the pitching arm.

It was sound advice, though ignored. For a time, Koufax simply got better and better. He struck out Mantle and Maris in the second, and Pepitone in the

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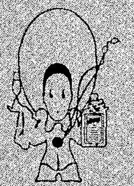

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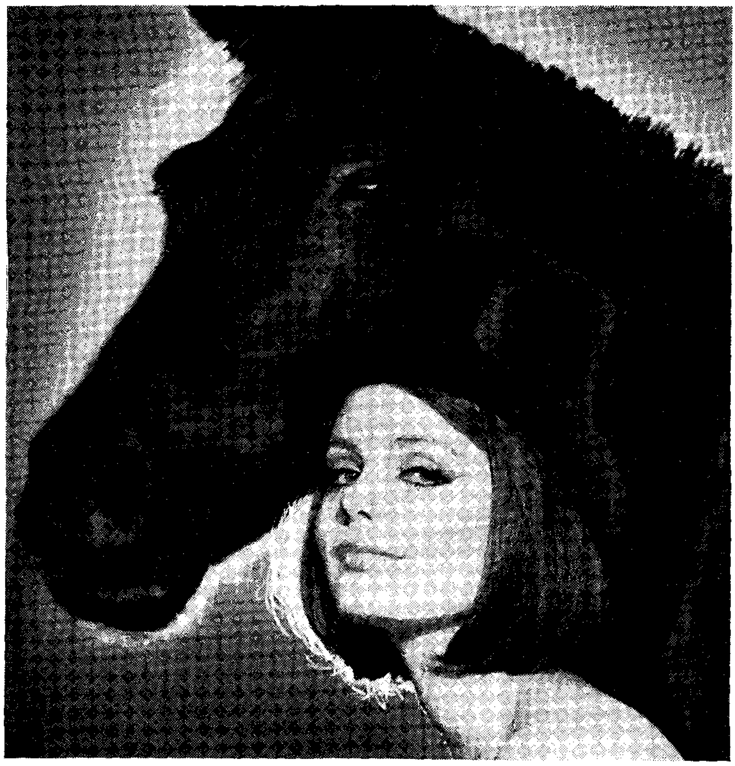
third. With his long legs, his loose hips, his ropelike motion, and his lean, intelligent face, he looked his part elegantly—a magnificent young pitcher at an early and absolute peak of confidence, knowledge, and ability. In the fourth, facing the top of the order again, he struck out Kubek swinging, with a dipping curve that seemed to bounce on the ground in front of Roseboro, and got Richardson out on another big changeup curve; when he fanned Tresh, also for the second time, for his ninth strikeout, the men around me cried "*Wow!*" in unison. They had been converted; now they were pulling for Koufax. They knew their baseball—in the third, there had been expert admiring comment on a throw of Maris's that almost nailed Willie Davis at third base—and they knew they were watching something remarkable. What they had in mind, of course, was Carl Erskine's Series strikeout record of fourteen batters, which had been set exactly ten years before. Koufax, straining a bit now, struck out Mantle in the fifth, and then yielded three singles in a row before fanning Lopez, a pinch-hitter, for No. 11. In the sixth, he temporarily lost his poise; in spite of his 5–0 lead, he seemed edgy, and his motion had grown stiff and elbowish. He walked Richardson and Tresh in succession. There was a stirring under the TV set, a brief resurgence of Yankee hopes, but Koufax took a few deep breaths on the mound, went back to his fast ball, and got Mantle and Maris to pop up, ending the inning.

Two innings later, the strikeouts stood at thirteen, and there was much less interest in Kubek's single and Tresh's two-run homer than in Richardson's strikeout, which tied the old record. O'Leary's was jammed now; no one had left, and those who had wandered in stayed to watch Koufax. A middle-aged man came in and asked one of the men near the bar to order him a Fleischmann's whiskey and a beer chaser. "I won't get in your way," he said apologetically. "I'm gonna *drink* it and then go right out." But he stayed, too.

Elston Howard led off the bottom of the ninth with a liner to Tracewski. Pepitone singled, and Boyer flied out to Willie Davis. Koufax's last chance—a pinch-hitter named Harry Bright—came up to the plate. The count went to two and two, and there was a mass expulsion of held breath when Bright hit a bouncer that went foul. Then Koufax stretched and threw, Bright swung and missed, and the young men



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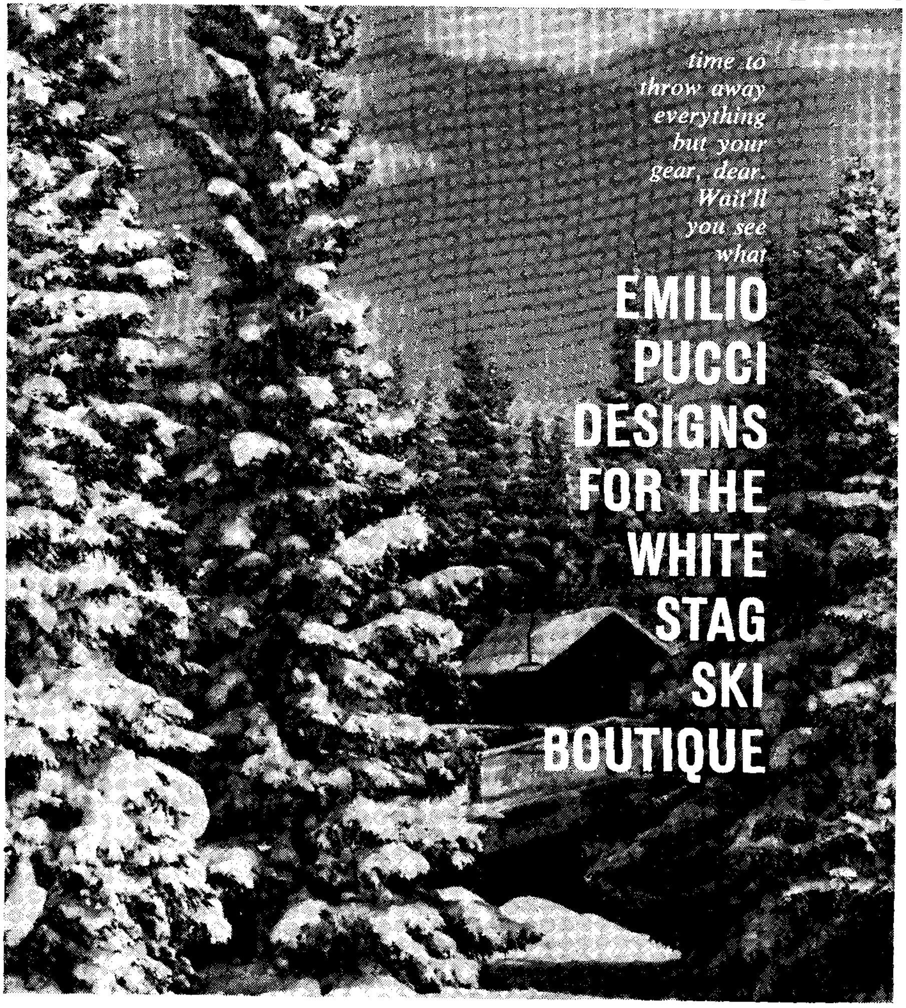

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in O'Leary's burst into sustained applause, like an audience at Lincoln Center that has heard a memorable concert. Up on the pink-and-blue stage, Koufax was being mobbed by his accompanists. The sporting crowd left O'Leary's, blinking in the pale, unreal late-afternoon sunshine on Eighth Avenue and chattering about what it had seen. Not one of them, I was certain, was worried about what had happened to his team.

OBLIVION descended on the Yankees after ten minutes of the second game. Maury Wills, leading off, singled, and was instantly trapped off first by Al Downing, the Yankees' young left-hander. But Pepitone's throw to second was a hair wide, and Wills skidded safely in on his belly. Gilliam singled to right, Willie Davis lined to right and Roger Maris fell while going for the ball (or so Vince Scully, the announcer, told us—the camera missed the play), and the Yankees were down, 2–0. These rapid events were received with overpowering ennui in my second observation post, a spacious restaurant-bar called the Charles Café, just west of Vanderbilt Avenue on Forty-third Street. I had chosen the spot as a likely sporting headquarters because of the dozens of jumbo-size baseball and boxing photographs that hang above the mirrors on its walls, but the customers had nothing in common with the décor. These were youngish men, too, but they were wearing dark suits and subdued neckties, and most of them were giving more attention to their hot-pastrami sandwiches and their business gossip than they were to the events on the television screens at either end of the long, shiny bar. One junior executive next to me at the bar ordered a Beefeater dry Martini-on-the-rocks—a drink that has perhaps never been served in O'Leary's. The only certifiable Yankee fan near me was a man who banged his palm on the bar when Maris tapped to the box in the second. His fealty was financially oriented. "Oh, God," he said. "For that they pay him seventy thousand a year." Subsequently, another railbird was unable to detect the considerable difference in appearance and batting style between two Yankee veterans. "Here's the man who took the catching job away from Yogi Berra," he said to me when Hector Lopez, an outfielder, came up in the fourth.

By the middle innings, shortly after two o'clock, these zealots were all back at their desks, the Yankees were down, 3–0, and I was lonely as a cloud in the Charles. Johnny Podres, the veteran

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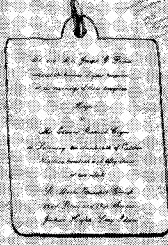

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Dodger lefty, was, unbelievably, pitching even better than Koufax had. He was less flashy but more efficient, working on the premise that it takes five or six pitches to strike a batter out but only two or three to get him to pop up or ground one to an infielder. This had become a nice, dull pitchers' Series. The TV announcers, Scully and then Mel Allen, tried to disguise the fact that the fall classic was laying an egg by supplying me with a steady stream of boilerplate news. A dandruff of exclamation points fell on my shoulders as I learned that Dick Tracewski and an umpire named Joe Paparella came from *the same home town*, that Tommy Davis was the youngest batter to win the National League batting championship *two years running*, that Al Downing had been *twelve years old* when Jim Gilliam played in his first World Series, and that the Dodgers' Ron Perranoski and the Red Sox' Dick Radatz had *both attended Michigan State!* There was still another non-news flash from Mel Allen, but his peroration—"something that means nothing but is nonetheless interesting"—was so arrestingly metaphysical that I didn't catch the rest of the message.

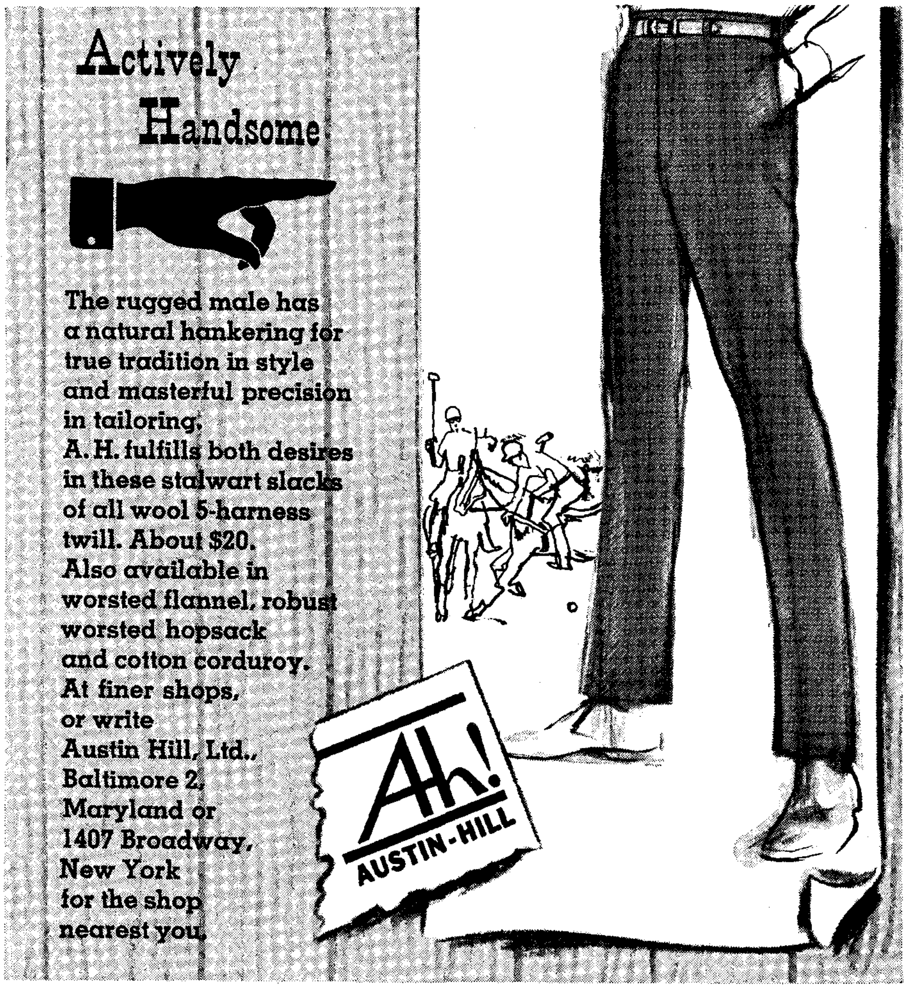
Languishing, I studied the pictures on the wall—shots of Ketchel fighting Billy Papke, Dempsey knocking out Jess Willard—and wished I were at ringside. Then I found a framed motto and studied *that:*

Life is like a journey taken on a train
With a pair of travellers at each window pane.
I may sit beside you all the journey through,
Or I may sit elsewhere never knowing you.
But if fate should mark me to sit by your side
Let's be pleasant travellers, it's so short a ride.

A Thought

I straightened my tie and looked about for someone to be pleasant to, but the nearest fellow-traveller was fourteen feet down the bar and totally occupied in making rings on the mahogany with his beer glass. I had to finish this particular part of life's journey, a longish one, alone with Mel Allen. Eventu-

Judith Shahn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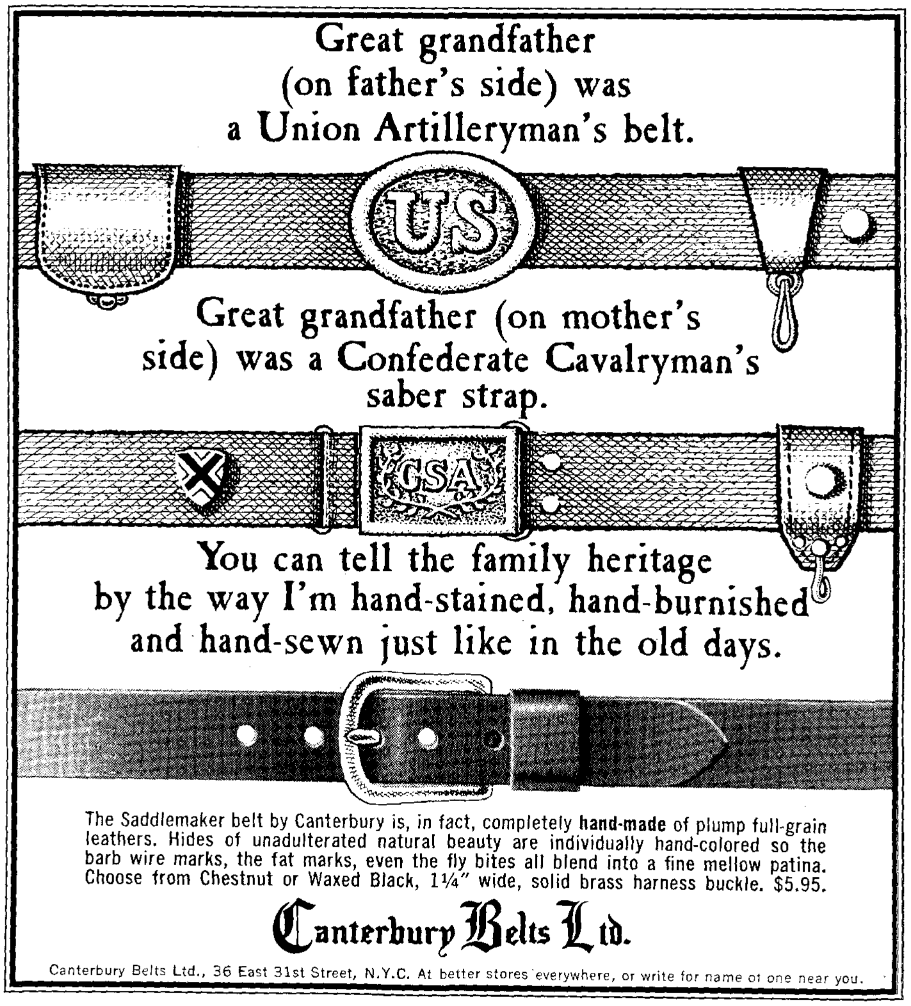
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ally, Podres ("The Witherbee, New York, Wonder!") won, 4–1, with a little help in the ninth from Perranoski, and the Series ("America's *greatest sporting spectacle!*") removed itself to California.

I WAS understandably anxious for company during the next game, and I found it at the Cameo, a Yorkville snuggery at Eighty-seventh Street and Lexington Avenue. The U-shaped bar, which enclosed two bartenders, two islands of bottles, and the TV set, was almost full when I came in, and everyone there seemed to know everyone else. It was a good big-city gumbo—men and women, Irishmen and Negroes and Jews and Germans, most of them older than the spectators I had encountered downtown. This was a Saturday afternoon, and the game, being played in Los Angeles, began at four o'clock, which is drinking time on Yorkville weekends. Boilermakers were the favorite, but there were interesting deviations, including one belt I had never seen before—a shot glass of gin with lemon juice squeezed into it. Everybody kept his drinking money out on the bar in front of him. With their club down two games, Yankee fans had grown reticent, but there was one brave holdout, a woman in her late forties named Millie, who was relying on voodoo. She had fashioned a tiny Dodger image out of rolled and folded paper napkins held together with elastic bands, and throughout the game she kept jabbing it viciously and hopefully with toothpicks. When Jim Gilliam came up in the bottom of the first, she stuck a toothpick in each of the doll's arms. "He's a switch-hitter," she explained, "so I gotta get him both ways."

The arrows failed to reach Los Angeles in time, though. Gilliam walked and then took second when Jim Bouton, the Yankees' sophomore fast-baller, threw a bullet all the way to the foul screen behind home plate. Tommy Davis hit a ball that bounced off the pitcher's mound and then off Bobby Richardson's shin, and Gilliam scored. The Yankees were again behind in the very first inning (as it turned out, they never led in a single game of the Series), and the Dodger glee club in the Cameo was in full voice. "None of that sweet sugar for the Yanks *this* year!" one man exclaimed. He turned and added, "You better get a whole *box* of those toothpicks, Millie."

In the next few innings, I evolved the theory that the Dodger pitching staff had made a large pre-Series bet

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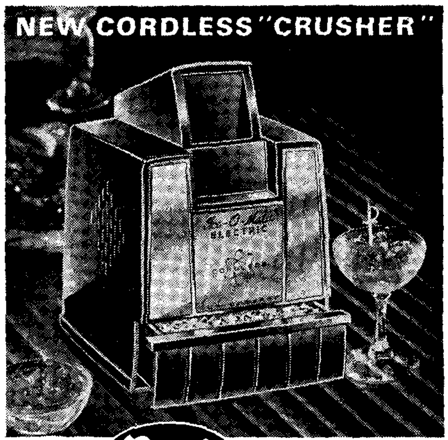

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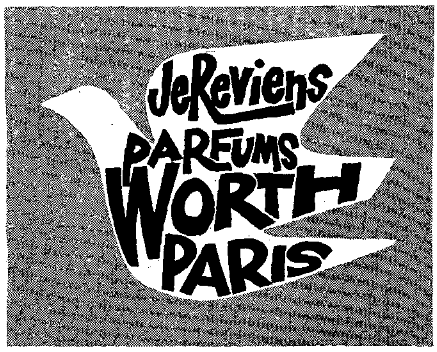

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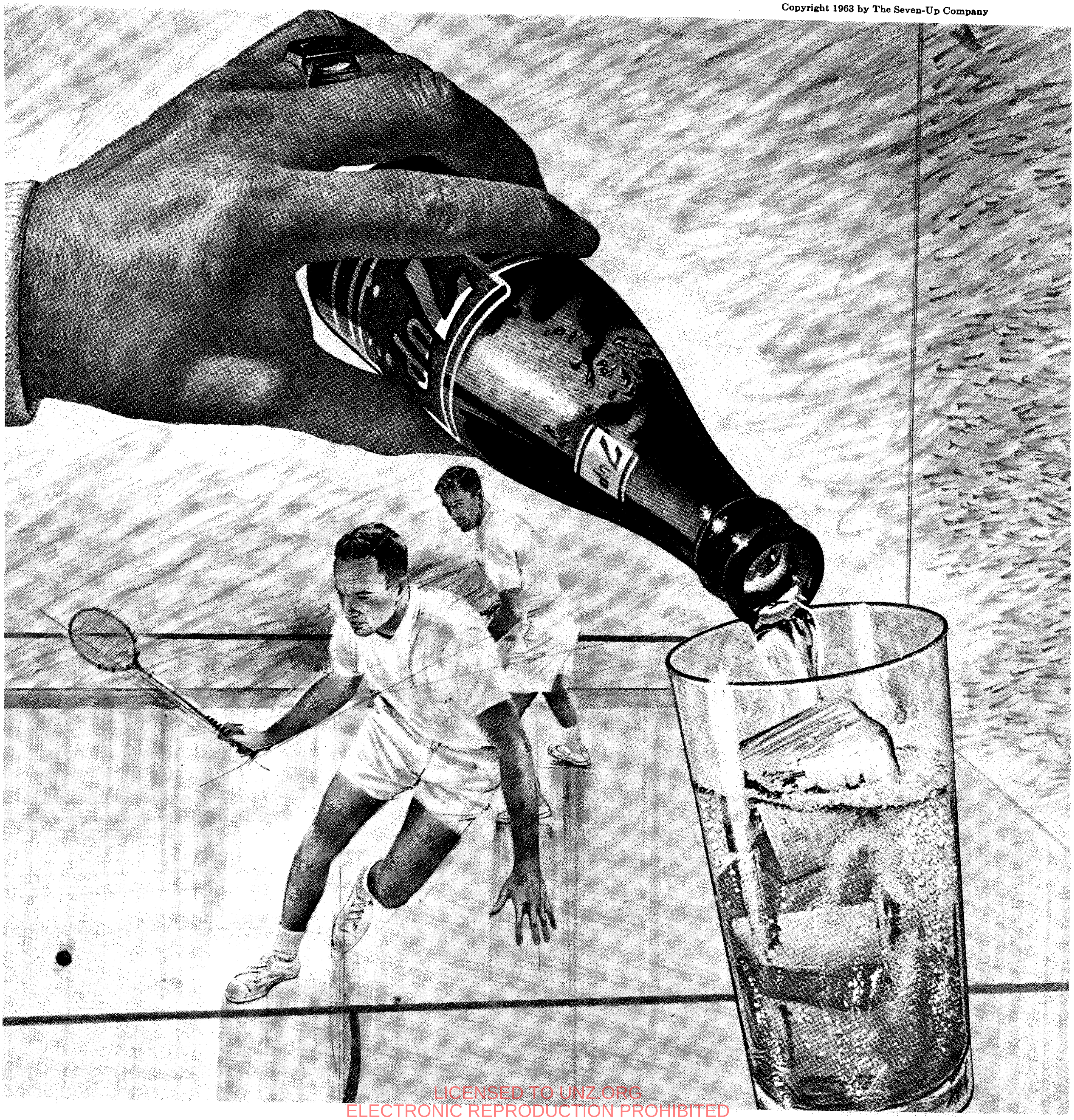

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He has chartered a fishing sloop for a Sunday sail to a secluded island off Puerto Rico's northeast coast. Here, the children snorkel and dig for pirate treasure while Turner and his wife soak up sun on a gleaming, white beach. And when they sail home at sunset, the whole day will have cost $24.

Here's how Turner describes life in Puerto Rico: "You work hard. But there's a paradox. Even during the working week, you're in a holiday mood—as if you were on a summer vacation every day."

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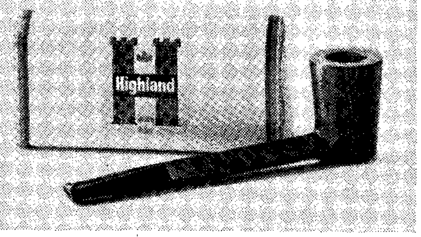

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on their comparative abilities, because Don Drysdale, the handsome home-team pitcher, was easily surpassing both Koufax and Podres. His fast ball and his astonishing curves, pitched sidearm from the apparent vicinity of third base, had the Yankee batters bobbing and swaying like Little Leaguers. Even so, it was an exciting, lively afternoon, because Bouton, although in a lather of nerves, kept pitching his way out of one jam after another, and the game, if not the entire Series, now almost surely hung on that one run. In the seventh, the Dodgers seemed certain to widen the gap when they put Roseboro on third and Tracewski on second, with none out. The combination of tension and boilermakers proved too much for one fan at this juncture. "This Roseboro's gonna blast one," he announced loudly. "*Just watch and see.*"

"What's the matter with you?" his companion said, embarrassed. "Roseboro's standing on third. What are you—bagged or something?"

"That's what I *said*," the other insisted. "He's gonna hit a homer. Roseboro's gonna hit a homer."

What did happen was almost as unlikely. Drysdale hit a sharp grounder between second and first, which Richardson ran down with his back to the plate and pegged to Pepitone for the out at first. Pepitone then jogged happily across the infield, having found both Roseboro and Tracewski hopefully toeing third base. Roseboro had held up, Tracewski had run, and it was a double play. The man on the bar stool just to my right, who had told me that he once played semi-pro ball, was disgusted. "What's the *matter* with that Roseboro?" he said in disbelief. "No outs and the ball's hit hard to right, you got to run. You don't even look—you just *go!* That's baseball. Everybody knows that."

As it turned out, the insurance run was unnecessary. With two out in the top of the ninth, Pepitone hit a high smash that seemed to be headed for the bleachers. The Cameo's Yankee fans gave their only yell of the afternoon, but Ron Fairly, with his back almost against the right-field wall, put up his hands and made the catch that ended the game. Millie shook her head slowly and then crumpled her doll into a wet ball on the bar.

THE next afternoon, I witnessed the obsequies in the bar of the Croydon, a genteel residential hotel on Eighty-sixth Street just off Madison Avenue. Surrounded almost entirely by

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women, but joined from time to time by bellboys and doormen and waiters who dropped into the bar to catch the action, I saw Frank Howard, the Dodger monster, hit a hyperbolic home run into the second tier in left field—a blow that Mickey Mantle almost matched with his tying poke in the seventh. Whitey Ford pitched perhaps the best of all his twenty-one World Series games, giving the Dodgers only two hits, but he was up against Koufax again, and the Yankee hitters remained hopelessly polite. In the seventh, Clete Boyer's throw to Pepitone went through the Yankee first baseman as if he had been made of ectoplasm, and Gilliam steamed all the way around to third on the error, immediately scoring on Willie Davis's fly. At this juncture, the talk in the bar, which had been pro-Dodger (when it was not concerned with *haute couture*, Mme. Nhu, Elizabeth Taylor, and lower-abdominal surgery), took a sharp, shocked swerve toward disbelief and sadness. Even a lifelong Dodger fan who had come with me to the Croydon was affected. "I never thought the Yankees would go out like this, without winning one damned game," he said, shaking his head. He sounded like a tormented foretopman who had just learned that Captain Bligh was dying of seasickness. The demise came quickly. Richardson singled, but Tresh and then Mantle took third strikes with their bats resting comfortably on their shoulders. There was an error by Tracewski, but Lopez dribbled to Wills for the last out, and the Dodger squad galloped out and tried to tear souvenir chunks off their baby, Koufax.

AS drama, the 1963 World Series was wanting in structure and development. This lack of catharsis was sensed, I am sure, even by Dodger supporters. The disappointment, the small, persistent resentment, about the outcome of the Series which is felt (or so I believe) by Yankee fans is at least partly a result of the fact that they had to wait through a long summer of vapid American League baseball, in which the Yankees walked over such feeble and acquiescent challengers as the Chicago White Sox, the Minneapolis Twins, and the Baltimore Orioles. The only crucial series for the Yanks in 1963 was the last one, and they muffed it shockingly.

Those millions of us who saw the Series on television were left with the emptiest balloon of all. There is a small paradox here, because these were pitchers' games, and the television cam-

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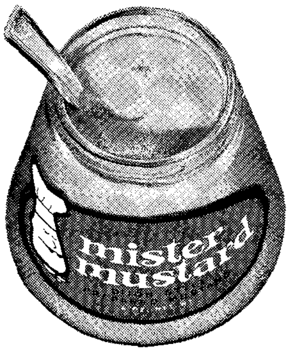

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era, hovering over the home-plate umpire's shoulder and peering down the back of the pitcher's neck, gives a far better view of each ball and strike than any spectator can get from the stands. But baseball is not just pitching. A low-scoring series of games is stirring only if one can sense the almost unbearable pressure it puts on base-running and defense, and this cannot be conveyed even by highly skilled cameramen. This World Series was lost by a handful of Yankee mistakes, most of which were either not visible or not really understandable to television watchers. The cameras were on the hitter when Maris fell in the second game. The grounder that bounced off Richardson in the third game and Pepitone's astonishing fluff in the final game caused everyone near me to ask "What *happened*?" On the small, two-dimensional screen, it looked as if the throw to Pepitone had hit the dirt, instead of skidding off his wrist, as it did. It is the lack of the third dimension on TV that makes baseball seem less than half the game it is, that actually deprives it of its essential beauty, clarity, and excitement. The nature, the exact heart, of the game is perceptible only to the onlooker who can judge the flight of the ball against the flight of the pursuing outfielder, the distance and the line of the shortstop's throw to first against the straining last lunge of the hitter. Inevitably deprived of these, the baseball telecast is but an imprecise and irritating summation of events.

Yankee fans grew increasingly invisible as the Series progressed, and now they must nurse their winter puzzlement and disappointment with whatever grudging grace they can muster; to do otherwise would seem ungrateful in the face of their team's nine world championships and thirteen American League pennants in the past fifteen years. But it must be clear to them now that this Yankee team is not the brilliant, almost incomparable squad that many baseball writers claimed it was. No team can be judged entirely on one series, and the Yankees were not disgraced, for all the games were close; this was nothing like the dreary, one-sided pasting that the Yankees gave the Cincinnati Reds in five games in 1961. And the Dodgers' pitching, opportunism, and nerve were magnificent. But fine pitching inevitably means bad batting; the terms are synonymous. Hard luck and injuries notwithstanding, the Yankees' best and most publicized athletes have not been of much help to them in recent Octobers. Mickey Mantle has batted .167,

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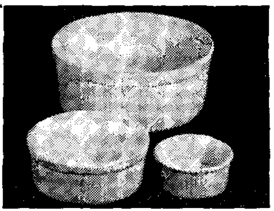

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.120, and .133 in his last three Series; Roger Maris has hit .105, .174, and .000 in the same span. Whitey Ford has failed to win one of the last four Series games he has pitched. There is something wrong here—too little day-to-day opposition, perhaps a tiny lack of pride, perhaps a trace of moneyed smugness. Whatever it is, it probably explains this year's collapse, and makes it certain that this Yankee team cannot be compared to the Ruffing-Gehrig-Dickey teams of the nineteen-thirties or the DiMaggio-Henrich-Rizzuto Yanks of the nineteen-forties and fifties. What made those Yankee teams so fearsome, so admirable, so hated was typified by the death-ray scowl that Allie Reynolds, their ace right-handed pitcher a decade ago, used to aim at an enemy slugger stepping into the box in a crucial game. I can think of no member of the current team capable of such emotion, such combative pride. I suspect that local Yankee fans sensed the absence of this ingredient almost unconsciously, even before the Series began. That would explain, most of all, why the deepest passions and noisiest pleasures of baseball were so conspicuously absent in the bars and streets and offices of the city this autumn.

—ROGER ANGELL

•

Other opinions of the educator were that Ceylon was very sad and ridden with racial problems concerning the influx of Tamil people, India is indescribably filthy with over 100,000 people sleeping in the streets of Bombay, Pakistan is about the same but 50 years behind India, Aden is a well-run British colony which is tense because of the proximity to the fighting in Yemen and the Egyptians have put floodlights and loudspeakers in front of the Sphinx and the pyramids.

Dr. Hart also said he felt the French were solidly behind De Gaulle, whom, the doctor believes, felt snubbed when President Kennedy passed him by on his recent trip to Europe.

On his return to New York, Dr. Hart said he was struck by the discontent among the great material wealth in this country.—*Carmel (Calif.) Pine Cone-Cymbal.*

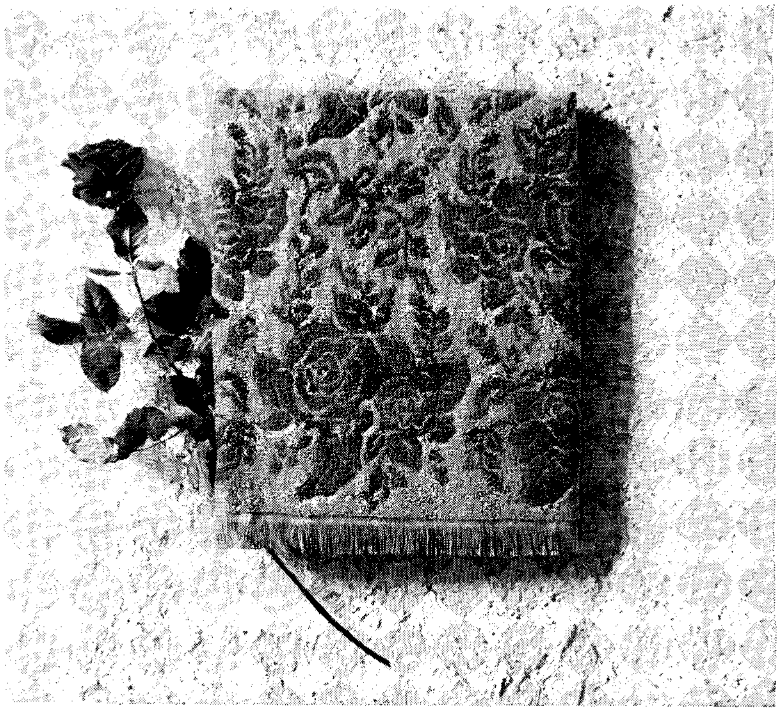
Fellow keeps his eyes and ears open.

•

GENTLEMEN:

Attached is a copy of a news release announcing that the names of most of the divisions of Union Carbide Corporation will be shortened and simplified. Our division, which recently changed its name from Haynes Stellite Company to Union Carbide Stellite Company, will now be known as Stellite Division of Union Carbide Corporation.—*Letter received by a consulting engineer in Ann Arbor.*

Anyway, the *days* are getting shorter.



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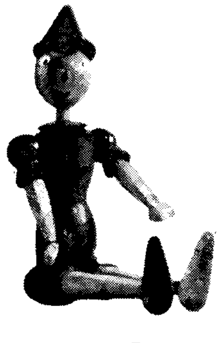

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NOTES FOR A GAZETTEER

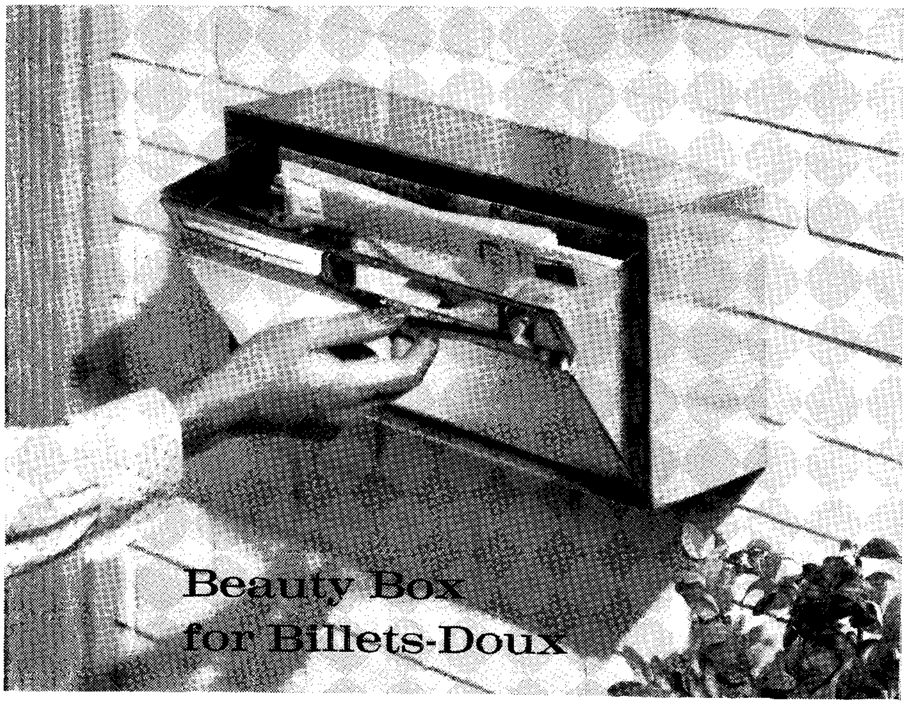
XLIII—SPOKANE, WASH.

ALT., 1,890. Pop., 181,608. Large numbers of conventions are held in Spokane, because Spokane has a large enough convention hall to hold them in. It is called the Spokane Coliseum, and, as one Spokane resident said recently, "it brings the crowds to Spokane." The crowds often find time hanging heavy on their hands when they are not attending official functions connected with their conventions. They tend to stay close to their hotels, milling about the lobbies, riding the elevators, or sitting in the coffee shops talking over the day's session. Most of the lady delegates to conventions wear orchids pinned to their dresses, and the crush in the lobbies and the elevators wilts the orchids and makes them droop. A wilted orchid does little to raise the spirits of a delegate with time on her hands. Some of the delegates drive to Cliff Park and look out over the city from a high vantage point. They see the many railroad lines running through the city, and the city's many church spires. (There has been a church-building boom in Spokane.) Others visit Manito Park and admire the clipped hedges and formal floral arrangements of Duncan Gardens, or the Davenport Fountain, the waters of which perform in a graceful, ballet-like spraying cycle—now one jet sprinkling its arch of water, now another—that lasts exactly ten minutes. Still others slip across town to the Crosbyana Room of the Crosby Library, at Gonzaga University, the alma mater of Bing Crosby, and peer into exhibit cases bulging with tributes to the actor-singer from a grateful world. "Bing's very heartbeat is in that room," a Spokane resident has explained. "Every time I enter the place, I feel like it's a—well, it's a sort of shrine to Bing, and I swear I can hear his voice filling the room." Whenever sales of a Crosby record reach one million, his appreciative record company turns out one in gold plate. (It's the least they can do.) Exhibit cases in the Crosbyana Room display gold-plated records of "Don't Fence Me In," "Pistol Packin' Mama," and "Swinging on a Star," to name a few. There is one platinum-plated record, too, which pays tribute to the fact that by 1960 Crosby had racked up total sales of more than two hundred million records—a record in itself. Sheet music of old favorites is also on display—"Going My Way," "I'm Building a Sailboat of Dreams," "I'll Be Home for Christmas," and so on. Plaques, documents, statuettes, and other awards are all over the place: plaques for Bing's Exceptional Service to Safety (1947, 1948, 1953); a plaque from the Professional Golfers Association; a medallion from the Boys Town of Rome, Italy; an Oscar (for "Going My Way"); a trophy presented to Bing as Super Salesman of the Year (1952); and a statuette honoring him as Fishing Father of the Year (1957). There are also many photographs of Bing—Bing on the links, Bing wearing an Alpine hat, Bing wearing an academic mortarboard. Nearby, framed, is the citation that accompanied the degree of Doctor of Music conferred on him by Gonzaga in 1937: "During the past decades, the incredible advance of science has opened to the inhabitants of this universe new dreams, new hopes, new realizations. . . ."

A GOOD many visitors to Spokane find that they must travel some ninety miles west, to the Grand Coulee Dam country, in order to run into new dreams and hopes. "Spokane used to be the hub of the Inland Empire, the area between the Rockies and the Cascades," a Spokane man said not long ago. "Around the turn of the century, it was the center of a great rail network. Silver, lead, and zinc mines boomed. There was real money in the nearby Cœur d'Alene mines, in Idaho. Before 1920, we were discriminated against in the matter of freight rates. Under the long-and-short-haul clause, we had to pay the freight rate out to Seattle plus the rate back. We kept pushing for equal rates, and by 1920 we had them, and then we really became a hub. There's not much mining now, and we're not so much of a hub. We're not going backward, but you might say we're languishing."

Languishing is not the word for the Grand Coulee country. Driving from Spokane toward the huge dam on the Columbia River, strangers often feel that they are travelling not ninety miles but a thousand. The world seems to change—to become broader, drier, lonelier. Wheat fields, farmed by dry-farm methods, stretch for miles. Cultivation stops as one approaches the dam, and the land shows signs of vast and violent primal upheavals. No one is quite prepared for his first view of the dam, no matter how heavily he may be loaded down with statistics. Almost all visitors know ahead of time that they are about to view the largest piece of concrete masonry in the world—larger than the Pyramid of Cheops—and a waterfall twice as high as that of Niagara. Figures run through the mind—figures that were picked up and stored away back in the sluggish atmosphere of Spokane: four and a half million gallons of water a second rushing over the spillway to rejoin the Columbia; the dam itself as long as twelve city blocks; the spillway with an area of sixteen acres of falling water; the dam weighing twenty-two million tons; the dam higher than a forty-six-story building; horsepower, 2,324,000; total rated kilowatt capacity, 1,974,000; powerhouses, two, with nine generators each. The closer one comes to the dam, the more the landscape takes on an otherworldly quality. Its hills, barren and forbidding, might have been transplanted from the moon. Nothing, it seems, could grow on this part of the earth; nothing could provide nourishment or sustenance or comfort. Something seems to have come along, millions of years ago, and torn the place apart and abandoned it. The road winds more now; the moon vistas become more abundant; and then, suddenly, far below in a canyon, there is the dam itself. Statistics instantly lose their meaning. Nothing seems to matter but the mass of the white dam itself, in its deep gorge, with the broad, placid lake behind it, and the tumbling, tossing waters of the Columbia below the spillway. Many people find that they just get out of their cars and stand looking at the dam for several minutes in silence. "When I first saw the dam, I thought for a while that it must have been placed there by nature," a recent visitor remarked. "It was so right, so big, so much bigger than man. But after I had walked around and cleared my brain and thought about it, I realized that human beings had put their heads together and made this thing."

Trained engineers, who look upon the dam as some sort of monumental person rather than as a monumental thing, may drive the stranger along the thirty-foot-wide roadway that traverses the dam, or take him down into the control rooms, or even permit him to walk through a tunnel that runs the length of the dam, about twenty-five feet from the water on the lake side, and fifteen or twenty feet from the spillway side. The temperature in the tunnel remains at a steady forty-five degrees. It stretches out endlessly, lighted by electric bulbs (men go through the



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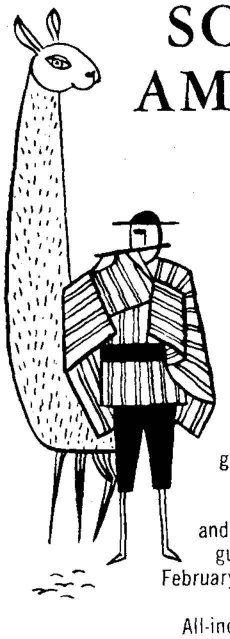

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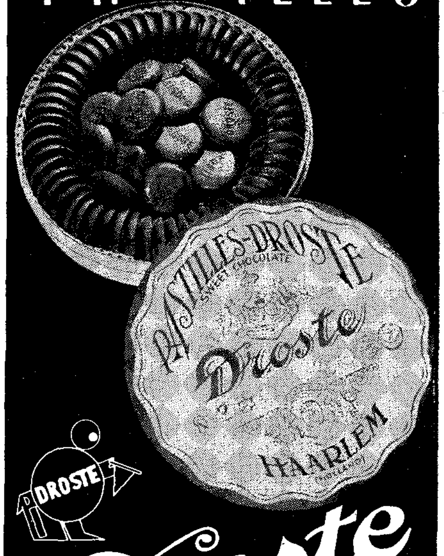
tunnel daily replacing dead bulbs), and it is spotted with drinking fountains. There is no sound in the tunnel, no hint that millions of gallons of water are spilling over the top of the dam directly above where one is walking, or that crushing waters are pressing against the sides. The pumping system is explained. Six pumps, each with a 65,000-horsepower motor, lift 720,000 gallons of water a minute 280 feet up over the rim of the canyon in which the dam is situated and send them on their way south to lands that require irrigation. Each pump (and six more will be added to the six in use) lifts sufficient water to irrigate approximately a hundred thousand acres of land. Once again, the figures mean little, and even the sight of the functional pumping plant, with its clean, utilitarian lines and its fat silvery pipes, conveys little of the purpose behind the mechanism.

The Bureau of Reclamation of the Department of the Interior, which operates the dam, tries its best to make the meaning of the place clear. One floor of one powerhouse displays an immense model, in the form of a relief map, of the Columbia Basin Project, dominated by the contours of the grotesque landscape and the wide swath of the twisting and bending Columbia River. "I am the Columbia River," a recorded voice booms out, in the customary diorama manner. "You can follow along as I go about my business." Section after section of the relief map lights up as the voice describes the irrigation of the land to the south. The voice is at its best when it tells the story of the Grand Coulee itself: how, millions of years ago, during the Ice Age, the mighty Columbia was diverted from its normal course by glacial action, and turned south, creating what is known today as the Grand Coulee, a huge, deep ditch stretching through a land of lava beds; how, when the ice melted—again, millions of years ago—the Columbia resumed its normal course, west and then south, leaving the Grand Coulee dry; and how, by building the dam, backing it up with a reservoir that stretches a hundred and fifty miles north, and then pumping water up over the rim of the canyon and into the Grand Coulee, modern man has made it possible to irrigate the dry and desolate lands south of the dam.

The voice does its best, but it booms, and is portentous, and, like the statistics on the dam, removes the enterprise from the realm of the human. To understand what it is talking about, strang-

PASTILLES



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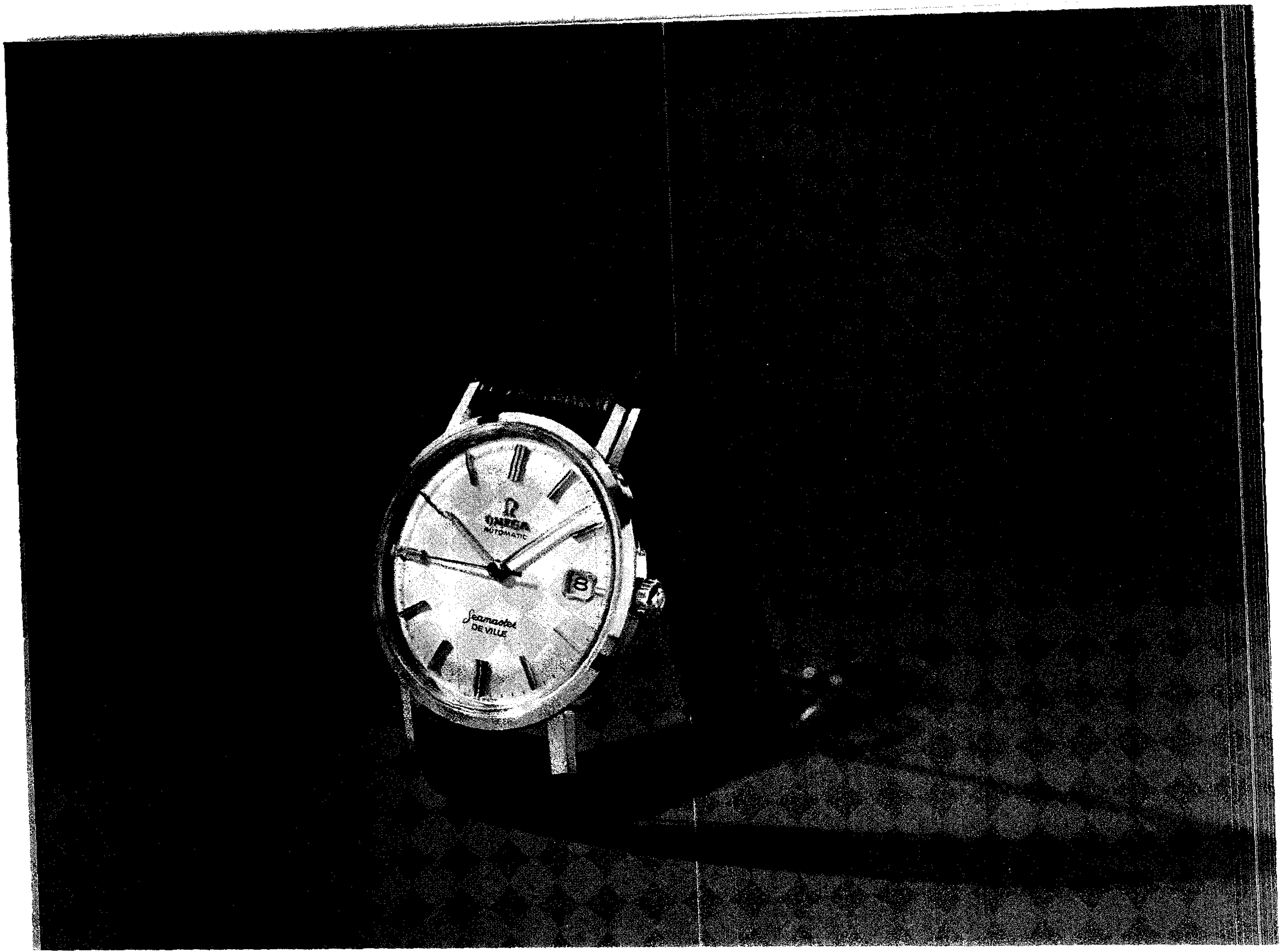

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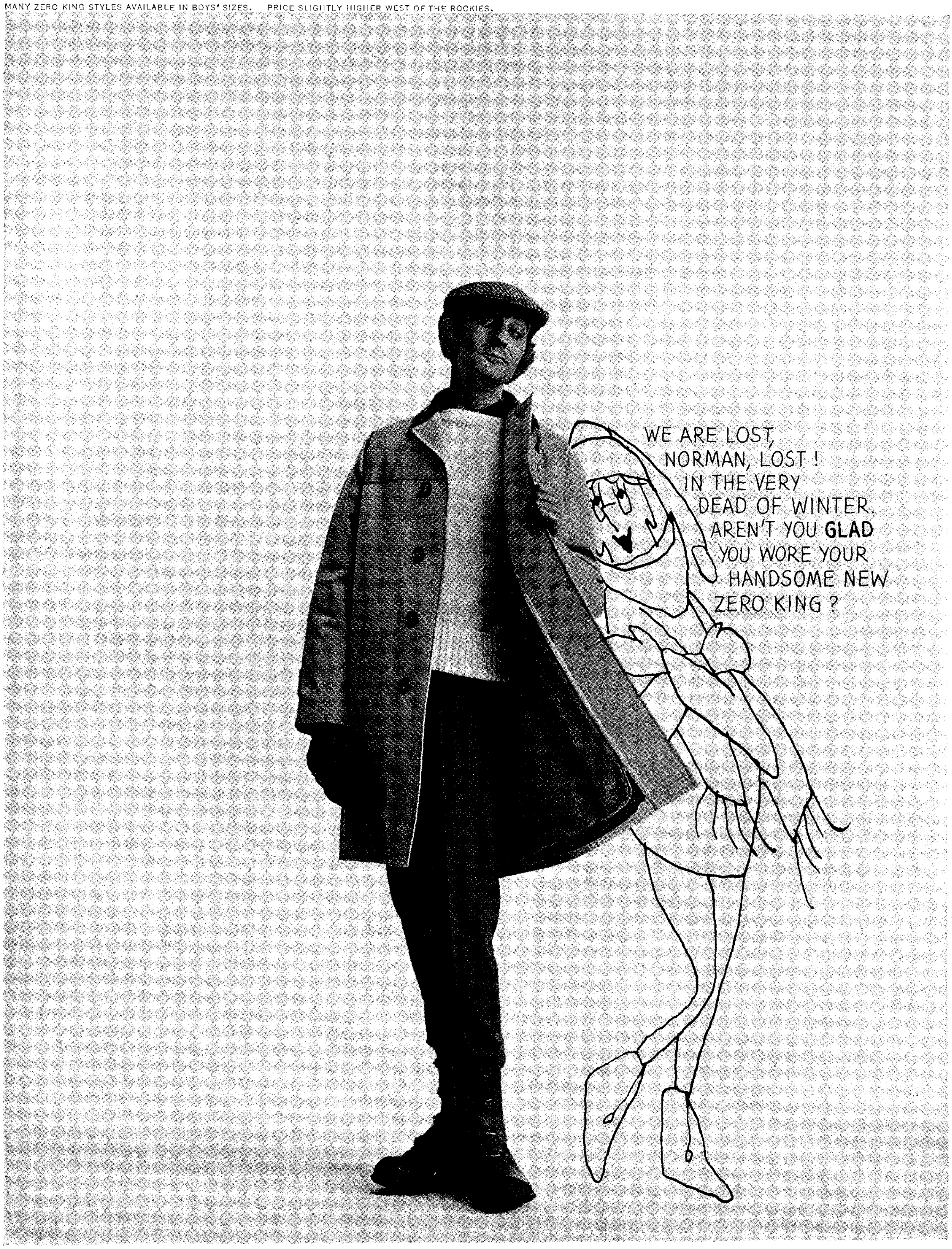
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ZERO KING

ers must leave the dam behind, leave the diorama, the spillway, and the pumps, and head south. For the first miles, the terrain is still mountains-of-the-moon, wild and arid, but off to one side, in what was once part of the Coulee, lies a huge lake, filled with water diverted from the dam site. The lake is long and cool and beckoning, but, more important, it is man-made, and its fresh waters mean gain and growth farther down the line. The site of an old waterfall comes into view. Once, it was far mightier than Niagara. Now it is a twisted, tumbled mass of lava rock, stretching for miles, seemingly to nowhere. Quite unexpectedly, about fifty miles to the south, the land turns green. It is in use. Water is being supplied to it. Before irrigation, the land sold for two dollars an acre; now an acre costs a hundred dollars. Here the stranger finds that the statistics have meaning—understands that the coursing waters, deflected into the fields, have made the statistics possible. One passes hay country, corn country, cattle feeding in pens, sheep feeding in meadows. A field of sugar beets can be translated into dollars and cents, but more impressive than the figures are the beets themselves, there and growing. Along the roads are ditches, and water flows through the ditches and is siphoned off into the fields to irrigate the land. A moving sprinkler is often to be seen passing through a field, automatically turning and spraying—not aesthetically, like the Davenport Fountain back in Spokane (now a million miles away), but slowly, purposefully, spraying twenty-four hours a day as it moves through the field, and returning to its original position in the field one week later. There are orchards and vineyards. Everywhere—canals, water, siphons, and growth. More than a million acres will eventually be irrigated, and already almost half the potential acreage is being supplied with water. There are mint fields, and a flock of geese solemnly crosses the road and heads for one of them. Geese are expert weeders, and these particular geese are about to go to work weeding. They are part of a late-afternoon shift.

In what is known as the Quincy Valley, strangers often stop in the town of Ephrata, have a cup of coffee, and listen to tales of the bad soil that once abounded in the region, and of the acreage problems and water problems. Men seated at the counters talk about the great dam to the north, and the water flowing through the land, in terms of the Northwest's long struggle

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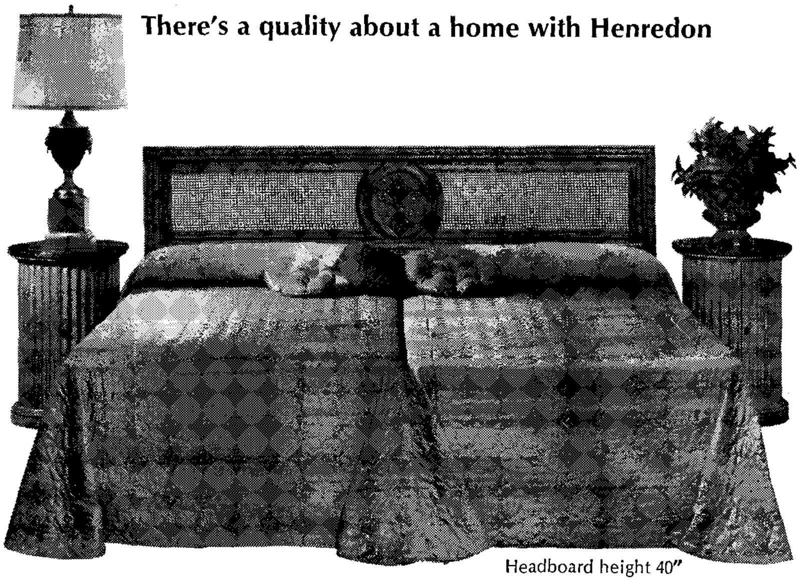

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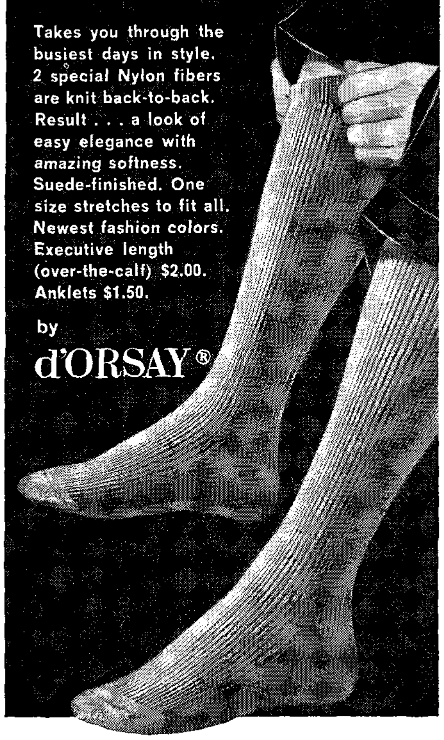

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to achieve irrigation. Not many of the original dreamers are still left in the Quincy Valley. One of them who is still around is Billy Clapp, an eighty-six-year-old Ephrata lawyer, who lobbied for the dam for years. Mr. Clapp’s vision of water over the land predates the First World War. Once in a while, a stranger can catch a glimpse of Mr. Clapp—usually just before dusk, as he leaves his house with his wife and daughter to take a short spin in his car or to dine with friends. A recent visitor to the area went by the Clapp house just as Mr. Clapp was about to drive off. Everybody in the Quincy Valley calls him Billy. He is an old-fashioned man, and he and his family were seated in an old-fashioned car. He told the visitor that he declined to accept honors as one of the fathers of the Grand Coulee Dam. Too many people, he said, had experienced the vision—construction engineers, farmers, lawyers, senators, local business people, Franklin Roosevelt (who had been persuaded to proceed with the huge dam, and who had remarked in 1944, at the height of the war, as he thought of the vast hydroelectric energy produced by the then two-year-old dam, “This is providential, this is providential”)—for anyone to pass out credits. Before the First World War, Billy Clapp would drive a team of horses up past the Grand Coulee into the mountains-of-the-moon country and sit on a rock near where the dam now stands and let his mind wander. He knew that a large body of opinion opposed the notion of any dam at all, believing it possible to achieve irrigation by a series of gravity drops from Idaho waters, far to the east. “I said to myself, sitting up there on that rock, that if the Almighty can dam up the Columbia with a cake of ice, man can *do it with a piece of concrete*,” Mr. Clapp remarked. “That’s what I said to myself, and that’s what has happened. Have you seen the dam? Have you walked through it? Have you seen the dry lands just south of it, and the blue reservoirs alongside, all the way down until you get to irrigated land here?”

His wife, seated in the back of the car, opened a rear window. “Have you seen the canals?” she asked. “They are beautiful. You know, you have to stick with an idea like this. And now we have water.”

Mr. Clapp nodded. “Yes,” he said. “The Almighty was able to dam up the Columbia with a cake of ice, and it turned out that man could do it with a piece of concrete.”

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

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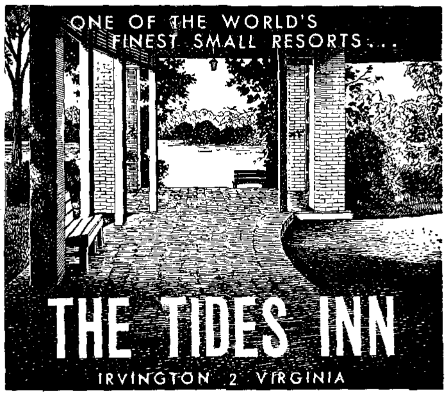

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IN its native Italy, "The Sound of Trumpets" bore the flatter but far more appropriate title of "Il Posto," or "The Job," and I'm sorry that the local entrepreneurs have attempted, by this gross escalation of imagery, to bestow flamboyance on a picture whose distinction owes so much to its having avoided that quality. (The pulling power of perverse titles is, unluckily for artistic integrity, measurable in hard cash at the box office. In one of his earliest strokes of genius, the great Joseph Levine turned a flop into a hit by changing its name from "Walk Into Heaven" to "Walk Into Hell," and in a recent *Variety* I read that the movie "Freud" had done very badly out West until the distributors thought of giving up that little-known German name in favor of "Secret Passion;" under its new title, said the *Variety* headline, "BIOPIC OF HEADSHRINKER DOES OK.") Let me assure you that "The Sound of Trumpets" has even less to do with trumpets than Freud had to do with "secret passion." The first feature-length picture of a young documentary-film maker named Ermanno Olmi, it's an extraordinarily attractive account, at once funny and sad, of a boy's stumbling entrance into adult life: how he gets his first job and how he falls in love.

Having directed the picture from his own screenplay, Mr. Olmi has been in an especially good position to make the small area of human conduct that it examines bear the proper weight of emotion—not an ounce of credulous joy too little, not an ounce of pathos too much. A sweet-natured, rather homely, and only moderately intelligent boy from a village somewhere outside Milan comes to the city to take an employment test, which, if he passes it, will permit him to gain a tiny foothold on the bottom rung of the infinitely prolonged ladder of bureaucratic progress in an immense corporation. Waiting to take the test, he falls in with a number of other candidates; among them is a shy, winsome girl, with whom, little by little, their glances seeming to meet by chance and their smiles seeming to be addressed to blank walls, he contrives to strike up a warm, almost silent acquaintance. Hav-

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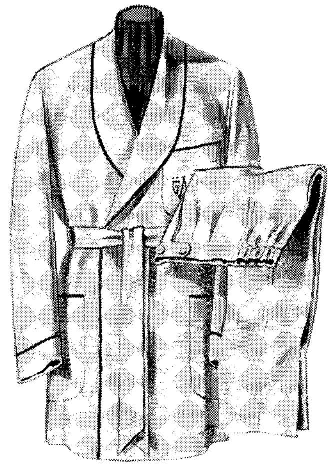
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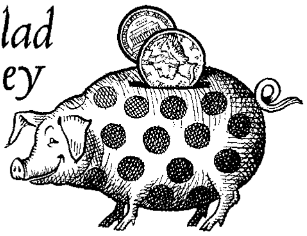
ing passed the test, they are assigned to positions at a maddening distance from each other in the company's offices. The boy counts on meeting the girl at a company-sponsored New Year's Eve dance; she unaccountably fails to turn up and the boy is desolated. A few days later, a clerk in a minor department dies and the boy is assigned to the dead man's desk. He has found his post—to him his glory and to us his doom. Poor lad, before him stretches a lifetime of conscientious mediocrity, lightened perhaps (if only the girl will remember to keep her date next time!) by love.

That is all there is to this modest comedy, and it is enough. Mr. Olmi has produced a substantial work of art at his very first try, drawing delightful performances from Loredana Detto, as the girl, and Sandro Panzeri, as the boy, and capturing with witty, nervous finesse the hurly-burly of the busy streets of Milan, next to which our local scene might be the merest Berkshires backwater. There are many occupations in which practice makes perfect, but in films one might as well start at the top, which is where Mr. Olmi is. No doubt he finds it easier to breathe up there than he expected.

FOR some time before the arrival of the new Indian picture "The Householder," I kept being instructed by helpful friends that it would prove altogether different from the slow, sad pictures of Satyajit Ray, about whom I had something to say last week. Produced by an Indian named Ismael Merchant and directed by an American named James Ivory, from a novel by Mrs. R. Prawer Jhabvala, "The Householder," so I was given to understand, was a fast-moving comedy and would have me chuckling alertly from beginning to end. Well, my friends led me to expect too much; maybe by Indian standards this is a funny, lively picture, but it remains a thousand times closer to Mr. Ray than to, say, Billy Wilder, and if I was mildly amused much of the time and actually laughed out loud on two or three occasions, my over-all feeling was one of sadness, or even—what is far more painful—of sorriness. The fact is, I soon came to feel so sorry for nearly all the people in the story that to enjoy their misadventures seemed an act of wanton cruelty. The hero of the story is a nice young man who is an incompetent teacher at a not very good school in Delhi, where he is tyrannized over by the headmaster and one of his older colleagues. He has recently married a pretty girl, whom, according to



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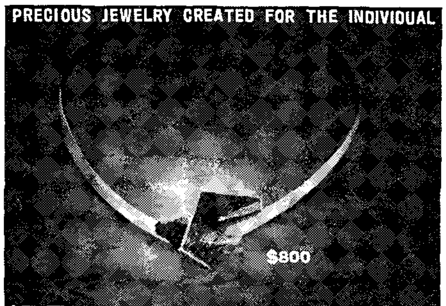

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Indian custom, he scarcely knows. She doesn't cook as well as his mother, she is an incompetent housekeeper, and she is every bit as homesick for her family as he is for his. To his exasperation, for they are penniless, she becomes pregnant. They quarrel, his mother comes and effectually widens the breach between them, the wife runs off weeping to her family . . . It is a domestic misery as conventionally lifelike and foolish as if it were taking place in the Bronx, with this fearful difference—that in Delhi the conditions of life are almost certain never to get any better, while in the Bronx there is always Mount Vernon to look forward to, and, beyond Mount Vernon, Scarsdale. We used to be encouraged to believe that the immemorial wisdom of the East scorned such trifling material mitigations of man's fate, but the evidence of the movies coming from the East would appear to argue otherwise.

"JULIE THE REDHEAD" is a charming little French comedy, cunningly woven into knots by Paul Andreota and Claude Boissol and directed by Boissol. Only the crustiest old Scrooge of a Francophobe could possibly cry "Bah! Humbug!" at its beguiling sillinesses. A stuffy young man and a supple and seductive young circus performer are brought together in a desperate contest over a fortune, which may or may not have been left to the girl's mother by the young man's father; they battle straight to the altar and beyond, and the happy end of the picture is no more to be believed than its happy beginning. Perfect in their absurd parts are Pascale Petit, as Julie I and Julie II, and Daniel Gelin, as both the young man and the young man's father. Yes, it's *that* sort of picture, and a good thing, too. —BRENDAN GILL

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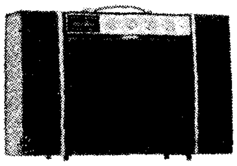

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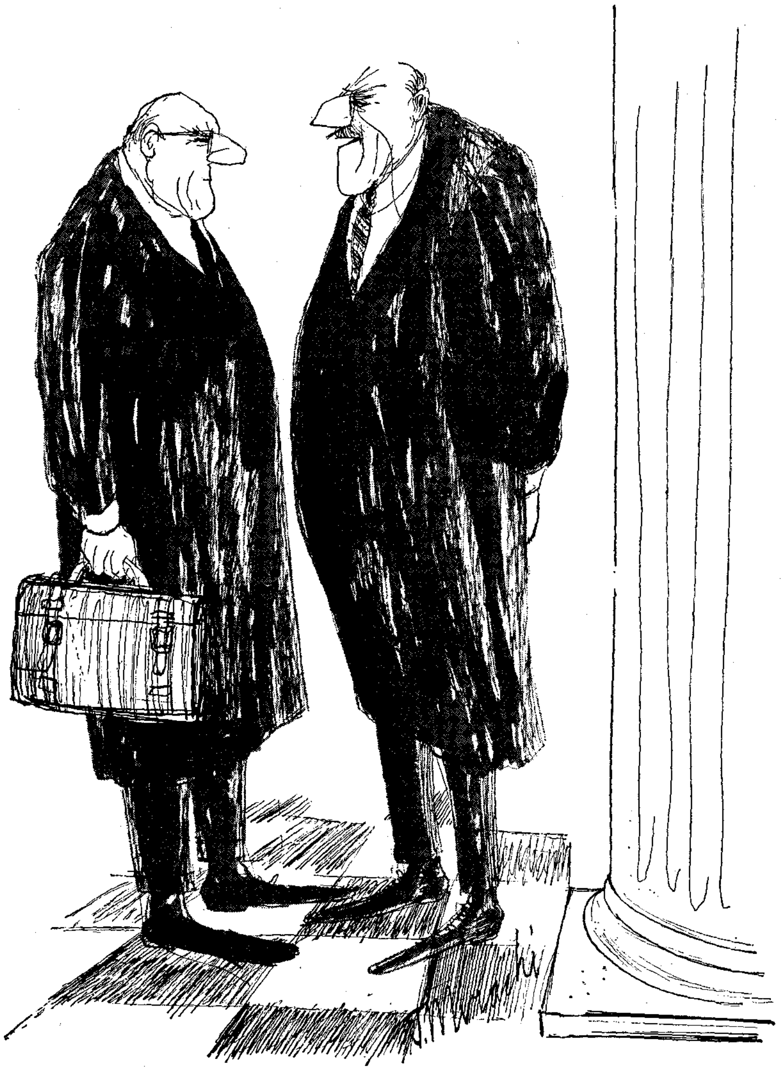
BOOKS

Viewing with Élan

CRITICS are not often widely read after they have left their chosen arena, and James Gibbons Huneker, who died in 1921, is no exception. Yet there are few cultivated people today who have not at least indirectly been influenced by his writing. He was a prodigious worker who often turned out five thousand words a day, and he wrote the seventy thousand words of his famous novel "Painted Veils" in two months, at the same time contributing articles and criticism to the *Times*, the Philadelphia *Press*, the *Sun*, *Puck*, and *Musical Courier*. He was not a methodical or philosophical critic. His writing was impulsive, witty, flamboyant, often exaggerated, and sometimes contradictory. Still, he had valid claims to the title that has often been bestowed on him—of America's greatest critic—and the claims rested mainly on his insatiable curiosity, his vast range of interests, his determined battle with the conventions of polite Victorian thought, and his immense versatility. He really began and ended his life as a music critic, but his restless mind drew him into long periods of criticism of other arts—drama, literature, painting, and sculpture—and he was as stimulating a force there as he was in music. Besides his daily and weekly columns, which appeared in a score of newspapers and magazines (many of them now defunct), he managed to turn out no less than twenty-two books, including the rather fanciful autobiography "Steeplejack," a number of anthologies of his journalistic work, several collections of essays, and two biographies—of Chopin and Liszt.

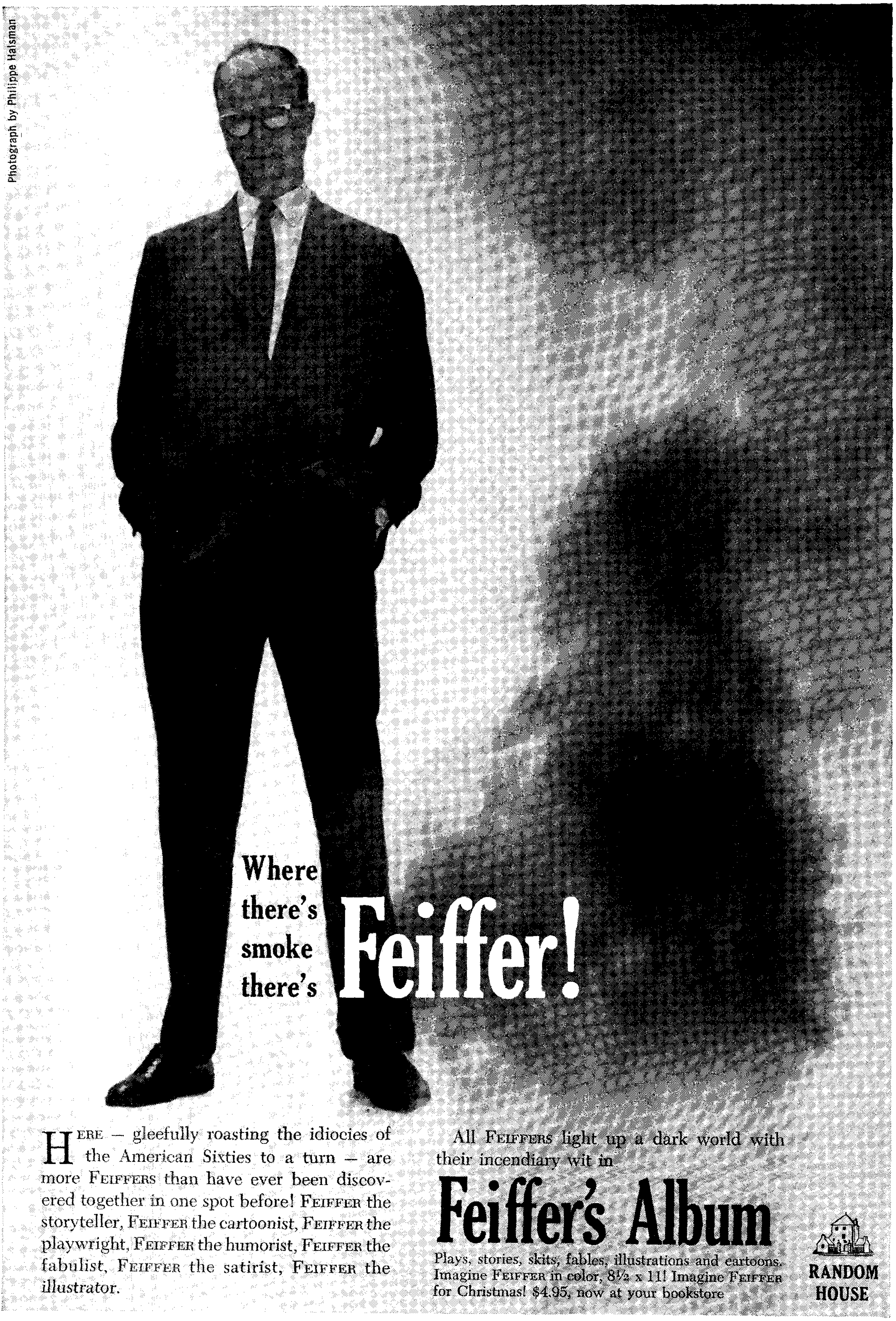


"Ever have one of those days when you keep banging your gavel just for the hell of it?"

To his contemporaries, he was an opener of new horizons. His most notable contribution was to acquaint the American public with the Continental culture of his time, a subject that—except for music—was almost a blank to the average citizen, brought up in Anglo-Saxon-dominated schools and universities. He wrote about Cézanne and Toulouse-Lautrec as early as 1904, long before Clive Bell did, and long before New York's famous Armory Show. He championed Ibsen and Strindberg when neither of them had been produced in America. He introduced the writings of Friedrich Nietzsche to most American readers. He wrote the first comprehensive study of Stendhal to appear in English, and he boosted Flaubert, Baudelaire, Huysmans, and a host of other French authors when few Americans had heard of them. He praised Richard Strauss as the greatest living musician, and the greatest master of orchestration in the history of music, in 1901, when nearly all other music critics were violently anti-Strauss and when Strauss was represented by only a few tone poems and had yet to create his masterly "Der Rosenkavalier" and "Elektra." He hailed Henry James as America's greatest novelist thirty years before the editors of the *Partisan Review* came across him. With such a record of discovery and perspicacious judgment, it is no wonder that Huneker is still a sort of legendary figure, even among those who do not read him any longer. There are other facets of the legend: Huneker the voluptuary and immoralist, Huneker the fabulous conversationalist, Huneker the epicure and bottomless drinker of Pilsner. But, except to a few aging cronies who remember his last days, the picture of him as a person is dim.

Arnold T. Schwab, assistant professor of English at Long Beach State College, in California, and a veritable vacuum cleaner for fact, has now illuminated things quite a bit in a biography called "James Gibbons Huneker: Critic of the Seven Arts" (Stanford), though even his painstaking, heavily documented research leaves a good many mysteries unsolved. He has had to do a lot of sifting of truth from fantasy (Huneker was often careless, and sometimes a downright liar about the incidents of his own life). If the result of Professor Schwab's labors, which are reported to have taken fifteen years, seems a little dry in places, his subject is not. This is probably Huneker's definitive biography.

At the height of his reputation—from 1896 until his death—Huneker was certainly a formidable personality. He was a large man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with a clifflike face who wore spectacles and carried a cane before him (somebody remarked) "as if he were handling a stein of beer." His entrance into theatres and concert halls was noted with considerable awe. His nights in German restaurants and cafés—including Lüchow's, which was then at the center of New York's cultural life—had a ritual aspect, too. His nocturnal conversation was said to resemble "an encyclopedia with wit," and it was carried on over a steady diet of perhaps as many as twenty-two seidels of Pilsner an evening. Only one distinguished figure appears to have matched, or even outdone, him as a drinker, and that was Anton Dvořák, who came to America in 1892 to head the short-lived National Conservatory of Music. Later, Huneker wrote a bemused letter to H. L. Mencken about the impossibility of getting the famous Czech composer drunk. Huneker took a quick dislike to the wiry, eccentric little pianist Vladimir de Pachmann, declared that "his Bach was worse than his bite," and referred to him as "the Chopinzee." At one of the gatherings at Lüchow's, which were attended by most of the New York aesthetes of the time, de Pachmann approached Huneker's table sputtering abuse. Huneker, it is reported, quietly arose and emptied a stein of beer over de Pachmann's shirt front. De Pachmann complained to the manager, but he—possibly aware that Huneker was the steadier customer for Pilsner—demanded that de Pachmann apologize to Huneker or leave the place. De Pachmann stiffened, then squealed, "Skunk! I apologize. Skunk!" Afterward, the two became firm friends.

Besides being a drinker of prowess, Huneker was a confirmed womanizer. He claimed that every man should have seven wives, contracted three marriages himself—two of them of dubious legality—and undoubtedly went to bed with a considerable number of operatic sopranos without feeling that he was guilty of any conflict of interest. He prided himself no end on his heterosexual virility, but he was fascinated by *homosexuality*, toward which he had an ambivalent attitude, sometimes appearing to consider it the wellspring of great art and sometimes—as in the case of Whitman, Wilde, and Tchaikovsky—deploring it as a debilitating neurosis. Of these three marriages, the first, and the only one of *faultless legality*—in Philadelphia, to Elizabeth Holmes, a local working girl—collapsed after the death, in infancy, of their two children. He simply abandoned her and went to New York. His next acquisition was the

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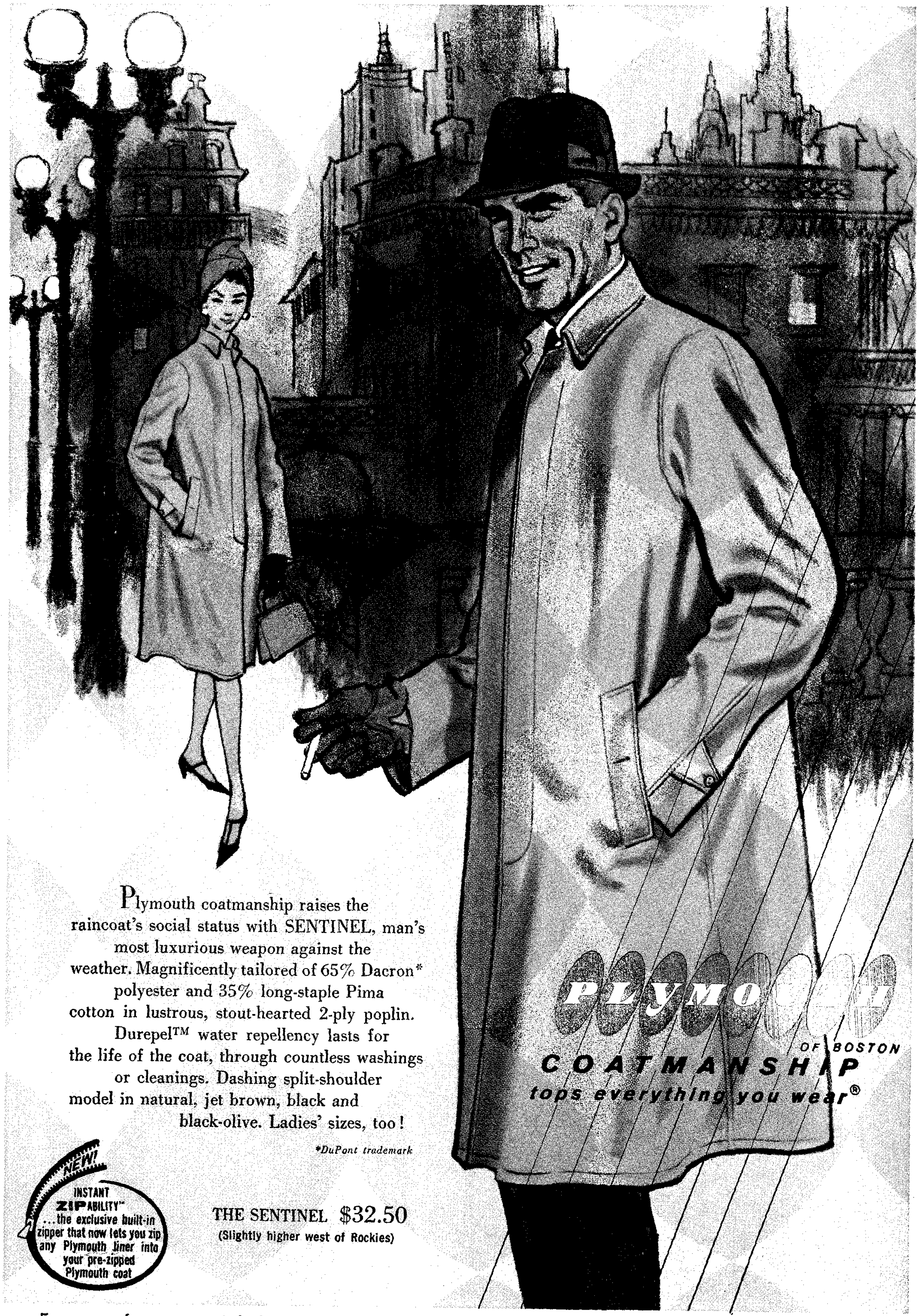

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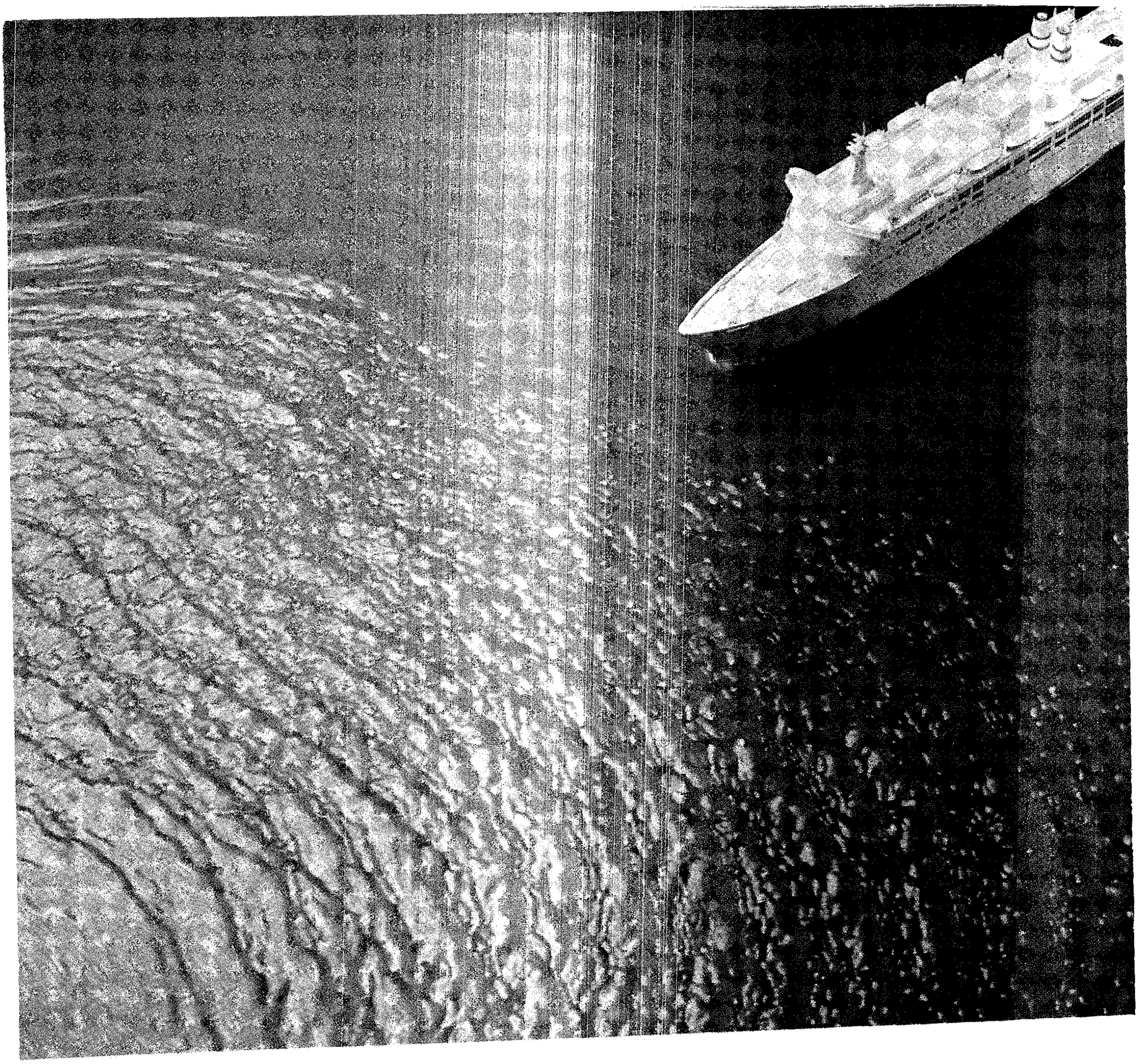

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UNDOUBTEDLY, both Huneker's behavior and his thought have whitened the edge of many a tonsure. Born in Philadelphia in 1857, and baptized a Catholic, he was of German (possibly also Magyar) and Irish ancestry, and was intended, at least by his Irish-American mother, for the priesthood. For seven years he attended the Broad Street Academy, a highly regarded Catholic school, and that was the end of his formal education. But he fell in love with education, as some of the incompletely educated do, and though he never went to college, he made himself into an almost indecently learned figure by vast quantities of systematic reading. He knew some German through association with his father's friends, he had been very good at French in school, and he began to study the piano when he was only eight. He spent a short time as, oddly, a drill-press operator in the Baldwin Locomotive Works, then became, successively, an apprentice lawyer and a salesman for Chickering pianos. His piano studies continued until he attained the powers of a professional virtuoso, but violent stagefright prevented him from making public appearances. He did, however, now and then play at private soirées, and he became known as an able teacher of the in-

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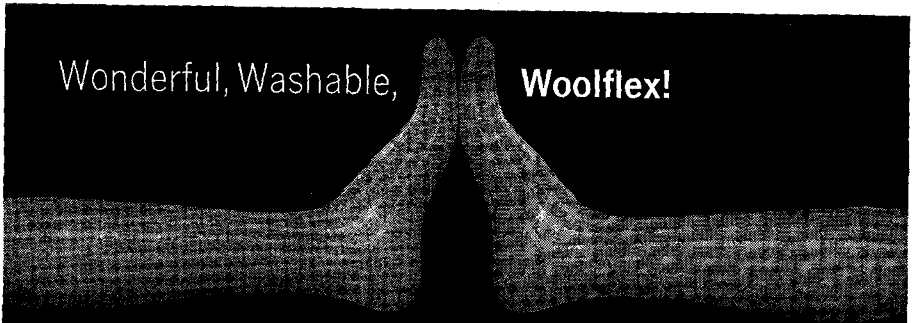

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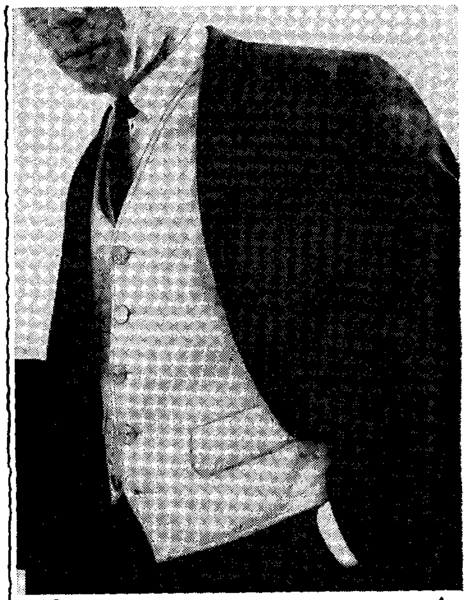
strument, though none of his pupils seem to have reached any sort of renown.

His gifts as a writer and as a talker (here again public appearances were horrifying to him; he did his talking mainly over restaurant tables) were soon flourishing. When he was eighteen, he was already contributing pieces (mostly music criticism) to the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, and three years later he made the first of his numerous trips to Paris, living on a fee of five dollars an article from that publication, plus a small allowance from his mother. There he immersed himself in the atmosphere he had read about in Murger's "La Vie de Bohème," dressed accordingly (he had worn a monocle since he was fifteen), met a number of the men he was later to write about—among them Manet, Degas, Turgenev, de Maupassant, Mallarmé, Zola, Flaubert, and Victor Hugo—and failed only in what had been the primary object of his visit: He had wanted to get into the Paris Conservatoire, and, just twenty-one, he found that he was over the official age limit. All this happened in 1878. He returned to Philadelphia to spend another eight years teaching the piano, and later on served as a star contributor to the *Etude*, a flourishing magazine founded by the noted music publisher Theodore Presser. In 1886, finding life in Philadelphia limiting, he came to New York, where he was to write for many years for the then prosperous and widely read *Musical Courier*. His parallel activities would be bewildering to enumerate (Professor Schwab enumerates every one of them, and not in a well-organized manner, either). Suffice it to say that he was successively drama critic for the *Commercial Advertiser*, art and music critic for the *Sun* and the *Times*, and music critic for Ralph Pulitzer's *World;* meanwhile, he became a founding editor of the magazine *M'lle New York* and a contributor to its successor, the *Criterion*, as well as to *Smart Set* and nearly every intellectual or fashionable weekly and monthly, including the more durable *Harper's Bazaar*, *Atlantic Monthly*, and *Scribner's*. By 1900, he had written his still readable biography of Chopin (a much better book than his later Liszt) and had become a figure of some international renown.

Though Professor Schwab doesn't say so, there might well have been an incubus in Huneker's life, stemming from his lack of formal education, that caused him to leapfrog conventional thought and become an expert in those very things that were not taught in the col-



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leges of his period. At any rate, he maintained a slight anti-British and very cosmopolitan bias in his writing. As a music critic, he was solidly Germanic in taste, but two of his idols, Chopin and Liszt, were exceptions to this rule. As a literary critic, he preferred the French and the Russians. As a drama critic, he was a promoter of Scandinavians and of Central Europeans like Hauptmann, Sudermann, and Schnitzler. Only in art criticism did he appear as a wholehearted champion of Americans—the Ashcan school, Prendergast, Marin, and Ryder—and this was when he was not busy promoting the French Impressionists. He found the American drama of the time sentimental and priggish. He seemed to take a certain glee in maintaining that Arthur Wing Pinero's "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" was the finest British drama of its time, meanwhile dismissing Wilde as "a clever confectioner" and Shaw as "a sham and supersham slummocker." (This rather inelegant word, meaning "slattern" or "careless person," had earlier been hurled at Huneker by Shaw in a couple of letters.) Huneker thought Rudyard Kipling's verse mere "banjo strumming" and rated his novels far below those of Hardy and Meredith. With Shaw he carried on a running feud, during which the two men, amusingly, tossed the epithet "romantic" at each other. Forty-seven years before "My Fair Lady" reached the stage, Huneker described "Pygmalion" as a comic-opera libretto "fairly begging for a musical setting," though he thought it weak in characterization and "piffling" in subject.

Shaw was right in calling Huneker a romantic. He was deeply imbued with the occult, fantastic, and revolutionary aspects of the romantic movement and with its decadence in the work of writers like Edgar Saltus and Huysmans. His own fiction, of which he wrote a great deal, showed derivations from E. T. A. Hoffmann and Poe. He seemed to regard music as an evil, or at least mysteriously diabolical, art. He was convinced that art of any kind was a concomitant of abnormality. His criticism almost invariably contained biographical references, and he was as much interested in the artistic personality as he was in what it produced. He also supported the idea—common among the romantics—that art was in some way a substitute for religion. Except in music, he had no historical sense, and seldom wrote anything about the past. His great mentor in philosophical matters was Friedrich Nietzsche. "All men of liberated intellect are Nietzsche-

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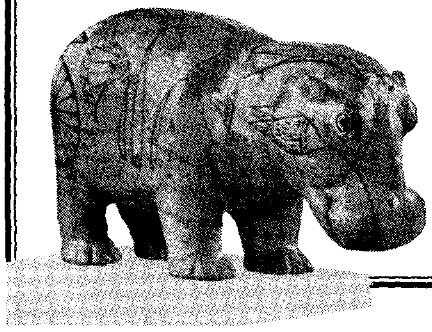

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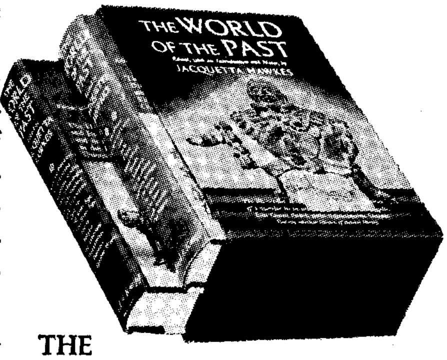

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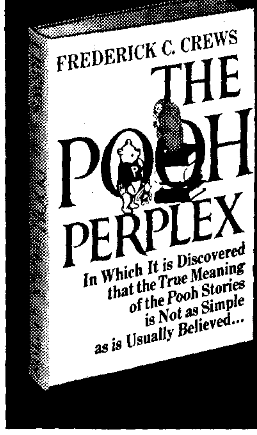

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ans," he maintained, and, like his mentor, he was a fervent Wagnerite ("The man whose pulses do not quiver during the second act of 'Tristan' is as bloodless as a turnip") until he became disgusted with the religiosity of "Parsifal." As late as 1905, however, he still retained a sneaking attraction to the Church, and went to Rome for an audience with Pius X. The experience was not altogether satisfying; the Vatican, Huneker remarked, was "worse than 'Parsifal.' " If he was generally uninterested in the past, he was equally uninterested in and even hostile toward aesthetic plans for the future. He disapproved of Gertrude Stein, and hated Cubism and abstraction in painting. He even distrusted the music of Debussy, though admitting that he had "a very individual style." He wrote about the "appalling ugliness" of Picasso's work. In 1912, hearing Schönberg's "Pierrot Lunaire" for the first time, he wrote, "If such music making is ever to become accepted, then I long for Death the Releaser. More shocking still would be the suspicion that in time I might be persuaded to like [it]."

During his later years, Huneker became the model for a younger generation of critics, the most noted of whom were Mencken, George Jean Nathan, Benjamin De Casseres, and Burton Rascoe. And Professor Schwab feels that his influence can be traced later (though his hearty, impulsive tradition must have been transformed into a more scholarly one) in the work of Edmund Wilson and Van Wyck Brooks. In his sixties, he was invited to become a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, and accepted, to the disgust of Mencken, who regarded the act as a treachery to civilization. By this time, Huneker was suffering from kidney trouble and diabetes. He wrote Mencken, "My father always warned me not to bet my kidneys against the brewery, but I did. I've lost." But, forever financially pressed, he kept turning out copy to the end, grumbling, "He who lives by the pen shall perish by the pen." The end came just after a Boston Symphony concert, on February 5, 1921, which he attended despite a bad cold. He developed pneumonia, was put to bed, and died a few days later, right after insisting that he ought to get up in order to do his Sunday article for the *World*. He was sixty-three. His funeral—a non-religious one, held at the newly built Town Hall—was attended by more than a thousand people, including the aging sopranos Mary Garden and Olive Fremstad, Josephine Laski, at least one former

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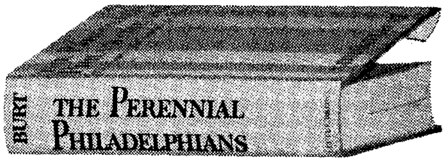

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mistress (the lesser-known soprano Georgiana Carhart), and most of New York's musical notables. Strange to say, hardly any painters or writers were present.

In reading Professor Schwab's biography, one gets a vivid impression of Huneker's enormous intellectual vitality. One also gets the impression of a man who wanted to accomplish more than he did, and of a critic who, for all the range of his interests, was limited to the enthusiasms of his period. His fiction (though "Painted Veils" is still selling as a paperback) was of a clever, self-conscious type, without much depth; Professor Schwab, himself an enthusiast for his subject, places the novel outside the mainstream of American literature, between Edgar Saltus and James Branch Cabell. Moreover, while Huneker was a great wit and punster, and a writer of dazzling prose, he was not a fastidious epigrammatist on the order of Wilde or Max Beerbohm. Today, there is a certain quaintness about many of his attitudes—the result of history. His wars against Anthony Comstock and for Havelock Ellis have long since been won and nearly forgotten. The imposing figure of Sigmund Freud, whom he all but ignored—considering psychoanalysis to be largely a matter of fakery—has given sex a different and probably more sensible slant. Nietzscheism no longer seems exactly the right way of life, especially for the atomic age. Woman suffrage, which he vigorously opposed, has not meant the end of the world. Still, Huneker was perhaps right about a great many things that were happening during a renaissance of the arts that has not since been equalled. The rebellion against the bourgeoisie, of which he was a part, has been succeeded in many quarters by the silly and sometimes squalid spectacle of the artist rebelling against art itself and being encouraged to do so by subsequent critics. Huneker lived at the tail end of one of the most ebullient creative eras in history. He plowed more fresh ideas into the minds of his generation in America than any other man, and that is about as much as a critic can hope to do.

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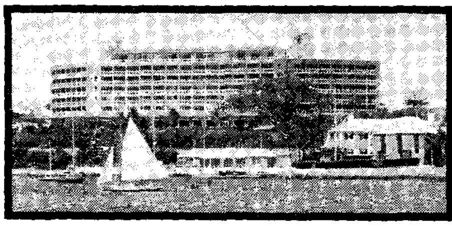

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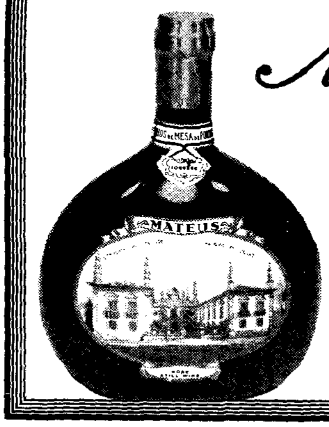

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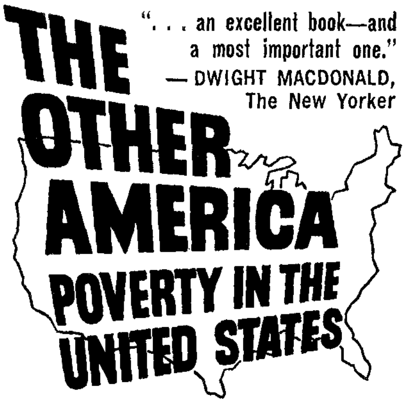

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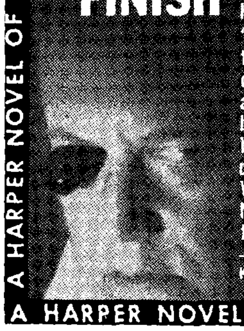

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whose name is Ruby Drew. Ruby, who tells the tale, is a very funny woman, and she belongs on the stage. She is the kind of funny woman you laugh at, not with. Her villainy is equalled only by her ineptness, and her longing for domination is constantly frustrated by her inability to keep her feet. She is stupid and eager and talks too much, and it is hard not to listen to her for as long as she wants to keep on betraying herself. Mr. Goyen has cut this foolish and very visible creature down to a very short and comic book. Apparently, Savata was the only light-colored child in a family of dark ones, and her sense that she was different drove her to leave home and embark on a night-club career of spangles and feathers and gin. Ruby, a church worker of frenzied devotion, wanted to save Savata's soul, and she also wanted to put Savata's magnificent face and figure and voice to good religious use, but after frightening Savata out of her G string and into a cassock she finds it very hard to keep this fair one on the humble side. It is not easy to keep a girl like Savata quiet. There is more life and spirit and good dialogue in Mr. Goyen's triumphant short novel than in many a work four times its length.

Afternoon Men, by Anthony Powell (Little, Brown). Mr. Powell's first novel, now making its tardy American début, includes foreshadowings of the personnel in his Music of Time series, among them a bad, rich artist who is a fool about women, and a good, poor artist about whom women are fools, plus several inexplicable, beguiling women who are either in society or in the demimonde, and an unheroic hero in the wrong job. It's a good book and a funny one, but it's only a start; young Mr. Powell sometimes lets you see that he's trying to be funny—a mistake that the grown-up Powell never makes.

The Benefactor, by Susan Sontag (Farrar, Straus). Hippolyte, said to be French and male, spends most of his time asleep, so that his dreams will give him something to mull over during his few waking hours. Miss Sontag undertakes the dissection of this innocent vegetable with all the grace and fervor of a new hand at a grape-treading contest. The time and place of the story are not identified exactly, perhaps because, like Hippolyte, they are not

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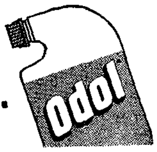

THE SUBTLY FLAVORED SUPER CONCENTRATED MOUTHWASH THAT'S INTERNATIONAL

exactly clear in the author's mind. A first novel.

THE MANIAC RESPONSIBLE, by Robert Gover (Grove). A beclouded, semi-Surrealistic novel that deals with a young reporter on a small-town paper who covers a sensational local murder and comes to identify himself so thoroughly with the unknown murderer that he almost commits one, too. This we-are-all-guilty message isn't very convincing under the circumstances, and neither is the stained, second-hand writing.

GENERAL

THE LETTERS OF ROBERT FROST TO LOUIS UNTERMEYER (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). Frost's early years were difficult ones, and his literary apprenticeship was long and hard. But in 1913, when he was nearing forty, his luck changed, and his meeting with Louis Untermeyer, two years later, turned out to be an important part of that luck. The two men, at first glance, appear to be completely dissimilar; as time went on, however, their differences became complementary, while they shared from the beginning ambitious natures, an interest in formal poetry (in a time of experimentation), and an outrageous sense of fun. Frost came to reveal, over the years, some of his hard-won wisdom (as well as evidences of his jealousy and fears) to his younger friend; Untermeyer, for his part, acted unfailingly as sympathetic confidant and shrewd adviser. The letters reveal many of Frost's faults, but they outline his virtues, too, and often give direct access to the tragic springs of thought and action that brought the poet's work into being during his middle and late career.

HENRY JAMES AND THE JACOBITES, by Maxwell Geismar (Houghton Mifflin). This critical devaluation treats James's work chronologically and unsympathetically, and views James's admirers with impatience and occasionally with contempt. Mr. Geismar rates James as a minor writer, an entertainer, an inventor of a world that never was, and a neurotic Peter Pan, who never grew up to understand the goodness of sex or the wickedness of finance-capitalism, or even the hidden meanings of his own work. He also believes that James is now beloved by "certain reactionary spokesmen of the intellectual scene"—almost all our critics, come to think of it—and that "the

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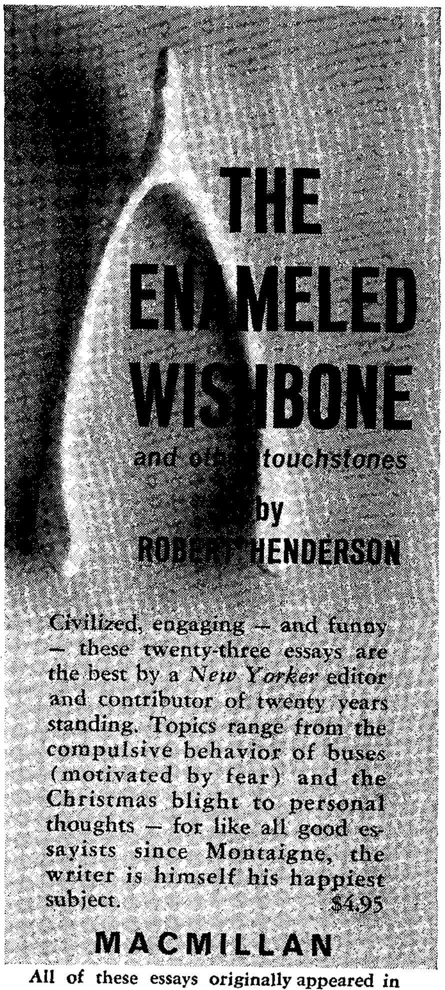

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MACMILLAN

All of these essays originally appeared in *The New Yorker*

Triassic Tuatara

Down New Zealand way, there are colonies of animals called tuataras that are said to be the only surviving link to the Triassic period. The question that fascinates us is not why does the ugly but peaceable tuatara survive at all after 155 to 190 million years but why didn't many *more* tuataras survive. For the tuatara has several notable assets, including a life span of more than a century and *three* eyes. Now if tuataras just had human intelligence, think how useful they might be in the world today. We'd be delighted to have a few of them in our Research Department, where they could keep one eye on the stock market's past, one on the present, and one on the future, all the while storing facts and figures in their long, long memories.

Seriously, we discovered long ago that in investment matters, three eyes may not be better than two, but two heads are better than one. That's why we have a Research Department with a staff of some 300 people who keep themselves and our account executives abreast of the market and help investors directly with *buy, sell,* and *hold* suggestions. You are welcome to call on our Researchers for their opinions at any time without charge. Write in detail and in confidence about your circumstances and your aims to—

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cult of James [is] a revealing symbol and symptom of an age and a society which wanted to dwell like him in some imaginary world of false art and false culture." James has undoubtedly been overpraised, but the Geismar correction isn't so much underpraise as an argument that literature can be great only if it is rough, raw, topical, and—most important—against the system.

Sedge, by Louis J. Halle (Praeger). Sedge is a utopia, modelled somewhat on ancient Athens and somewhat on pre-industrial Japan, where everything is leisurely, informal, small-scale, and lovely, and where neither graduate research nor brass instruments exist. All in all, an odd and rather engaging fancy, its oddest feature—one that would surely amuse Mao Tse-tung—being the argument that most of what is wrong with the United States can be attributed to the influence of Karl Marx.

The World of the Past, edited by Jacquetta Hawkes (Knopf). A superb anthology of archeology in two whopping volumes. The selections range in length from a few lines to a hundred pages; in time from Herodotus describing the burial of a Scythian king with his horses and chariots to Chadwick explaining how Ventris cracked Linear B; and in tone from Schliemann acknowledging the protection of Divine Providence to Oakley measuring the fluorine in the Piltdown jaw. Miss Hawkes displays rather a high editorial hand, decapitating a scholar in an introductory note or titling an excerpt "How Not to Excavate," but she makes up for it by the consistent excellence of her selections and the usefulness of her introduction and notes. Extensively illustrated. Seventeen dollars and ninety-five cents.

Note: "The Most of A. J. Liebling," published by Simon & Schuster, is a collection of reports and critical, biographical, and reminiscent articles that Mr. Liebling has written, in large part for this magazine, over the past twenty-five years. . . . Simon & Schuster has also issued "My Dear 500 Friends," an album of a hundred and sixty cartoons by George Price, of which the majority first appeared in *The New Yorker.*

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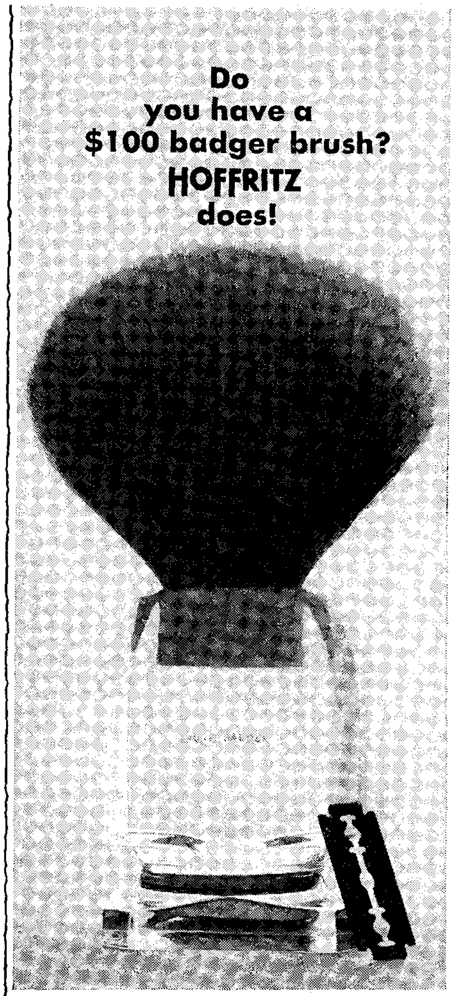

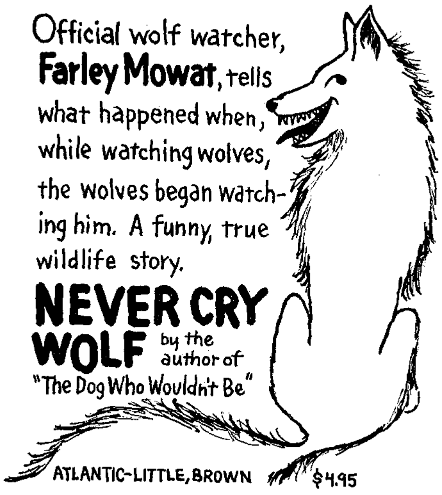
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"You are blind," said the girl. The tailor ooked at her, uncomprehending.

She swirled the muleta. "It is all wrong," he girl said. "The weight is wrong. The size s wrong. The color is wrong."

"You do not like it," the tailor said sadly.

"You are truly blind. What is this?" she sked, tapping her right foot.

"That, señorita?" The tailor looked down. A shoe, señorita."

The girl threw her shoe at him. "Idiot," she aid. She pointed with her aristocratic foot. This. What is this?"

"Señorita, it is a floor." The tailor had absolutely no confidence in himself now.

"It is a floor of uncommonly good taste. Clearly it was not of your choosing."

"It is by name Montina Vinyl Corlon," said the tailor. Perhaps he could achieve some business after all.

"The design of this Montina is remarkably fine," said the girl. "It is random. The chips are at random. Yet it is ordered, also. There is nature there, and art."

"The color is nice," said the tailor hopefully.

"No," said the girl, "the color is beautiful. You do not know the difference."

She rubbed the Montina Corlon floor gently with the sole of her stockinged foot.

"It has texture. I can feel it. Everything works together. The pattern, the color, the texture. Truly a remarkable floor. Get it for me today."

The tailor looked at her sadly. "Perhaps tomorrow, señorita?"

"Today. Tomorrow the bullfight. Today the Montina. Yes. That is fair."

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